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CENTENARY EDITION

THE WORKS OF

# THOMAS CARLYLE

IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XVI

## HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

V

UNIVERSITY

FREDERIKE SOPHIE WILHELMINE,

MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH.

*OB. 1758*

# THOMAS CARLYLE

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## HISTORY

OF

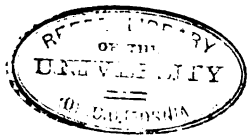
# FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA

CALLED

# FREDERICK THE GREAT

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME V

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# BOOK XV

## SECOND SILESIAN WAR, IMPORTANT EPISODE IN THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE.

15TH AUG. 1744—25TH DEC. 1745

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## CHAPTER I

### PRELIMINARY: HOW THE MOMENT ARRIVED

BATTLE being once seen to be inevitable, it was Friedrich's plan not to wait for it, but to give it. Thanks to Friedrich Wilhelm and himself, there is no Army, nor ever was any, in such continual preparation. Military people say, 'Some Countries take six months, some twelve, to get in motion for war: but in three weeks Prussia can be across the marches, and upon the throat of its enemy.' Which is an immense advantage to little Prussia among its big neighbours. 'Some Countries have a longer sword than Prussia; but none can unsheathe it so soon':—we hope, too, it is moderately sharp, when wielded by a deft hand.

The French, as was intimated, are in great vigour, this Year; thoroughly provoked; and especially since Friedrich sent his Rothenburg among them, have been doing their very utmost. Their main effort is in the Netherlands, at present; —and indeed, as happened, continues all through this War to be. They by no means intend, or ever did, to neglect Teutschland; yet it turns out, they have pretty much done with their fighting there. And next Year, driven or led by accidents of various kinds, they quit it altogether; and

turning their whole strength upon the Netherlands and Italy, chiefly on the Netherlands, leave Friedrich, much to his astonishment, with the German War hanging wholly round *his* neck, and take no charge of it farther! In which, to Friedrich's Biographers, there is this inestimable benefit, if far the reverse to Friedrich's self: That we shall soon have done with the French, then; with them and with so much else; and may, in time coming, for most part, leave their huge Sorcerer's Sabbath of a European War to dance itself out, well in the distance, not encumbering us farther, like a circumambient Bedlam, as it has hitherto done. Courage, reader! Let us give, in a glance or two, some notion of the course things took, and what moment it was when Friedrich struck-in;—whom alone, or almost alone, we hope to follow thenceforth; 'Dismal Swamp' (so gracious was Heaven to us) lying now mostly to rearward, little as we hoped it!

It was mere accident, a series of bad accidents, that led King Louis and his Ministers into gradually forsaking Friedrich. They were the farthest in the world from intending such a thing. Contrariwise, what brain-beating, diplomatic spider-weaving, practical contriving, now and afterwards, for that object; especially now! Rothenburg, Noailles, Belleisle, Cardinal Tencin, have been busy; not less the mistress Châteauroux, who admires Friedrich, being indeed a high-minded unfortunate-female, as they say; and has thrown out Amelot, not for stammering alone. They are able, almost high people, this new Châteauroux Ministry, compared with some; and already show results.

Nay, what is most important of all, France has (unconsciously, or by mere help of Noailles and luck) got a real General to her Armies: Comte de Saxe, now Maréchal de Saxe; who will shine very splendent in these Netherland operations,—counter-shone by mere Wades, D'Ahrembergs, Cumberlands,—in this and the Four following Years. Noailles had always recognised Comte de Saxe; had long striven for

July-Aug. 1744]
him, in Official quarters; and here gets the light of him unveiled at last, and set on a high place: loyal Noailles.

This was the Year, this 1744, when Louis XV., urged by his Châteauroux, the high-souled unfortunate-female, appeared in person at the head of his troops: 'Go, Sire, go, *mon Chou* (and I will accompany); show yourself where a King should be, at the head of your troops; be a second Louis-le-Grand!' Which he did, his Châteauroux and he; actually went to the Netherlands, with baggage-train immeasurable, including not cooks only, but play-actors with their thunder-barrels (off from Paris, May 3d), to the admiration of the Universe.[1] Took the command, nominal-command, first days of June; and captured in no-time Menin, Ipres, Furnes, and the Fort of Knock, and as much of the Austrian Netherlands as he liked,—that is to say, saw Noailles and Saxe do it;—walking rapidly forward from Siege to Siege, with a most thundering artillery; old Marshal Wade and consorts dismally eating their victuals, and looking-on from the distance, unable to attempt the least stroke in opposition. So that the Dutch Barrier, if anybody now cared for it, did go all flat; and the Balance of Power gets kicked out of its sacred pivot: to such purpose have the Dutch been hoisted! Terrible to think of;—had not there, from the opposite quarter, risen a surprising counterpoise; had not there been a Prince Karl, with his 70,000, pressing victoriously over the Rhine; which stayed the French in these sacrilegious procedures.

### *Prince Karl gets across the Rhine* (20th June—2d July 1744)

Prince Karl, some weeks ago, at Heilbronn, joined his Rhine Army, which had gathered thither from the Austrian side, through Baiern, and from the Hither-Austrian or Swabian Winter-quarters; with full intent to be across the Rhine, and home upon Elsass and the Compensation Countries, this Summer, under what difficulties soever. Karl, or as some

[1] Adelung, iv. 113; Barbier, ii. 391, 394; Dulaure, *Hist. de Paris;* etc.

whispered, old Marshal Traun, who is nominally second in command, do make a glorious campaign of it, this Year;—and lift the Cause of Liberty, at one time, to the highest pitch it ever reached. Here, in brief terms, is Prince Karl's Operation on the Rhine, much admired by military men:

'*Stockstadt, June 20th*, 1744. Some thirty and odd miles north of Mannheim, the Rhine, before turning westward at Mainz, makes one other of its many Islands (of which there are hundreds since the leap at Schaffhausen). one other, and I think the biggest of them all; perhaps two miles by five; which the Germans call *Kuhkopf* (Cow-head), from the shape it has,—a narrow semi-ellipse; River there splitting in two, one split (the western) going straight, the other bending luxuriantly round: so that the *hind*-head or straight end of the Island lies towards France, and the round end, or cow-*lips* (so to speak) towards native Teutschland, and the woody Hills of the Berg-Strasse thereabouts.* Stockstadt, chief little Town looking over into this Cowhead Island, lies under the *chin*: understand only farther that the German branch carries more than two-thirds of the River; that on the Island itself there is no town, or post of defence; and that Stockstadt is the place for getting over. Coigny and the French, some 40,000, are guarding the River hereabouts, with lines, with batteries, cordons, the best they can; Seckendorf, with 20,000 more ("Imperial" Old-Bavarian Troops, revivified, recruited by French pay), is in his garrison of Philipsburg, ready to help when needed:'—not moulting now, at Wembdingen, in that dismal manner; new-feathered now into 'Kaiser's Army'; waiting in his Philipsburg to guard the River there. 'Coigny's French have ramparts, ditches, not quite unfurnished, on their own shore, opposite this Cowhead Island (*Isle de Héron*, as they call it); looking over to the hind-head, namely: but they have nothing considerable there; and in the Island itself, nothing whatever. "If now Stockstadt were suddenly snatched by us," thinks Karl;—"if a few pontoons were nimbly swung in?"

'June 20th,—Coigny's people all shooting *feu-de-joie*, for that never enough to be celebrated Capture of Menin and the Dutch Barrier a fortnight ago,—this is managed to be done. The active General Bärenklau, active Brigadier Daun under him, pushes rapidly across into Kuhkopf; rapidly throws up entrenchments, ramparts, mounts cannon, digs himself in,—greatly to Coigny's astonishment; whose people hereabouts, and in all their lines and posts, are busy shooting *feu-de-joie* for those immortal Dutch victories, at the moment, and never dreaming

* See Map (Two First Silesian Wars), at end of vol. iv.

July-Aug. 1744]

of such a thing. Fresh force floods-in, Prince Karl himself arrives next day, in support of Bärenklau; Coigny (head-quarters at Speyer, forty miles south) need not attempt dislodging him; but must stand upon his guard, and prepare for worse. Which he does with diligence; shifting northward into those Stockstadt-Mainz parts; calling Seckendorf across the River, and otherwise doing his best,—for about ten days more, when worse, and almost worse, did verily befall him.

'No attempt was made on Bärenklau; nor, beyond the alarming of the Coigny-Seckendorf people, did anything occur in Cowhead Island,—unless it were the finis of an ugly bully and ruffian, who has more than once afflicted us: which may be worth one word. Colonel Mentzel' (copperfaced Colonel, originally Playactor, 'Spy in Persia,' and I know not what) 'had been at the seizure of Kuhkopf; a prominent man. Whom, on the fifth day after ("June 25th"), Prince Karl overwhelmed with joy, by handing him a Patent of Generalcy: "Just received from Court, my Friend, on account of your merits old and late."—"Aha," said Bärenklau, congratulating warmly: "Dine with me, then, Herr General Mentzel, this very day. The Prince himself is to be there, Highness of Hessen-Darmstadt, and who not; all are impatient to drink your health!" Mentzel had a glorious dinner; still more glorious drink,—Prince Karl and the others, it is said, egging him into much wild bluster and gasconade, to season their much wine. Eminent swill of drinking, with the loud coarse talk supposable, on the part of Mentzel and consorts did go on, in this manner, all afternoon: in the evening, drunk Mentzel came out for air; went strutting and staggering about; emerging finally on the platform of some rampart, face of him huge and red as that of the foggiest rising Moon;—and stood, looking over into the Lorraine Country; belching-out a storm of oaths, as to his taking it, as to his doing this and that; and was even flourishing his sword by way of accompaniment; when, lo, whistling slightly through the summer air, a rifle-ball from some sentry on the French side (writers say it was a French drummer, grown impatient, and snatching a sentry's piece) took the brain of him, or the belly of him; and he rushed-down at once, a totally collapsed monster, and mere heap of dead ruin, never to trouble mankind more.'[1] For which my readers and I are rather thankful. Voltaire, and perhaps other memorable persons, sometimes mention this brute (miraculous to the Plebs and Gazetteers); otherwise eternal oblivion were the best we could do with him. Trenck also, readers will be glad to understand, ends in jail and bedlam by and by.

'Prince Karl had not the least intention of crossing by this Cowhead Island. Nevertheless he set about two other Bridges in the neighbour-

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, iii. 165.

hood, nearer Mainz (few miles below that City); kept manœuvring his Force, in huge half-moon, round that quarter, and mysteriously up and down; alarming Coigny wholly into the Mainz region. For the space of ten days; and then, stealing-off to Schröck, a little Rhine Village above Philipsburg, many miles away from Coigny and his vigilances, he——

'*Night of 30th June—1st July*, Suddenly shot Pandour Trenck, followed by Nadasti and 6,000, across at Schröck; who scattered Seckendorf's poor outposts thereabouts to the winds; "built a bridge before morning, and next day another." Next day Prince Karl in person appeared; and on the 3d of July, had his whole Army with its luggages across; and had seized the Lines of Lauterburg and Weissenburg (celebrated northern defence of Elsass),—much to Coigny's amazement; and remained inexpugnable there, with Elsass open to him, and to Coigny shut for the present![1] Coigny made bitter wail, accusation, blame of Seckendorf, blame of men and of things; even tried some fighting, Seckendorf too doing feats to recover those Lines of Weissenburg: but could not do it. And, in fact, blazing to and fro in that excited rather than luminous condition, could not do anything; except retire into the strong posts of the background; and send express on express, swifter than the wind if you can, to a victorious King overturning the Dutch Barrier: "Help, your Majesty, or we are lost; and France is—what shall I say!"'

'Admirable feat of Strategy! What a General, this Prince Karl!' exclaimed mankind,—Cause-of-Liberty mankind with special enthusiasm; and took to writing *Lives* of Prince Karl,[2] as well as tar-burning and *te-deum*-ing on an extensive scale. For it had sent the Cause of Liberty bounding up again to the top of things, this of crossing the Rhine, in such fashion. And, in effect, the Cause of Liberty, and Prince Karl himself, had risen hereby to their acme or culminating point in World-History; not to continue long at such height, little as they dreamt of that, among their tar-burnings. The feat itself,—contrived by Nadasti, people say, and executed (what was the real difficulty) by Traun,—brought

[1] Adelung, iv. 139-141.

[2] For instance, *The Life of his Highness Prince Charles of etc., with etc. etc.* (London 1746); one of the most distracted Blotches ever published under the name of Book;—awakening thoughts of a public dimness very considerable indeed, to which this could offer itself as lamp!

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Prince Karl very great renown, this Year; and is praised by Friedrich himself, now and afterwards, as masterly, as Julius Cæsar's method, and the proper way of crossing rivers (when executable) in face of an enemy. And indeed Prince Karl, owing to Traun or not, is highly respectable in the way of Generalship at present; and did in these Five Months, from June onward, really considerable things. At his very acme of Life, as well as of Generalship; which alas, soon changed, poor man; never to culminate again. He had got, at the beginning of the Year, the high Maria Theresa's one Sister, Archduchess Maria Anna, to Wife;[1] the crown of long mutual attachment; she safe now at Brussels, diligent Co-Regent, and in a promising family-way; he here walking-on victorious:—need any man be happier? No man can be supremely happy long; and this General's strategic felicity and his domestic were fatally cut-down almost together. The Cause of Liberty, too, now at the top of its orbit, was—But let us stick by our Excerpting:

'*Dunkirk, 19th July* 1744' (Princess Ulrique's Wedding, just two days ago). 'King Louis, on hearing of the Job's-news from Elsass, instantly suspended his Conquests in Flanders; detached Noailles, detached this one and that, double-quick, Division after Division (leaving Saxe, with 45,000, to his own resources, and the fatuities of Marshal Wade); and, 19th July, himself hastens off from Dunkirk (leaving much of the luggage, but not the Châteauroux behind him), to save his Country, poor soul. But could not, in the least, save it; the reverse rather. August 4th, he got to Metz, Belleisle's strong Town, about 100 miles from the actual scene; his detached reinforcements, say 50,000 men or so, hanging out ahead like flame-clouds, but uncertain how to act;—Noailles being always cunctatious in time of crisis, and poor Louis himself nothing of a Cloud-Compeller;—and then,

'*Metz, August 8th,* The Most Christian King fell ill; dangerously, dreadfully, just like to die. Which entirely paralysed Noailles and Company, or reduced them to mere hysterics, and excitement of the unluminous kind. And filled France in general, Paris in particular,

[1] Age then twenty-five gone: 'born 14th September 1718; married to Prince Karl 7th January 1744; died, of childbirth, 16th December same year' (Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. erstes Bändchen, 54).

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with terror, lamentation, prayers of forty-hours; and such a paroxysm of hero-worship as was never seen for such an object before.'[1]

For the Cause of Liberty here, we consider, was the culminating moment; Elsass, Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics lying in their quasi-moribund condition; Austrian claims of Compensation ceasing to be visions of the heated brain, and gaining some footing on the Earth as facts. Prince Karl is here actually in Elsass, master of the strong passes; elate in heart, he and his; France, again, as if fallen paralytic, into temporary distraction; offering for resistance nothing hitherto but that universal wailing of mankind, Hero-worship of a thrice-lamentable nature, and the Prayers of Forty-Hours! Most Christian Majesty, now *in extremis*, centre of the basest hubbub that ever was, is dismissing Châteauroux. Noailles, Coigny and Company hang well back upon the Hill regions, and strong posts which are not yet menaced; or fly vaguely, more or less distractedly, hither and thither; not in the least like fighting Karl, much less like beating him. Karl has Germany free at his back (nay, it is a German population round him here); neither haversack nor cartridge-box like to fail: before him are only a Noailles and consorts, flying vaguely about;—and there is in Karl, or under the same cloak with him at present, a talent of manœuvring men, which even Friedrich finds masterly. If old Marshal Wade, at the other end of the line, should chance to awaken and press home on Saxe, and his remnant of French, with right vigour? In fact, there was not, that I can see, for centuries past, not even at the Siege of Lille in Marlborough's time, a more imminent peril for France.

### *Friedrich decides to intervene*

King Friedrich, on hearing of these Rhenish emergencies and of King Louis's heroic advance to the rescue, perceived that for himself too the moment was come; and hastened to

[1] Espagnac, ii. 12; Adelung, iv. 180; *Fastes de Louis XV.*, ii. 423; etc. etc.

9th Aug. 1744]
inform heroic Louis, That though the terms of their Bargain were not yet completed, Sweden, Russia and other points being still in a pendent condition, he, Friedrich,—with an eye to success of their Joint Adventure, and to the indispensability of joint action, energy, and the top of one's speed now or never,—would, by the middle of this same August, be on the field with 100,000 men. 'An invasion of Bohemia, will not that astonish Prince Karl; and bring him to his Rhine-Bridges again? Over which, if your Most Christian Majesty be active, he will not get, except in a half or wholly ruined state. Follow him close; send the rest of your force to threaten Hanover; sit well on the skirts of Prince Karl. Him as he hurries homeward, ruined or half-ruined, him, or whatever Austrian will fight, I do my best to beat. We may have Bohemia, and a beaten Austria, this very Autumn: see, —and, in one Campaign, there is Peace ready for us!' This is Friedrich's scheme of action; success certain, thinks he, if only there be energy, activity, on your side, as there shall be on mine;—and has sent Count Schmettau, filled with fiery speed and determination, to keep the French full of the like, and concert mutual operations.

'Magnanimous!' exclaim Noailles and the paralysed French Gentlemen (King Louis, I think, now past speech, for Schmettau only came August 9th): 'Most sublime behaviour, on his Prussian Majesty's part!' own they. And truly it is a fine manful indifference (by no means so common as it should be) to all interests, to all considerations, but that of a Joint-Enterprise one has engaged in. And truly, furthermore, it was immediate salvation to the paralysed French Gentlemen, in that alarming crisis; though they did not much recognise it afterwards as such; and indeed were conspicuously forgetful of all parts of it, when their own danger was over.

Maria Theresa's feelings may be conceived; George II.'s feelings; and what the Cause of Liberty in general felt, and furiously said and complained, when,—suddenly as a *Deus ex*

*machinâ*, or Supernal Genie in the Minor Theatres,—Friedrich stept in. Precisely in this supreme crisis, 7th August 1744, Friedrich's Minister, Graf von Dohna, at Vienna, has given notice of the Frankfurt Union, and solemn Engagement entered into: 'Obliged in honour and conscience; will and must now step forth to right an injured Kaiser; cannot stand these high procedures against an Imperial Majesty chosen by all the Princes of the Reich, this unheard-of protest that the Kaiser is no Kaiser, as if all Germany were but Austria and the Queen of Hungary's. Prussian Majesty has not the least quarrel of his own with the Queen of Hungary, stands true, and will stand, by the Treaty of Berlin and Breslau;—only, with certain other German Princes, has done what all German Princes and peoples not Austrian are bound to do, on behalf of their down-trodden Kaiser, formed a Union of Frankfurt; and will, with armed hand if indispensable, endeavour to see right done in that matter.'[1]

This is the astonishing fact for the Cause of Liberty; and no clamour and execration will avail anything. This man is prompt, too; does not linger in getting out his sword, when he has talked of it. Prince Karl's Operation is likely to be marred amazingly. If this swift King (comparable to the old Serpent for devices) were to burst-forth from his Silesian strengths; tread sharply on the *tail* of Prince Karl's Operation, and bring back the formidably-fanged head of *it* out of Alsace, five hundred miles all at once,—there would be a business!

We will now quit the Rhine Operations, which indeed are not now of moment; Friedrich being suddenly the key of events again. I add only, what readers are vaguely aware of, that King Louis did not die; that he lay at death's door for precisely one week (8th-15th August), symptoms mending on the 15th. In the interim,—Grand-Almoner Fitz-James (Uncle of our Conte di Spinelli) insisting that a certain

[1] In *Adelung*, iv. 155-6, the Declaration itself (Audience, '7th August 1744'; Dohna off homeward 'on the second day after').

July-Aug. 1744]
Cardinal, who had got the Sacraments in hand, should insist; and endless ministerial intrigue being busy,—moribund Louis had, when it came to the Sacramental point, been obliged to dismiss his Châteauroux. Poor Châteauroux; an unfortunate-female; yet, one almost thinks, the best man among them: dismissed at Metz here, and like to be mobbed! That was the one issue of King Louis's death-sickness. Sublime sickness; during which all Paris wept aloud, in terror and sorrow, like a child that has lost its mother and sees a mastiff coming; wept sublimely, and did the Prayers of Forty-Hours; and called King Louis *Le Bien-aimé* (The Well-beloved):—merely some obstruction in the royal bowels, it turned out; —a good cathartic, and the Prayers of Forty-Hours, quite reinstated matters. Nay, reinstated even Châteauroux, some time after,—'the Devil being well again,' and, as the Proverb says, quitting his monastic view. Reinstated Châteauroux: but this time, poor creature, she continued only about a day: —'Sudden fever, from excitement,' said the Doctors: 'Fever? Poison, you mean!' whispered others, and looked for changes in the Ministry. Enough, oh enough!—

Old Marshal Wade did not awaken, though bawled-to by his Ligoniers and others, and much shaken about, poor old gentleman. 'No artillery to speak of,' murmured he; 'want baggage-wagons, too!' and lay still. 'Here is artillery!' answered the Official people; 'With my own money I will buy you baggage-wagons!' answered the high Maria Anna, in her own name and her Prince Karl's, who are Joint-Governors there. Possibly he would have awakened, had they given him time. But time, in War especially, is the thing that is never given. Once Friedrich *had* struck-in, the moment was gone by. Poor old Wade! Of him also, enough.

## CHAPTER II

### FRIEDRICH MARCHES UPON PRAG, CAPTURES PRAG

IT was on Saturday, 'early in the morning,' 15th August 1744, that Friedrich set out, attended by his two eldest Brothers, Prince of Prussia and Prince Henri, from Potsdam, towards this new Adventure, which proved so famous since. Sudden, swift, to the world's astonishment;—actually on march here, in three Columns (two through Saxony by various routes south-eastward, one from Silesia through Glatz south-westward), to invade Bohemia: rumour says 100,000 strong, fact itself says upwards of 80,000, on their various routes, converging towards Prag.[1] His Columns, especially his Saxon Columns, are already on the road; he joins one Column, this night, at Wittenberg; and is bent, through Saxony, towards the frontiers of Bohemia, at the utmost military speed he has.

Through Saxony about 60,000 go: he has got the Kaiser's Order to the Government of Saxony, 'Our august Ally, requiring on our Imperial business a transit through you;'—and Winterfeld, an excellent soldier and negotiator, has gone forward to present said Order. A Document which flurries the Dresden Officials beyond measure. Their King is in Warsaw; their King, if here, could do little; and indeed has been inclining to Maria Theresa this long while. And Winterfeld insists on such despatch;—and not even the Duke of Weissenfels is in Town. Dresden Officials 'send off five couriers and thirteen estafettes' to the poor old Duke;[2] get him at last; and—The march is already taking effect; they may as well consent to it: what can they do but consent! In the uttermost flurry they had set to fortifying Dresden; all hands driving palisades, picking, delving, making *coupures*

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1165. Orlich (ii. 25, 27) enumerates the various regiments.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1163.

(trenches, or sunk barricades) in the streets;—fatally aware that it can avail nothing. Is not this the Kaiser's Order? Prussians, to the amount of 60,000, are across our Frontiers, rapidly speeding on.

'Friedrich's Manifesto,—under the modest Title, "*Anzeige der Ursachen* (Advertisement of the Causes which have induced his Prussian Majesty to send the Romish Kaiser's Majesty some Auxiliary Troops),"—had appeared in the Berlin Newspapers Thursday 13th, only two days before. An astonishment to all mankind; which gave rise to endless misconceptions of Friedrich; but which, supporting itself on proofs, on punctually excerpted foot-notes, is intrinsically a modest, quiet Piece; and, what is singular in Manifestoes, has nothing, or almost nothing, in it that is not, so far as it goes, a perfect statement of the fact. "Auxiliary troops, that is our essential character. No war with her Hungarian Majesty, or with any other, on our own score. But her Hungarian Majesty, how has she treated the Romish Kaiser, her and our and the Reich's Sovereign Head, and to what pass reduced him; refusing him Peace on any terms, except those of self-annihilation; denying that he is a Kaiser at all;"—and enumerates the various Imperial injuries, with proof given, quiet foot-notes by way of proof; and concludes in these words: "For himself his Majesty requires nothing. The question here is not of his Majesty's own interest at all" (everything his Majesty required, or requires, is by the Treaty of Berlin solemnly his, if the Reich and its Laws endure): "and he has taken-up arms simply and solely in the view of restoring to the Reich its freedom, to the Kaiser his Headship of the Reich, and to all Europe the Peace which is so desirable."[1]

'"Pretences, subterfuges, lies!" exclaimed the Austrian and Allied Public everywhere, or strove to exclaim; especially the English Public, which had no difficulty in so doing;—a Public comfortably blank as to German facts or non-facts; and finding with amazement only this a very certain fact, That hereby is their own Pragmatic thunder checked in mid-volley in a most surprising manner, and the triumphant Cause of Liberty brought to jeopardy again. "Perfidious, ambitious, capricious!" exclaimed they: "a Prince without honour, without truth, without constancy;"—and completed, for themselves, in hot rabid humour, that English Theory of Friedrich which has prevailed ever since. Perhaps the most surprising item of which is this latter, very prominent in those old times, That Friedrich has no "constancy," but follows his "caprices," and accidental whirls of impulse:—item which has dropped away in our

[1] Given in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 121-136, with date 'August 1744.'

times, though the others stand as stable as ever. A monument of several things! Friedrich's suddenness is an essential part of what fighting talent he has: if the Public, thrown into flurry, cannot judge it well, they must even misjudge it: what help is there?

'That the above were actually Friedrich's reasons for venturing into this Big Game again, is not now disputable. And as to the rumour, which rose afterwards (and was denied, and could only be denied diplomatically to the ear, if even to the ear), That Friedrich by Secret Article was "to have for himself the Three Bohemian Circles, Königsgrätz, Bunzlau, Leitmeritz, which lie between Schlesien and Sachsen,"[1] —there is not a doubt but Friedrich had so bargained, "Very well, if we can get said Circles!" and would right cheerfully have kept and held them, had the big game gone in all points completely well (game, To reinstate the Kaiser *both* in Bohemia and Bavaria) by Friedrich's fine playing. Not a doubt of all this:—nor of what an extremely hypothetic outlook it then and always was; greatly too weak for enticing such a man.'

Friedrich goes in Three Columns. One, on the south or left shore of the Elbe, coming in various branches under Friedrich himself; this alone will touch on Dresden, pass on the south side of Dresden; gather itself about Pirna (in the Saxon Switzerland so-called, a notable locality); thence over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen, by Töplitz, by Lowositz, Leitmeritz, and the Highway called the Pascopol, famous in war. The Second Column, under Leopold the Young Dessauer, goes on the other or north side of the Elbe, at a fair distance; marching through the Lausitz (rendezvous or starting-point was Bautzen in the Lausitz) straight south, to meet the King at Leitmeritz, where the grand Magazine is to be; and thence, still south, straight upon Prag, in conjunction with his Majesty or parallel to him.[2] These are the Two Saxon Columns. The Third Column, under Schwerin, collects itself in the interior of Silesia; is issuing, by Glatz Country, through the Giant Mountains, *Böhmische Kämme* (Bohemian *Combs*, as they are called, which Tourists know), by the Pass of Braunau,—disturbing the dreams of Rübezahl if Rübezahl happen to be there. This, say 20,000, will

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1081; Schöll, ii. 349.
[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1081.

come down upon Prag from the eastern side; and be first on the ground (31st August),—first by one day. In the home parts of Silesia, well eastward of Glatz, there is left another Force of 20,000, which can go across the Austrian Border there, and hang upon the Hills, threatening Olmütz and the Moravian Countries, should need be.

And so, in its Three Columns, from west, from north, from east, the march, with a steady swiftness, proceeds. Important especially those Two Saxon Columns from west and north: 60,000 of them, 'with a frightful (*entsetzlich*) quantity of big guns coming up the Elbe.' Much is coming up the Elbe; indispensable Highway for this Enterprise. Three-months provisions, endless artillery and provender, is on the Elbe; 480 big boats, with immense *Vorspann* (of trace-horses, dreadful swearing, too, as I have heard), will pass through the middle of Dresden: not landing by any means. 'No, be assured of it, ye Dresdeners, all flurried, palisaded, barricaded; no hair of you shall be harmed.' After a day or two, the flurry of Saxony subsided; Prussians, under strict discipline, molest no private person; pay their way; keep well aloof, to south and to north, of Dresden (all but the necessary ammunition-escorts do);—and require of the Official people nothing but what the Law of the Reich authorises to 'Imperial Auxiliaries' in such case. 'The Saxons themselves,' Friedrich observes, 'had some 40,000, but scattered about; King in Warsaw:—dreadful terror; making *coupures* and *têtes-de-pont*;—could have made no defence.' Had we diligently spent eight days on them! reflects he afterwards. 'To seize Saxony' (and hobble it with ropes, so that at any time you could pin it motionless, and even, if need were, milk the substance out of it), 'would not have detained us eight days.'[1] Which would have been the true plan, had we known what was getting ready there! Certain it is, Friedrich did no mischief, paid for everything; anxious to keep well with Saxony; hoping always they might

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 53.

join him again, in such a Cause. 'Cause dear to every Patriot German Prince,' urges Friedrich,—though Brühl, and the Polish, once 'Moravian,' Majesty are of a very different opinion!—

'Maria Theresa, her thoughts at hearing of it may be imagined: "The Evil Genius of my House afoot again! My high projects on Elsass and Lorraine; Husband for Kaiser, Elsass for the Reich and him, Lorraine for myself and him;—gone probably to water!" Nevertheless she said (an Official person heard her say), "My right is known to God; God will protect me, as He has already done."[1] And rose very strong, and magnanimously defiant again;—perhaps, at the bottom of her heart, almost glad withal that she would now have a stroke for her dear Silesia again, unhindered by Paladin George and his Treaties and notions. What measures, against this nefarious Prussian outbreak, hateful to gods and men, are possible, she rapidly takes: in Bohemia, in Bavaria and her other Countries, that are threatened or can help. And abates nothing of heart or hope;—praying withal, immensely, she and her People, according to the mode they have. Sending for Prince Karl, we need not say, double-quick, as the very first thing.

'Of Maria Theresa in Hungary,—for she ran to Presburg again with her woes (August 16th, Diet just assembling there),—let us say only that Hungary was again chivalrous; that old Palfy and the general Hungarian Nation answered in the old tone,—*Vivat Maria; Ad Arma, ad Arma!* with Tolpatches, Pandours, Warasdins;—and, in short, that great and small, in infinite "Insurrection," have still a stroke of battle in them *pro Rege nostro*. Scarcely above a District or two (as the *Jazzers* and *Kauers*, in their over-cautious way) making the least difficulty. Much enthusiasm and unanimity in all the others; here and there a Hungarian gentleman complaining scornfully that their troops, known as among the best fighters in Nature, are called irregular troops,—irregular, forsooth! In one public consultation' (District not important, not very spellable, though doubtless pronounceable by natives to it), 'a gentleman suggests that "Winter is near; should not there be some slight provision of tents, of shelter in the frozen sleety Mountains, to our gallant fellows bound thither?" Upon which another starts up, "When our Ancestors came out of Asia-Minor, over the Palus Mæotis bound in winter ice; and, sabre in hand, cut their way into this fine Country which is still ours, what shelter had they? No talk of tents, of barracks or accommodation there; each, wrapt in his sheepskin, found it shelter sufficient. Tents!"[2] and the thing was carried by acclamation.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1024.

[2] *Ibid.* ii. 1030.

15th Aug.-2d Sept. 1744]

'Wide wail in Bohemia that War is coming back. Nobility all making off, some to Vienna or the intermediate Towns lying thitherward, some to their Country-seats; all out of Prag. Willing mind on the part of the Common People; which the Government strains every nerve to make the most of. Here are fasts, processions, Prayers of Forty-Hours; here, as in Vienna and elsewhere. In Vienna was a Three-Days solemn Fast: the like in Prag, or better; with procession to the shrine of St. Vitus,—little likely to help, I should fear. "Rise, all fencible men," exclaims the Government,—"at least we will ballot, and make you rise:"—Militia people enter Prag to the extent of 10,000; like to avail little, one would fear. General Harsch, with reinforcement of real soldiers, is despatched from Vienna; Harsch, one of our ablest soldiers since Khevenhüller died, gets-in still in time; and thus increases the Garrison of regulars to 4,000, with a vigorous Captain to guide it. Old Count Ogilvy, the same whom Saxe surprised two years ago in the moonlight, snatching ladders from the gallows,—Ogilvy is again Commandant; but this time nominal mainly, and with better outlooks, Harsch being under him. In relays, 3,000 of the Militia-men dig and shovel night and day; repairing, perfecting the ramparts of the place. Then, as to provisions, endless corn is introduced,—farmers forced, the unwilling at the bayonet's point, to deliver-in their corn; much of it in sheaf, so that we have to thrash it in the market-place, in the streets that are wide: and thus in Prag is heard the sound of flails, among the Militia-drums and so many other noises. With the great church-organs growling; and the bass and treble *Miserere* of the poor superstitious People rising, to St. Vitus and others. In fact, it is a general dance of St. Vitus,—except that of the flails, and Militia-men working at the ramparts,—mostly not leading anywhither.'[1]

Meanwhile Friedrich's march from west, from north, from east, is flowing on; diligent, swift; punctual to its times, its places; and meets no impediment to speak of. At Tetschen on the Saxon-Bohemian Frontier,—a pleasant Schloss perched on its crags, as Tourists know, where the Elbe sweeps into Saxon Switzerland and its long stone labyrinths,—at Tetschen the Austrians had taken post; had tried to block the River, driving piles into it, and tumbling boulders into it, with a view to stop the 480 Prussian Boats. These people needed to be torn-out, their piles and they: which was done in two

[1] '*Letter* from a Citizen of Prag,' date, 21st Sept. (in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1168), which gives several curious details.

days, the soldier part of it; and occupied the boat-men above a week, before all was clear again. Prosperous, correct to program, all the rest; not needing mention from us;—here are the few sparks from it that dwell in one's memory:

'*August 15th*, 1744, King left Potsdam; joined his First Column that night, at Wittenberg. Through Meissen, Torgau, Freyberg; is at Peterswalde, eastern slope of the Metal Mountains, August 25th; all the Columns now on Bohemian ground.

'Friedrich had crossed Elbe by the Bridge of Meissen: on the southern shore, politely waiting to receive his Majesty, there stood Feldmarschall the Duke of Weissenfels; to whom the King gave his hand,' no doubt in friendly style, 'and talked for above half an hour,'—with such success! thinks Friedrich by and by. We have heard of Weissenfels before; the same poor Weissenfels who was Wilhelmina's Wooer in old time, now on the verge of sixty; an extremely polite but weakish old gentleman; accidentally preserved in History. One of those conspicuous 'Human Clothes-Horses' (phantasmal all but the digestive part), which abound in that Eighteenth Century and others like it; and distress your Historical studies. Poor old soul; now Feldmarschall and Commander-in-Chief here. Has been in Turk and other Wars; with little profit to himself or others. Used to like his glass, they say; is still very poor, though now Duke in reality as well as title (succeeded two egregious Brothers, some years since, who had been spendthrift): he has still one other beating to get in this world,—from Friedrich next year. Died altogether, two years hence; and Wilhelmina heard no more of him.

'At Meissen Bridge, say some, was this Half-hour's Interview; at Pirna, the Bridge of Pirna, others say;[1]—quite indifferent to us which. At Pirna, and hither and thither in Saxon Switzerland, Friedrich certainly was. "Who ever saw such positions, your Majesty?" For Friedrich is always looking out, were it even from the window of his carriage, and putting military problems to himself in all manner of scenery, "What would a man do, in that kind of ground, if attacking, if attacked? with that hill, that brook, that bit of bog?" and advises every Officer to be continually doing the like.[2] That is the value of picturesque or other scenery to Friedrich, and their effect on good Prussian Officers and him.

* * 'At Tetschen, Colonel Kahlbutz,' diligent Prussian Colonel, plucks-out those 100 Austrians from their rock nest there; makes them

[1] See Orlich, ii. 25; and *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1166.

[2] *Military Instructions? Rules for a good Commander of etc.?*—I have, for certain, read this Passage; but the reference is gone again, like a sparrow from the housetop!

5th Sept. 1744]

prisoners of war;—which detained the Leitmeritz branch of us two days. August 28th, junction at Leitmeritz thereupon. Magazine established there. Boats coming on presently. Friedrich himself camped at Lobositz in this part,'—Lobositz, or Lowositz, which he will remember one day.

'*August 29th*, March to Budin; that is, southward, across the Eger; arrive within forty miles of Prag. Austrian Bathyani, summoned hastily out of his Bavarian posts, to succour in this pressing emergency, has arrived in these neighbourhoods,—some 12,000 regulars under him, preceded by clouds of hussars, whom Ziethen smites a little, by way of handsel;—no other Austrian force to speak of hereabouts; and we are now between Bathyani and Prag.

'*September 1st*, To Mickowitz, near Welwarn, twenty miles from Prag. September 2d, Camp on the Weissenberg there.'[1]

And so they are all assembled about Prag, begirdling the poor City,—third Siege it has stood within these three years (since that moonlight November night in 1741);—and are only waiting for their heavy artillery to begin battering. The poor inhabitants, in spite of three sieges; the 10,000 raw militia-men, mostly of Hungarian breed; the 4,000 regulars, and Harsch and old Ogilvy, are all disposed to do their best. Friedrich is naturally in haste to get hold of Prag. But he finds, on taking survey, that the sword-in-hand method is not now, as in 1741, feasible at all; that the place is in good posture of strength; and will need a hot battering to tear it open. Owing to that accident at Tetschen, the siege-cannon are not yet come up: 'Build your batteries, your Moldau-bridges, your communications, till the cannon come; and beware of Bathyani meddling with your cannon by the road!'

'Bathyani is within twenty miles of us, at Beraun, a compact little Town to south-west; gathering a Magazine there; and ready for enterprises,—in more force than Friedrich guesses. "Drive him out, seize that Magazine of his!" orders Friedrich (September 5th); and despatches General Hacke on it, a right man,'—at whose wedding we assisted (wedding to an heiress, long since, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time), if anybody now remembered. 'And on the morrow there falls-out a pretty little "Action of Beraun," about which great noise was made in the

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1080.

Gazettes *pro* and *contra*; which did not dislodge Bathyani by any means; but which might easily have ruined the impetuous Hacke and his 6,000, getting into masked batteries, Pandour whirlwinds, charges of horses "from front, from rear, and from both flanks,"—had not he, with masterly promptitude, whirled himself out of it, snatched instantly what best post there was, and defended himself inexpugnably there, for six hours, till relief came.'[1] Brilliant little action, well performed on both sides, but leading to nothing; and which shall not concern us farther. Except to say that Bathyani did now, more at his leisure, retire out of harm's way; and begin collecting Magazines at Pilsen far rearward, which may prove useful to Prince Karl, in the route Prince Karl is upon.

Siege-cannon having at last come (September 8th), the batteries are all mounted:—on Wednesday 9th, late at night, the Artillery, 'in enormous quantity,' opens its dread throat; poor Prag is startled from its bed by torrents of shot, solid and shell, from three different quarters; and makes haste to stand to its guns. From three different quarters; from Bubenetsch northward; from the Upland of St. Lawrence (famed *Weissenberg*, or White-Hill) westward; and from the Ziscaberg eastward (Hill of Zisca, where iron Zisca posted himself on a grand occasion once),—which latter is a broad long Hill, west end of it falling sheer over Prag; and on another point of it, highest point of all, the Praguers have a strong battery and works. The Prag guns otherwise are not too effectual; planted mostly on low ground. By much the best Prag battery is this of the Ziscaberg. And this, after two-days experience had of it, the Prussians determine to take on the morrow.

*September* 12*th*, Schwerin, who commands on that side, assaults accordingly; with the due steadfastness and stormfulness; throwing shells and balls by way of prelude. Friedrich, with some group of staff-officers and dignitaries, steps out on the Bubenetsch post, to see how this affair of the Ziscaberg will prosper: the Praguers thereabouts, seeing so many dignitaries, turn cannon on them. 'Disperse, *Ihr Herren*; have a care!' cried Friedrich; not himself much

[1] *Die bey Beraun vorgefallene Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 136, 137).

minding, so intent upon the Ziscaberg. And could have skipt indifferently over your cannon-balls ploughing the ground,—had not one fateful ball shattered-out the life of poor Prince Wilhelm; a good young Cousin of his, shot-down here at his hand. Doubtless a sharp moment for the King. Prince Margraf Wilhelm and a poor young page, there they lie dead; indifferent to the Ziscaberg and all coming wars of mankind. Lamentation, naturally, for this young man,—Brother to the one who fell at Mollwitz, youngest Brother of the Margraf Karl, who commands in this Bubenetsch redoubt: —But we must lift our eyeglass again; see how Schwerin is prospering. Schwerin, with due steadfastness and stormfulness, after his prelude of bombshells, rushes-on double-quick; cannot be withstood; hurls-out the Praguers, and seizes their battery; a ruinous loss to them.

Their grand Zisca redoubt is gone, then; and two subsidiary small redoubts behind it withal, which the French had built, and named 'the magpie-nests (*nids à pie*);' these also are ours. And we overhang, from our Zisca Hill, the very roofs, as it were; and there is nothing but a long bare curtain now in this quarter, ready to be battered in breach, and soon holed, if needful. It is not needful,—not quite. In the course of three days more, our Bubenetsch battery, of enormous power, has been so diligent, it has set fire to the Watermill; burns irretrievably the Water-mill, and still worse, the wooden Sluice of the Moldau; so that the river falls to the everywhere wadeable pitch. And Governor Harsch perceives that all this quarter of the Town is open to any comer; —and, in fact, that he will have to get away, the best he can.

White flag accordingly (Tuesday 15th): 'Free withdrawal, to the Wischerad; won't you?' 'By no manner of means!' answers Friedrich. Bids Schwerin from his Ziscaberg make a hole or two in that 'curtain' opposite him; and gets ready for storm. Upon which Harsch, next morning, has to beat the chamade, and surrender Prisoner of War. And thus, Wednesday 16th, it is done: a siege of one week, no more,—

after all that thrashing of grain, drilling of militia, and other spirited preparation. Harsch could not help it; the Prussian cannonading was so furious.[1]

Prag has to swear fealty to the Kaiser; and 'pay a ransom of 200,000*l.*' Drilled militia, regulars, Hungarians, about 16,000,—only that many of the Tolpatches contrived to whisk loose,—are marched prisoners to Glatz and other strong places. Prag City, with plenty of provision in it, is ours. A brilliant beginning of a Campaign; the eyes of all Europe turned again, in very various humour, on this young King. If only the French do their duty, and hang well on the skirts of Marshal Traun (or of Prince Karl, the Cloak of Traun), who is hastening hitherward all he can.

## CHAPTER III

### FRIEDRICH, DILIGENT IN HIS BOHEMIAN CONQUESTS, UNEXPECTEDLY COMES UPON PRINCE KARL, WITH NO FRENCH ATTENDING HIM

THIS electrically sudden operation on Prag was considered by astonished mankind, whatever else they might think about it, a decidedly brilliant feat of War: falling like a bolt out of the blue,—like three bolts, suddenly coalescing over Prag, and striking it down. Friedrich himself, though there is nothing of boast audible here or anywhere, was evidently very well satisfied; and thought the aspects good. There is Prince Karl whirling instantly back from his Strasburg Prospects; the general St.-Vitus Dance of Austrian things rising higher and higher in these home parts:—reasonable hope that 'in the course of one Campaign,' proud obstinate Austria might feel itself so wrung and screwed as to be glad of Peace with neighbours not wishing War. That was the young

[1] Orlich, ii. 36-39; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1082, and ii. 1168; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 56; etc. etc.

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King's calculation at this time. And, had France done at all as it promised,—or had the young King himself been considerably wiser than he was,—he had not been disappointed in the way we shall see!

Friedrich admits he did not understand War at this period. His own scheme now was: To move towards the south-west, there to abolish Bathyani and his Tolpatches, who are busy gathering Magazines for Prince Karl's advent; to seize the said Magazines, which will be very useful to us; then advance straight towards the Passes of the Bohemian Mountains. Towns of Furth, Waldmünchen, unfortunate Town of Cham (burnt by Trenck, where masons are now busy); these stand successive in the grand Pass, through which the highway runs; some hundred miles or so from where we are: march, at one's swiftest, thitherward, Bathyani's Magazines to help; and there await Prince Karl? It was Friedrich's own notion; not a bad one, though not the best. The best, he admits, would have been: To stay pretty much where he was; abolish Bathyani's Tolpatch people, seizing their Magazines, and collecting others; in general, well rooting and fencing himself in Prag, and in the Circles that lie thereabouts upon the Elbe,—bounded to southward by the Sazawa (branch of the Moldau), which runs parallel to the Elbe;—but well refusing to stir much farther at such an advanced season of the year.

That second plan would have been the wisest:—then why not follow it? Too tame a plan for the youthful mind. Besides, we perceive, as indeed is intimated by himself, he dreaded the force of public opinion in France. 'Aha, look at your King of Prussia again. Gone to conquer Bohemia; and, except the Three Circles he himself is to have of it, lets Bohemia go to the winds!' This sort of thing, Friedrich admits, he dreaded too much, at that young period; so loud had the criticisms been on him, in the time of the Breslau Treaty: 'Out upon your King of Prussia; call you that an honourable Ally!' Undoubtedly a weakness in the young

King; inasmuch, says he, as 'every General' (and every man, add we) 'should look to the fact, not to the rumour of the fact.' Well; but, at least, he will adopt his own other notion; that of making for the Passes of the Bohemian Mountains; to abolish Bathyani at least, and lock the door upon Prince Karl's advent? That was his own plan; and, though second-best, that also would have done well, had there been no third.

But there was, as we hinted, a third plan, ardently favoured by Belleisle, whose war-talent Friedrich much respected at this time: plan built on Belleisle's reminiscences of the old Tabor-Budweis businesses, and totally inapplicable now. Belleisle said, 'Go south-east, not south-west; right towards the Austrian Frontier itself; that will frighten Austria into a fine tremor. Shut-up the roads from Austria: Budweis, Neuhaus; seize those two Highroad Towns, and keep them, if you would hold Bohemia; the want of them was our ruin there.' * Your ruin, yes: but your enemy was not coming from Alsace and the south-west then. He was coming from Austria; and your own home lay on the south-west: it is all different now! Friedrich might well think himself bewitched not to have gone for Cham and Furth, and the Passes of the Böhmer-Wald, according to his own notion. But so it was; he yielded to the big reputation of Belleisle, and to fear of what the world would say of him in France; a weakness which he will perhaps be taught not to repeat. In fact, he is now about to be taught several things;—and will have to pay his school-wages as he goes.

### *Friedrich, leaving small Garrison in Prag, rushes swiftly up the Moldau Valley, upon the Tabor-Budweis Country; to please his French Friends*

Friedrich made no delay in Prag; in haste at this late time of year. September 17th, on the very morrow of the

* See Map (Two First Silesian Wars), at end of vol. iv.

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Siege, the Prussians get in motion southward; on the 19th, Friedrich, from his post to north of the City, defiles through Prag, on march to Kunraditz,—first stage on that questionable Expedition up the Moldau Valley, right bank; towards Tabor, Budweis, Neuhaus; to threaten Austria, and please Belleisle and the French.

Prag is left under General Einsiedel with a small garrison of 5,000;—Einsiedel, a steady elderly gentleman, favourite of Friedrich Wilhelm's, has brief order, or outline of order to be filled-up by his own good sense. Posadowsky follows the march, with as many meal-wagons as possible,—draught-cattle in very ineffectual condition. Our main Magazine is at Leitmeritz (should have been brought-on to Prag, thinks Friedrich); Commissariat very ill-managed in comparison to what it ought to be,—to what it shall be, if we ever live to make another Campaign. Heavy artillery is left in Prag (another fault); and from each regiment, one of its baggage-wagons.[1] 'We rest a day here at Kunraditz: 21st September, get to the Sazawa River;—22d, to Bistritz (rest a day);—26th, to Miltschin; and 27th, to Tabor:'—But the Diary would be tedious.

Friedrich goes in two Columns; one along the great road towards Tabor, under Schwerin this, and Friedrich mainly with him; the other to the right, along the River's bank, under Leopold, Young Dessauer, which has to go by wild country roads, or now and then roads of its own making; and much needs the pioneer (a difficult march in the shortening days). Posadowsky follows with the proviant, drawn by cattle of the horse and ox species, daily falling down starved: great swearing there too, I doubt not! General Nassau is vanguard, and stretches forward successfully at a much lighter pace.

There are two Rivers, considerable branches of the Moldau, coming from eastward; which, and first of them the Sazawa, concern us here. After mounting the southern Uplands from Prag for a day or two, you then begin to drop again, into the hollow of a River called Sazawa, important in Bohemian Wars. It is of winding course, the first considerable branch of the Moldau, rising in Teutschbrod Country, seventy or eighty miles to east of us: in regard to Sazawa, there is, at present,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1083; Orlich, ii. 41 et sqq; *Frédéric*, iii. 59; etc.

no difficulty about crossing, the Country being all ours. After the Sazawa, mount again, long miles, day after day, through intricate stony desolation, rocks, bogs, untrimmed woods, you will get to Miltschin, thence to Tabor: Miltschin is the crown of that rough moor country; from Prag to Tabor is some sixty miles. After Miltschin the course of those brown mountain-brooks is all towards the Luschnitz, the next considerable branch of the Moldau; branch still longer and more winding than the Sazawa; Tabor towers-up near this branch; Budweis, on the Moldau itself, is forty miles farther; and there at last you are out of the stony moors, and in a rich champaign comfortable to man and horse, were you but once there, after plodding through the desolations. But from that Sazawa by the Luschnitz on to Budweis, mounting and falling in such fashion, there must be ninety miles or thereby. Plod along; and keep a sharp eye on the whirling clouds of Pandours, for those too have got across upon us,—added to the other tempests of Autumn.

On the ninth day of their march, the Prussians begin to descry on the horizon ahead the steeples and chimney-tops of Tabor, on its high scarped rock, or 'Hill of Zisca,'—for it was Zisca and his Hussites that built themselves this Bit of Inexpugnability, and named it Tabor from their Bibles,—in those waste mountain regions. On the tenth day (27th Sept.), the Prussians without difficulty took Tabor; walls being ruined, garrison small. We lie at Tabor till the 30th, last day of September. Thence, 2d October, part of us to Moldau Tein rightwards; where cross the Moldau by a Bridge,—'Bridge' one has heard of, in old Broglio times;—cross there, with intent (easily successful) to snatch that 'Castle of Frauenberg,' darling of Broglio, for which he fought his Pharsalia of a Sahay to no purpose!

Both Columns got united at Tabor; and paused for a day or two, to rest, and gather-up their draggled skirts there. The Expedition does not improve in promise, as we advance in it; the march one of the most untowardly; and Posadowsky comes up with only half of his provision-carts,—half of his cattle having fallen down of bad weather, hill-roads and starvation; what could he do? That is an ominous circumstance, not the less.

Three things are against the Prussians on this march; two of them accidental things. *First*, there is, at this late season too, the intrinsic nature of the Country; which Friedrich with emphasis describes as boggy, stony, precipitous; a waste, hungry and altogether barren Country,—too emphatically so described. But then *secondly*, what might have been otherwise, the Population, worked-upon by Austrian officials, all

fly from the sight of us; nothing but fireless deserted hamlets; and the corn, if they ever had any, all thrashed and hidden. No amount of money can purchase any service from them. Poor dark creatures; not loving Austria much, but loving some others even less, it would appear. Of bigoted Papist Creed, for one thing; that is a great point. We do not meddle with their worship more or less; but we are Heretics, and they hate us as the Night. Which is a dreadful difficulty you always have in Bohemia: nowhere but in the Circle of Königsgrätz, where there are Hussites (far to the rear of us at this time), will you find it otherwise. This is difficulty second.

Then, *thirdly*, what much aggravates it,—we neglected to abolish Bathyani! And here are Bathyani's Pandours come across the Moldau on us. Plenty of Pandours;—to whom '10,000 fresh Hungarians,' of a new Insurrection which has been got-up there, are daily speeding forward to add themselves:—such a swarm of hornets, as darkens the very daylight for you. Vain to scourge them down, to burn them off by blaze of gunpowder: they fly fast; but are straightway back again. They lurk in these bushy wildernesses, scraggy woods: no foraging possible, unless whole regiments are sent out to do it; you cannot get a letter safely carried for them. They are an unspeakable contemptible grief to the earnest leader of men.—Let us proceed, however; it will serve nothing to complain. Let us hope the French sit well on the skirts of Prince Karl: these sorrowful labours may all turn to good, in that case.

Friedrich pushes-on from Tabor; shoots partly (as we have seen) across the Moldau, to the left bank as well; captures romantic Frauenberg on its high rock, where Broglio got into such a fluster once. We could push to Pisek, too, and make a 'Bivouac of Pisek,' if we lost our wits! Nassau is in Budweis, in Neuhaus; and proper garrisons are gone thither: nothing wanting on our side of the business. But these Pandours, these 10,000 Insurrection Hungarians, with

their Trencks spurring them! A continual unblessed swarm of hornets, these; which shut-out the very light of day from us. Too literally the light of day: we can get no free messaging from part to part of our own Army even. 'As many as six Orderlies have been despatched to an outlying General; and not one of them could get through to him. They have snapt-up three Letterbags destined for the King himself. For four weeks he is absolutely shut-out from the rest of Europe;' knows not in the least what the Kaiser, or the Most Christian or any other King, is doing; or whether the French are sitting well on Prince Karl's skirts, or not attempting that at all. This also is a thing to be amended, a thing you had to learn, your Majesty? An Army absolutely shut-out from news, from letters, messages to or fro, and groping its way in darkness, owing to these circumambient thunder-clouds of Tolpatches, is not a well-situated Army! And alas, when at last the Letterbag did get through, and—But let us not anticipate!

At Tabor there arose two opinions; which, in spite of the King's presence, was a new difficulty. South from Tabor a day's march, the Highway splits; left-hand goes to Neuhaus, direct way for Vienna; right-hand, or straightforward rather, goes to Budweis, bearing upon Linz: which of these two? Nassau has already seized Budweis; and it is a habitable champaign country in comparison. Neuhaus, farther from the Moldau and its uses, but more imminent on Austria, would be easy to seize; and would frighten the Enemy more. Leopold the Young Dessauer is for Budweis; rapid Schwerin, a hardy out-spoken man, is emphatic for the other place as Head-quarter. So emphatic are both, that the two Generals quarrel there; and Friedrich needs his authority to keep them from outbreaks, from open incompatibility henceforth, which would be destructive to the service. For the rest, Friedrich seizes both places; sends a detachment to Neuhaus as well; but holds by Budweis and the Moldau region with his main

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Army; which was not quite gratifying to the hardy Schwerin. On the opposite or left bank, holding Frauenberg, the renowned Hill-fortress there, we make inroads at discretion: but the country is woody, favourable to Pandours; and the right bank is our chief scene of action. How we are to maintain ourselves in this country? To winter in these towns between the Sazawa and the Luschnitz? Unless the French sit well on Prince Karl's skirts, it will not be possible.

### *The French are little grateful for the Pleasure done them at such ruinous Expense*

French sitting well on Prince Karl's skirts? They are not molesting Prince Karl in the smallest; never tried such a thing;—are turned-away to the Brisgau, to the Upper-Rhine Country; gone to besiege Freyburg there, and seize Towns about the Lake of Constance, as if there were no Friedrich in the game! It must be owned the French do liberally pay-off old scores against Friedrich,—if, except in their own imagination, they had old scores against him. No man ever delivered them from a more imminent peril; and they, the rope once cut that was strangling them, magnificently forget who cut it; and celebrate only their own distinguished conduct during and after the operation. To a degree truly wonderful.

It was moonlight, clear as day that night, 23d August, when Prince Karl had to recross the Rhine, close in their neighbourhood;[1]—and instead of harassing Prince Karl 'to half or to whole ruin,' as the bargain was, their distinguished conduct consisted in going quietly to their beds (old Maréchal de Noailles even calling back some of his too-forward subalterns), and joyfully leaving Prince Karl, then and afterwards, to cross the Rhine, and march for Böhmen, at his own perfect convenience.

'Seckendorf will sit on Karl's skirts,' they said: 'too

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, iii. 196.

late for *us*, this season; next season, you shall see!' Such was their theory, after Louis got that cathartic, and rose from bed. Schmettau, with his importunities, which at last irritated everybody, could make nothing more of it. 'Let the King of France crown his glories by the Siege of Freyburg, the conquest of Brisgau:—for behoof of the poor Kaiser, don't you observe? Hither Austria is the Kaiser's;—and furthermore, were Freyburg gone, there will be no invading of Elsass again' (which is another privately very interesting point)!

And there, at Freyburg, the Most Christian King now is, and his Army up to the knees in mud, conquering Hither Austria; besieging Freyburg, with much difficulty owing to the wet,—besieging there with what energy; a spectacle to the world! And has, for the present, but one wife, no mistress either! With rapturous eyes France looks on; with admiration too big for words. Voltaire, I have heard, made pilgrimage to Freyburg, with rhymed Panegyric in his pocket; saw those miraculous operations of a Most Christian King miraculously awakened; and had the honour to present said Panegyric; and be seen, for the first time, by the royal eyes, —which did not seem to relish him much.[1] Since the first days of October, Freyburg had been under constant assault; 'amid rains, amid frosts; a siege long and murderous' (to the besieging party);—and was not got till November 5th; not quite entirely, the Citadels of it, till November 25th; Majesty gone home to Paris, to illuminations and triumphal arches, in the interim.[2] It had been a difficult and bloody conquest to him, this of Freyburg and the Brisgau Country; and I never heard that either the Kaiser or he got sensible advantage by it,—though Prince Karl, on the present occasion, might be said to get a great deal.

[1] The Panegyric (*Epître au Roi devant Fribourg*) is in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xvii. 184.

[2] Adelung, iv. 266; Barbier, ii. 414 (13th November, etc.), for the illuminations, grand in the extreme, in spite of wild rains and winds.

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'Seckendorf will do your Prince Karl,' they had cried always: 'Seckendorf and his Prussian Majesty! Are not we conquering Hither Austria here, for the Kaiser's behoof?' Seckendorf they did officially appoint to pursue; appoint or allow;—and laid all the blame on Seckendorf; who perhaps deserved his share of it. Very certain it is, Seckendorf did little or nothing to Prince Karl; marched 'leisurely behind him through the Ober-Pfalz,'—skirting Baireuth Country, Karl and he, to Wilhelmina's grief;[1]—'leisurely behind him at a distance of four days,' knew better than meddle with Prince Karl. So that Prince Karl, 'in twenty-one marches,' disturbed only by the elements and bad roads, reached Waldmünchen 25th September, in the Furth-Cham Country;[2] and was heard to exclaim: 'We are let-off for the fright, then (*Nous voilà quittes pour la peur*)!'—Seckendorf, finding nothing to live upon in Ober-Pfalz, could not attend Prince Karl farther; but turned leftwards home to Bavaria; made a kind of Second 'Reconquest of Bavaria' (on exactly the same terms as the First, Austrian occupants being all called-off to assist in Böhmen again);—concerning which, here is an Excerpt:

'Seckendorf, following at his leisure, and joined by the Hessians and Pfalzers, so as now to exceed 30,000, leaves Prince Karl and the rest of the enterprise to do as it can; and applies himself, for his own share, as the needfulest thing, to getting hold of Bavaria again, that his poor Kaiser may have where to lay his head, and pay old servants their wages. Dreadfully exclaimed against, the old gentleman, especially by the French co-managers: "Why did not the old traitor stick in the rear of Prince Karl, in the difficult passes, and drive him prone,—while we went besieging Freyburg, and poaching about, trying for a bit of the Brisgau while chance served!" A traitor beyond doubt; probably bought with money down, thinks Valori. But, after all, what could Seckendorf do? He is now of weight for Bärenklau and Bavaria, not for much more. He does sweep Bärenklau and his Austrians from Bavaria, clear out (in the course of this October), all but Ingolstadt and two or three strong towns,—Passau especially, "which can be blockaded, and afterwards besieged if needful." For the rest, he is dreadfully ill-off for provisions,

[1] Her letters (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 133, etc.). [2] Ranke, iii. 187.

incapable of the least attempt on Passau (as Friedrich urged, on hearing of him again); and will have to canton himself in home-quarters, and live by his shifts till Spring.

'The noise of French censure rises loud, against not themselves, but against Seckendorf:—Friedrich, before that Tolpatch eclipse of Correspondence' (when three of his Letterbags were seized, and he fell quite dark), 'had too well foreboded, and contemptuously expressed his astonishment at the blame *both* were well earning: Passau, said he, cannot you go at least upon Passau; which might alarm the Enemy a little, and drag him homewards? "Adieu, my dear Seckendorf, your Officer will tell you how we did the Siege of Prag. You and your French are wetted hens (*poules mouillées*),"—cowering about like drenched hens in a day of set rain. "As I hear nothing of either of you, I must try to get out of this business without your help,"'—otherwise it will be ill for me indeed![1] 'Which latter expression alarmed the French, and set them upon writing and bustling, but not upon doing anything.'

'Prince Karl had crossed the Rhine unmolested, in the clearest moonlight, August 23d-24th; Seckendorf was not wholly got to Heilbronn, September 8th: a pretty way behind Prince Karl! The 6,000 Hessians, formerly in English pay, indignant Landgraf Wilhelm' (who never could forgive that Macchiavellian conduct of Carteret at Hanau, never till he found-out what it really was) 'has, this year, put into French pay. And they have now joined Seckendorf;[2] Prince Friedrich' (Britannic Majesty's Son-in-law), 'not good fat Uncle George, commanding them henceforth:—with extreme *lack* of profit to Prince Friedrich, to the Hessians, and to the French, as will appear in time. These 6,000, and certain thousands of Pfalzers likewise in French pay, are now with Seckendorf, and have raised him to above 30,000;—it is the one fruit King Friedrich has got by that "Union of Frankfurt," and by all his long prospective haggling, and struggling for a "Union of German Princes in general." Two pears, after that long shaking of the tree; both pears rotten, or indeed falling into Seckendorf, who is a basket of such quality! "Seckendorf, increased in this munificent manner, can he still do nothing?" cry the French: "the old traitor!"—"I have no magazines," said Seckendorf, "nothing to live upon, to shoot with; no money!" And it is a mutual crescendo between the "perfidious Seckendorf" and them; without work done. In the Nürnberg Country, some Hussars of his picked-up Lord Holderness, an English Ambassador

[1] Excerpted Fragment of a Letter from Friedrich,—(exact date not given, date of *Excerpt* is, Donauwörth Country, 23d September 1744),—which the French Agent in Seckendorf's Army had a reading of (*Campagnes de Coigny*, iv. 185-187; *ib.* 216-219: cited in Adelung, iv. 225).

[2] Espagnac, i. 13; Buchholz, ii. 123.

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making for Venice by that bad route. "Prisoner, are not you?" But they did not use him ill; on consideration, the Heads of Imperial Departments gave him a Pass, and he continued his Venetian Journey (result of it zero) without farther molestation that I heard of.[1]

'These French-Seckendorf cunctations, recriminations and drenched-hen procedures are an endless sorrow to poor Kaiser Karl; who at length can stand it no longer; but resolves, since at least Bavaria, though moneyless and in ruins, is his, he will in person go thither; confident that there will be victual and equipment discoverable for self and Army, were he there. Remonstrances avail not: "Ask me to die with honour, ask me not to lie rotting here;"[2]—and quits Frankfurt, and the Reich's-Diet and its babble, 17th October 1744 (small sorrow, were it for the last time),—and enters his München in the course of a week.[3] München is transported with joy to see the Legitimate Sovereign again; and blazes into illuminations,—forgetful who caused its past wretchedness, hoping only all wretchedness is now ended. Let ruined huts, and Cham and the burnt Towns, rebuild themselves; the wasted hedges make-up their gaps again: here is the King come home! Here, sure enough, is an unfortunate Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich, who can once more hope to pay his milk-scores, being a loved Kurfürst of Bavaria at least. Very dear to the hearts of these poor people;—and to their purses, interests and skins, has not he in another sense been dear? What a price the ambitions and cracked fantasms of that weak brain have cost the seemingly innocent population! Population harried, hungered-down, dragged-off to perish in Italian Wars; a Country burnt, tribulated, torn to ruin, under the harrow of Fate and ruffian Trenck and Company. Britannic George, rather a dear morsel too, has come much cheaper hitherto. England is not yet burnt; nothing burning there,—except the dull fire of deliriums; Natural Stupidities all set flaming, which (whatever it may *be* in the way of loss) is not felt as a loss, but rather as a comfort for the time being;—and in fact there are only, say, a forty or fifty thousand armed Englishmen rotted-down, and scarcely a Hundred Millions of money yet spent. Nothing to speak of, in the cause of Human Liberty. Why Populations suffer for their guilty Kings? My friend, it is the Populations too that are guilty in having such Kings. Reverence, sacred Respect for Human Worth, sacred Abhorrence of Human Unworth, have you considered what it means? These poor Populations have it not, or for long generations have had it less and less. Hence, by degrees, this sort of "Kings" to them, and enormous consequences following!'—

[1] Adelung, iv. 222.

[2] *Ibid.* iv. 241.

[3] 17th October 1744 leaves Frankfurt; arrives in München 23d (Adelung, iv. 241-244).

Karl VII. got back to München 23d October 1744; and the tar-barrels being once burnt, and indispensable sortings effected, he went to the field along with Seckendorf, to encourage his men under Seckendorf, and urge the French by all considerations to come-on. And really did what he could, poor man. But the cordage of his life had been so strained and torn, he was not now good for much; alas, it had been but little he was ever good for. A couple of dear Kurfürsts, his Father and he; have stood these Bavarian Countries very high, since the Battle of Blenheim and downwards!

## CHAPTER IV

### FRIEDRICH REDUCED TO STRAITS; CANNOT MAINTAIN HIS MOLDAU CONQUESTS AGAINST PRINCE KARL

ONE may fancy what were Friedrich's reflections when he heard that Prince Karl had, prosperously and unmolested, got across, by those Passes from the Ober-Pfalz, into Böhmen and the circle of Pilsen, into junction with Bathyani and his magazines;[1] heard, moreover, that the Saxons, 20,000 strong, under Weissenfels, crossing the Metal Mountains, coming on by Eger and Karlsbad regions, were about uniting with him (bound by Treaty to assist the Hungarian Majesty when invaded);—and heard finally, what confirms everything, that the said Prince Karl in person (making for Budweis, 'just seen his advanced guard,' said rumour under mistake) was but few miles off. Few miles off, on the other side of the Moldau; —of unknown strength, hidden in the circumambient clouds of Pandours.

Suppressing all the rages and natural reflections but those needful for the moment, Friedrich (October 4th, by Moldau-Tein) dashes across the Moldau, to seek Prince Karl at the place indicated, and at once smite him down if possible;—

[1] 'At Mirotitz, October 2d' (Ranke, iii. 194); Orlich, ii. 49.

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that will be a remedy for all things. Prince Karl is not there, nor was; the indication had been false; Friedrich searches about, for four days, to no purpose. Prince Karl, he then learns for certain, has crossed the Moldau farther down, farther northward, between Prag and us. Means to cut us off from Prag, then, which is our fountain of life in these circumstances? That is his intention:—'Old Traun, who is with him, understands his trade!' thinks Friedrich. Traun, or the Prince, is diligently forming magazines, all the Country carrying to him, in the Town of Beneschau, hither side of the Sazawa, some seventy miles north of us, an important Town where roads meet:—unless we can get hold of Beneschau, it will be ill with us here! Across the River again, at any rate; and let us hasten thither. That is an affair which must be looked to; and speed is necessary!

*October 8th*, After four-days search ending in this manner, Friedrich swiftly crosses towards Tabor again, to Bechin (over on the Luschnitz, one march), there to collect himself for Beneschau and the other intricacies. Towards Tabor again; by his Bridge of Moldau-Tein;—clouds of Pandour people, larger clouds than usual, hanging round; hidden by the woods till Friedrich is gone. Friedrich being gone, there occurs the *Affair of Moldau-Tein*, much talked-of in Prussian Books. Of which, in extreme condensation, this is the essence:

'*October 9th*. Friedrich once off to Bechin, the Pandour clouds gather on his rearguard next day at Tein Bridge here, to the number of about 10,000' (rumour counts 14,000); 'and with desperate intent, and more regularity than usual, attack the Tein-Bridge Party, which consists of perhaps 2,000 grenadiers and hussars, the whole under Ziethen's charge,—obliged to wait for a cargo of Bread-wagons here. "Defend your Bridge, with cannon, with case-shot:" that is what the grenadiers do. The Pandour cloud, with horrid lanes cut in it, draws back out of this; then plunges at the River itself, which can be ridden above or below; rides it, furious, by the thousand: "Off with your infantry; quit the Bridge!" cries Ziethen to his Captain there: "Retire you, Parthian-like; thrice-steady," orders Ziethen: "It is to be hoped our hussars can deal with this mad-doggery!" And they do it; cutting-in with iron discipline, with fierceness not undrilled; a wedge of iron hussars, with ditto grenadiers continually wheeling, like so many reapers steady among wind-tossed grain; and gradually give the Pandours enough. Seven hours of it, in all: "of their sixty cartridges the grenadiers had fired

fifty-four," when it ended, about 7 P.M. The coming bread-wagons, getting word, had to cast their loaves into the River (sad to think of); and make for Bechin at their swiftest. But the rearguard got off with its guns, in this victorious manner: thanks to Major-General Ziethen, Colonel Reusch, and the others concerned.[1]

'Ziethen handsels his Major-Generalcy in this fine way:[2] a man who has had promotion, and also has had none;—and may again come to have none;—and is able to do either way. Never mind, my excellent tacit friend! Ziethen is five-and-forty gone; has a face which is beautiful to me, though one of the coarsest. Face thrice-honest, intricately ploughed with thoughts which are well kept silent (the thoughts, indeed, being themselves mostly inarticulate; thoughts of a simple-hearted, much-enduring, hot-tempered son of iron and oat-meal); decidedly rather likeable, with its lazily-hanging under-lip, and respectable bear-skin cylinder atop.'

### *Friedrich tries to have Battle from Prince Karl, in the Moldau Countries; cannot, owing to the Skill of Prince Karl or of old Feldmarschall Traun;—has to retire behind the Sazawa, and ultimately behind the Elbe, with much Labour in Vain*

*October 14th-18th: Retreat from Bechin-Tabor Country to Beneschau.* * * 'These Pandours give us trouble enough; no Magazine here, no living to be had in this Country beside them. Unfortunate Colonel Jahnus went out from Tabor lately, to look after requisitioned grains: infinite Pandours set upon him' (Mühlhausen is the memorable place); 'Jahnus was obstinate (too obstinate, thinks Friedrich), and perished on the ground, he and 200 of his.[3] Nay, next, a swarm of them came to Tabor itself, Nadasti at their head; to try whether Tabor, with its small garrison, could not be escaladed, and perhaps Prince Henri, who lies sick there, be taken? Tabor taught them another lesson; sent them home with heads broken;—which Friedrich thinks was an extremely suitable thing. But so it stands: Here by the thousand and the ten thousand they hang round us; and Prince Karl—It is of all things necessary we get hold of that Beneschau, and the Magazine he is gathering there!

'Rapidity is indispensable,—and yet how quit Tabor? We have detachments out at Neuhaus, at Budweis, and in Tabor 300 men in hospital, whom there are no means of carrying. To leave them to the

[1] *Feldzüge der Preussen*, i. 268; Orlich, ii. 55.

[2] Patent given him '3d October 1744,' only a week ago, 'and ordered to be dated eight months back' (Rödenbeck, i. 109).

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 61.

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Tolpatches? Friedrich confesses he was weak on this occasion; he could not leave these 300 men, as was his clear duty, in this extremity of War. He ordered-in his Neuhaus Detachment; not yet any of the others. He despatched Schwerin towards Beneschau with all his speed; Schwerin was lucky enough to take Beneschau and its provender,—a most blessed fortune,—and fences himself there. Hearing which, Friedrich, having now got the Neuhaus Detachment in hand, orders the other Three, the Budweis, the Tabor here, and the Frauenberg across the River, to maintain themselves; and then, leaving those southern regions to their chance, hastens towards Beneschau and Schwerin; encamps (October 18th) near Beneschau,—"Camp of Konopischt," unattackable Camp, celebrated in the Prussian Books;—and there, for eight days, still on the south side of Sazawa, tries every shift to mend the bad posture of affairs in that Luschnitz-Sazawa Country. His Three Garrisons (3,000 men in them, besides the three 300 sick) he now sees will not be able to maintain themselves; and he sends in succession 'eight messengers," not one messenger of whom could get through, to bid them come away. His own hope now is for a Battle with Prince Karl; which might remedy all things.'[1]

That is Friedrich's wish; but it is by no means Traun's, who sees that hunger and wet weather will of themselves suffice for Friedrich. There ensues accordingly, for three weeks to come, in that confused Country, a series of swift shufflings, checkings and manœuvrings between these two, which is gratifying and instructive to the strategic mind, but cannot be inflicted upon common readers. Two considerable chess-players, an old and a young; their chessboard a bushy, rocky, marshy parallelogram, running fifty miles straight east from Prag, and twenty or fewer south, of which Prag is the north-west angle, and Beneschau, or the impregnable Konopischt the south-west: the reader must conceive it; and how Traun will not fight Friedrich, yet makes him skip hither and thither, chiefly by threatening his victuals. Friedrich's main magazine is now at Pardubitz, the extreme north-east angle of the parallelogram. Parallelogram has one river in it, with the innumerable rocks and brooks and quagmires, the river Sazawa; and on the north side, where are Kuttenberg, Czaslau, Chotusitz, places again become im-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 62-64.

portant in this business, it is bounded by another river, the Elbe. Intricate manœuvring there is here, for three weeks following: 'old Traun an admirable man!' thinks Friedrich, who ever after recognised Traun, as his Schoolmaster in the art of War. We mark here and there a date, and leave it to readers.

'*Radicz, October 21st-22d.* At Radicz, a march to south-west of us, and on our side of the Moldau, the Saxons, under Weissenfels, 20,000 effective, join Prince Karl; which raises his force to 69,514 men, some 10,000 more than Friedrich is master of.[1] Prospect of wintering between the Luschnitz and the Sazawa, there is now little; unless they will fight us, and be beaten. Friedrich, from his inaccessible Camp of Konopischt, manœuvres, reconnoitres, in all directions, to produce this result; but to no purpose. An Austrian Detachment did come, to look-after Beneschau and the Magazines there; but rapidly drew back again, finding Konopischt on their road, and how matters were. Friedrich will guard the door of this Sazawa-Elbe tract of Country; hope of the Sazawa-Luschnitz tract has, in few days, fallen extinct. Here is news come to Konopischt: our Three poor Garrisons, Budweis, Tabor, Frauenberg, already all lost; guns and men, after defence to the last cartridge,—in Frauenberg their water was cut-off, it was eight-and-forty hours of thirst at Frauenberg:—one way or other, they are all Three gone; eight couriers galloping with message, 'Come away,' were all picked-up by the Pandours; so they stood, and were lost. 'Three thousand fighting men gone, for the weak chance of saving three hundred who were in hospital!' thinks Friedrich: War is not a school of the weak pities. For the chance of ten, you lose a hundred and the ten too. Sazawa-Elbe tract of country, let us vigilantly keep the door of that!

'*Saturday, October 24th,* Friedrich out reconnoitering from Konopischt discovers of a certainty that the whole Austrian-Saxon force is now advancing towards Beneschau, and will, this night, encamp at 'Marschowitz, to south-west, only one march from us! On the instant Friedrich hurries back; gets his Army on march thitherward, though the late October sun is now past noon; off instantly; a stroke yonder will perhaps be the cure of all. Such roads we had, says Friedrich, as never army travelled before: long after nightfall, we arrive near the Austrian camp, bivouac as we can till daylight return. At the first streak of day, Friedrich and his chief generals are on the heights with their spyglasses: Austrian Army sure enough; and there they have altered their posture overnight (for Traun too has been awake); they lie now opposite our *right* flank; "on a scarped height, at the foot of which, through swamps

[1] Orlich, ii. 66.

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and quagmires, runs a muddy stream." Unattackable on this side: their right flank and foot are safe enough. Creep round and see their left: —Nothing but copses, swampy intricacies! We may shoulder arms again, and go back to Konopischt: no fight here![1] Speaking of defensive Campaigns, says Friedrich didactically, years afterwards, "If such situations are to answer the purpose intended, the front and flanks must be equally strong, but the rear entirely open. Such, for instance, are those heights which have an extensive front, and whose flanks are covered by morasses:—as was Prince Karl's Camp at Marschowitz in the year 1744, with its front covered by a stream, and the wings by deep hollows; or that which we ourselves then occupied at Konopischt,"—as you well remember.[2]

'*October 26th—November 1st.* The Sazawa-Luschnitz tract of Country is quite lost, then; lost with damages: the question now is, Can we keep the Sazawa-Elbe tract? For about three weeks more, Friedrich struggles for that object; cannot compass that either. Want of horse-provender is very great:—country entirely eaten, say the peasants, and not a truss remaining. October 26th, Friedrich has to cross the Sazawa; we must quit the door of that tract (hunger driving us), and fight for the interior in detail. Traun gets to Beneschau in that cheap way; and now, in behalf of Traun, the peasants find forage enough, being zealous for Queen and creed. Pandours spread themselves all over this Sazawa-Elbe country; endanger our subsistences, make our lives miserable. It is the old story: Friedrich, famine and mud and misery of Pandours compelling, has to retire northward, Elbe-ward, inch by inch; whither the Austrians follow at a safe distance, and in spite of all manœuvring, cannot be got to fight.

'Brave General Nassau, who much distinguishes himself in these businesses, has (though Friedrich does not yet know it) dexterously seized Kolin, westward in those Elbe parts,—ground that will be notable in years coming. Important little feat of Nassau's; of which anon. On the other hand, our Magazine at Pardubitz, eastward on the Elbe, is not out of danger: Pandours and regulars 2,000 and odd, "sixty of the Pandour kind disguised as peasants leading hay-carts," made an attempt there lately; but were detected by the vigilant Colonel, and blown to pieces, in the nick of time, some of them actually within the gate.[3] Nay, a body of Austrian regulars were in full march for Kolin lately, intending to get hold of the Elbe itself at that point (midway between Prag and Pardubitz): but the prompt General Nassau, as we remarked, had struck-in before

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 63, 64; Orlich, ii. 69.

[2] *Military Instructions* (above cited), p. 44.

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 65.

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them; and now holds Kolin;—though, for several days, Friedrich could not tell what had become of Nassau, owing to the swarms of Pandours.

'Friedrich, standing with his back to Prag, which is fifty miles from him, and rather in need of his support than able to give him any; and drawing his meal from the uncertain distance, with Pandours hovering round,—is in difficult case. While old Traun is kept luminous as midday; the circumambient atmosphere of Pandours is tenebrific to Friedrich, keeps him in perpetual midnight. He has to read his position as with flashes of lightning, for most part. A heavy-laden, sorely exasperated man; and must keep his haggard miseries strictly secret; which I believe he does. Were Valori here, it is very possible he might find the countenance *farouche* again; eyes gloomy, on damp November mornings! Schwerin, in a huff, has gone home: Since your Majesty is pleased to prefer his young Durchlaucht of Anhalt's advice, what can an elderly servant (not without rheumatisms) do other?—"Well!" answers Friedrich, not with eyes cheered by the phenomenon. The Elbe-Sazawa tract, even this looks as if it would be hard to keep. A world very dark for Friedrich, enveloped so by the ill chances and the Pandours. But what help?

'From the French Camp far away, there comes, dated 17th October (third week of their Siege of Freyburg), by way of help to Friedrich, magnanimous promise: "So soon as this Siege is done, which will be speedily, though it is difficult, we propose to send fifty battalions and a hundred squadrons,"'—say only 60,000 horse and foot (not a hoof or toe of which ever got that length, on actually trying it),—"towards Westphalia, to bring the Elector of Köln to reason" (poor Kaiser's lanky Brother, who cannot stand the French procedures, and has lately sold himself, that is, sold his troops, to England), 'and keep the King of England and the Dutch in check,'—by way of solacement to your Majesty. Will you indeed, you magnanimous Allies?—This was picked-up by the Pandours; and I know not but Friedrich was spared the useless pain of reading it.[1]

'*November 1st-9th*: *Friedrich loses Saxawa-Elbe Country too.* On the first day of November, here is a lightning-flash which reveals strange things to Friedrich. Traun's late manœuvrings, which have been so enigmatic, to right and to left, upon Prag and other points, issue now in an attempt towards Pardubitz; which reveals to Friedrich the intention Traun has formed, of forcing him to choose one of those two places, and let go the other. Formidable, fatal, thinks Friedrich; and yet admirable on the part of Traun: "a design beautiful and worthy of admiration." If we stay near Prag, what becomes of our communication with Silesia; what becomes of Silesia itself? If we go towards Pardubitz,

[1] Orlich, ii. 73.

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Prag and Böhmen are lost! What to do? "Despatch reinforcement to Pardubitz; thanks to Nassau, the Kolin-Pardubitz road is ours!" That is done, Pardubitz saved for the moment. Could we now get to Kuttenberg before the old Marshal, his design were overset altogether. Alas, we cannot march at once, have to wait a day for the bread. Forward, nevertheless; and again forward, and again; three heavy marches in November weather: let us make a fourth forced march, start tomorrow before dawn,—Kuttenberg above all things! In vain; tomorrow, 4th November, there is such a fog, dark as London itself, from six in the morning onwards, no starting till noon: and then impossible, with all our efforts, to reach Kuttenberg. We have to halt an eight miles short of it, in front of Kolin; and pitch tents there. On the morrow, 5th November, Traun is found encamped, unattackable, between us and our object; sits there, at his ease in a friendly Country, with Pandour whirlpools flowing out and in; an irreducible case to Friedrich. November 5th, and for three days more, Friedrich, to no purpose, tries his utmost;—finds he will have to give-up the Elbe-Sazawa region, like the others. Monday November 9th, Friedrich gathers himself at Kolin; crosses the Elbe by Kolin Bridge, that day. Point after point of the game going against him.'

Kolin was, of course, attacked, that Monday evening, so soon as the main Army crossed: but, so soon as the Army left, General Nassau had taken his measures; and, with his great guns and his small, handled the Pandours in a way that pleased us.[1] Thursday night following, they came back, with regular grenadiers to support; under cloud of night, in great force, ruffian Trenck at the head of them: a frightful phenomenon to weak nerves. But this also Nassau treated in such a fiery fashion that it vanished without return; three hundred dead left on the ground, and ruffian Trenck riding off with his own crown broken,—beautiful indigo face streaking itself into *gingham*-pattern, for the moment!

Except Pardubitz, where also the due battalions are left, Friedrich now holds no post south of the Elbe in this quarter; Elbe-Sazawa Tract is gone like the others, to all appearance. And we must now say, Silesia or Prag? Prince Leopold, Council-of-War being held on the matter, is for keeping hold of Prag: 'Pity to lose all the excellent siege-artillery we

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 68.

brought thither,' says he. True, too true; an ill-managed business that of Prag! thinks Friedrich sadly to himself: but what is Prag and artillery, compared to Silesia? Parthian retreat into Silesia; and let Prag and the artillery go: that, to Friedrich, is clearly the sure course. Or perhaps the fatal alternative will not actually arrive? So long as Pardubitz and Kolin hold; and we have the Elbe for barrier? Truth is, Prince Karl has himself written to Court that, having now pushed his Enemy fairly over the Elbe, and winter being come with its sleets and slushes, ruinous to troops that have been so marched about, the Campaign ought to end;—nay, his own young Wife is in perilous interesting circumstances, and the poor Prince wishes to be home. To which, however, it is again understood, Maria Theresa has emphatically answered, 'No,—finish first!'

*November 9th-19th: We defend the Elbe River.* Friedrich has posted himself on the north shore of the Elbe, from Pardubitz to the other side of Kolin; means to defend that side of the River, where go the Silesian roads. At Bohdenetz, short way across from Pardubitz, he himself is; Prince Leopold is near Kolin: thirty miles of river-bank to dispute. The controversy lasts ten days; ends in *Elbe-Teinitz*, a celebrated 'passage,' in Books and otherwise. Friedrich is in shaggy, intricate country; no want of dingles, woods and quagmires; now and then pleasant places too,—here is Kladrup for example, where our Father came three hundred miles to dine with the Kaiser once. The grooms and colts are all off at present; Father and Kaiser are off; and much is changed since then. Grim tussle of War now; sleety winter, and the Giant Mountains in the distance getting on their white hoods! Friedrich doubtless has his thoughts as he rides up and down, in sight of Kladrup, among other places, settling many things; but what his thoughts were, he is careful not to say except where necessary. Much is to be looked after, in this River controversy of thirty miles. Detachments lie, at intervals, all the way; and mounted sentries, a sentry every five miles, patrol the River-bank; vigilant, we hope, as lynxes. Nothing can cross but alarm will be given, and by degrees the whole Prussian force be upon it. This is the Circle of Königsgrätz, this that now lies to rear; and happily there are a few Hussites in it, not utterly indisposed to do a little spying for us, and bring a glimmering of intelligence, now and then.

It is now the second week that Friedrich has lain so, with his mounted

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patrols in motion, with his Hussite spies; guarding Argus-like this thirty miles of River; and the Austrians attempt nothing, or nothing with effect. If the Austrians go home to their winter-quarters, he hopes to issue from Kolin again before Spring, and to sweep the Elbe-Sazawa Tract clear of them, after all. Maria Theresa having answered No, it is likely the Austrians will try to get across: Be vigilant therefore, ye mounted sentries. Or will they perhaps make an attempt on Prag? Einsiedel, who has no garrison of the least adequacy, apprises us That 'in all the villages round Prag people are busy making ladders,'—what can that mean? Friedrich has learned, by intercepted letters, that something great is to be dòne on Wednesday 18th: he sends Rothenburg with reinforcement to Einsiedel, lest a scalade of Prag should be on the cards. Rothenburg is right welcome in the lines of Prag, though with reinforcement still ineffectual; but it is not Prag that is meant, nor is Wednesday the day. Through Wednesday, Friedrich, all eye and ear, could observe nothing: much marching to and fro on the Austrian side of the River; but apparently it comes to nothing? The mounted patrols had better be vigilant, however.

On the morrow, 5 A.M., what is this that is going on? Audible booming of cannon, of musketry and battle, echoing through the woods, penetrates to Friedrich's quarters at Bohdenetz in the Pardubitz region: Attack upon Kolin, Nassau defending himself there? Out swift scouts, and see! Many scouts gallop out; but none comes back. Friedrich, for hours, has to remain uncertain; can only hope Nassau will defend himself. Boom go the distant volleyings; no scout comes back. And it is not Nassau or Kolin; it is something worse: very glorious for Prussian valour, but ruinous to this Campaign.

The Austrians, at 2 o'clock this morning, Austrians and Saxons, came in great force, in dead silence, to the south brink of the River, opposite a place called Teinitz (Elbe-Teinitz), ten miles east of Kolin; that was the fruit of their marching yesterday. They sat there forbidden to speak, to smoke tobacco or do anything but breathe, till all was ready; till pontoons, cannons had come up, and some gleam of dawn had broken. At the first gleam of dawn, as they are shoving down their pontoon boats, there comes a '*Wer-da*, Who goes?' from our Prussian patrol across the River. Receiving no answer, he fires; and is himself shot down. One Wedell, Wedell and Ziethen, who keep watch in this part, start instantly at sound of these shots; and make a dreadful day of it for these invasive Saxon and Austrian multitudes. Naturally, too, they send-off scouts, galloping for more help, to the right and to the left. But that avails not. Wild doggery of Pandours, it would seem, have already swum or waded the River, above Teinitz and below:—'Want of vigilance!' barks Friedrich impatiently: but such a doggery is difficult

to watch with effect. At any rate, to the right and to the left, the woods are already beset with Pandours; every scout sent out is killed: and to east or to west there comes no news but an echoing of musketry, a boom of distant cannon.[1] Saxon-Austrian battalions, four or five, with unlimited artillery going, *versus* Wedell's one battalion, with musketry and Ziethen's hussars: it is fearful odds. The Prussians stand to it like heroes; doggedly, for four hours, continue the dispute,—till it is fairly desperate; 'two bridges of the enemy's now finished';—whereupon they manœuvre off, with Parthian or Prussian countenance, into the woods, safe, towards Kolin; 'despatching definite news to Friedrich, which does arrive about 11 A.M., and sets him at once on new measures.'

This is a great feat in the Prussian military annals; for which, sad as the news was, Wedell got the name of Leonidas attached to him by Friedrich himself. And indeed it is a gallant passage of war; 'Forcing of the Elbe at Teinitz'; of which I could give two Narratives, one from the Prussian, and one from the Saxon side;[2] didactic, admonitory to the military mind, nay, to the civic reader that has sympathy with heroisms, with work done manfully, and terror and danger and difficulty well trampled under foot. Leonidas Wedell has an admirable silence, too; and Ziethen's lazily-hanging under-lip is in its old attitude again, now that the spasm is over '*Was thuts?* They are across, without a doubt. We would have helped it, and could not. Steady!'—

### *Friedrich's Retreat; especially Einsiedel's from Prag*

Seeing, then, that they are fairly over, Friedrich, with a creditable veracity of mind, sees also that the game is done; and that same night he begins manœuvring towards Silesia, lest far more be lost by continuing the play. One column, under Leopold the Young Dessauer, goes through Glatz, takes the Magazine of Pardubitz along with it: good to go in several columns, the enemy will less know which to chase. Friedrich, with another column, will wait for Nassau about

[1] Orlich, ii. 82-85.

[2] Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 595-98; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1175-81.

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Königsgrätz, then go by the more westerly road, through Nachod and the Pass of Braunau. Nassau, who is to get across from Kolin, and join us northwards, has due rendezvous appointed him in the Königsgrätz region. Einsiedel, in Prag, is to spike his guns, since he cannot carry them; blow-up his bastions, and the like; and get away with all discretion and all diligence,—north-westward first, to Leitmeritz, where our magazines are; there to leave his heavier goods, and make eastward towards Friedland, and across the 'Silesian Combs' by what Passes he can. Will have a difficult operation; but must stand to it. And speed; steady, simultaneous, regular, unresting velocity; that is the word for all.

And so it is done,—though with difficulty, on the part of poor Einsiedel for one. It was Thursday 19th November, when the Austrians got across the Elbe: on Monday 23d, the Prussian rendezvousings are completed; and Friedrich's column, and the Glatz one under Leopold, are both on march; infinite baggage-wagons groaning orderly along ('sick-wagons well ahead,' and the like precautions and arrangements), on both these highways for Silesia: and before the week ends, Thursday 26th, even Einsiedel is under way. Let us give something of poor Einsiedel, whose disasters made considerable noise in the world, that Winter and afterwards.

'The two main columns were not much molested; that which went by Glatz, under Leopold, was not pursued at all. On the rear of Friedrich's own column, going towards Braunau, all the way to Nachod or beyond, there hung the usual doggery of Pandours, which required whipping-off from time to time; but in the defiles and difficult places due precaution was taken, and they did little real damage. Truchsess von Waldburg' (our old friend of the Spartan feat near Austerlitz in the *Moravian-Foray* time, whom we have known in London society as Prussian Envoy in bygone years) 'was in one of the divisions of this column; and one day, at a village where there was a little river to cross (river Mietau, Königsgrätz branch of the Elbe), got provoked injudiciously into fighting with a body of these people. Intent not on whipping them merely, but on whipping them to death, Truchsess had already lost some forty men, and the business with such crowds of them was getting hot; when, all at once a loud squeaking of pigs was heard in the village,'—apprehensive swineherd

hastily penning his pigs belike, and some pig refractory;—'at sound of which, the Pandour multitude suddenly pauses, quits fighting, and, struck by a new enthusiasm, rushes wholly into the village; leaving Truchsess, in a tragi-comic humour, victorious, but half ashamed of himself.'[1] In the beginning of December, Friedrich's column reached home, by Braunau through the Mountains, the same way part of it had come in August; not quite so brilliant in equipment now as then.

'It was upon Einsiedel's poor Garrison, leaving Prag in such haste, that the real stress of the retreat fell; its difficulties great indeed, and its losses great. Einsiedel did what was possible; but all things are not possible on a week's warning. He spiked great guns, shook endless hundredweights of powder, and 10,000 stand of arms, into the River; he requisitioned horses, oxen, without number; put mines under the bastions, almost none of which went-off with effect. He kept Prag accurately shut, the Praguers accurately in the dark; took his measures prudently; and laboured night and day. One measure I note of him: stringent Proclamation to the inhabitants of Prag. "Provision yourselves for three months; nothing but starvation ahead otherwise." Alas, we are to stand a fourth siege, then? say the Praguers. But where are provisions to be had? At such and such places; from the Royal Magazines only, if you bring a certificate and ready money! Whereby Einsiedel got delivered of his meal-magazine, for one thing. But his difficulties otherwise were immense.

'On the Thursday morning 26th November 1744, he marched. His wagons had begun the night before; and went all night, rumbling continuous (Anonymous of Prag[2] hearing them well), through the Karlthor, north-west gate of Prag, across the Moldau Bridge. All night across that bridge,—Leitmeritz road, great road to the north-west:—followed finally by the march of horse and foot. But news had already fled abroad. Five hundred Pandours were in the City, backed by the Butchers' lads and other riotous *Gesindel*, before the rearguard got away. Sad tugging and wriggling in consequence, much firing from windows, and uproarious chaos;—so that Rothenburg had at last to remount a couple of guns, and blow it off with case-shot. A drilled Prussian rearguard struggling, with stern composure, through a real bit of burning chaos. With effect, though not without difficulty. Here is the scene on the Moldau Bridge, and past that high Hradschin[3] mass

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 73.

[2] Second '*Letter* from a Citizen, etc.' (date, 27th November, see suprà, p. 17), in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1181-88.

[3] Old Palace of the Bohemian Kings (pronounce *Rad*sheen); one of the steepest Royal Sites in the world.

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of buildings; all Prag, not the Hradschin only, struggling to give us fatal farewell if it durst. River is covered with Pandours firing out of boats; Bridge encumbered to impassability by forsaken wagons, the drivers of which had cut traces and run; shot comes overhead from the Hradschin on our left, much shot, infinite tumult all round; thoroughfare impossible for two-wheeled vehicle, or men in rank. "Halt!" cries Colonel Brandes, who has charge of the thing; divides them in three: "First one party, deal with these river-boats, that Pandour doggery; second party, pull these stray wagons to right and left, making the way clear; third party, drag our own wagons forward, shoulder to shaft, and yoke them out of shot-range;—you, Captain Carlowitz," and calls twenty volunteers to go with Carlowitz, and drag their own cannon, "step you forward, keep the gate of that Hradschin till we all pass." In this manner, rapid, hard of stroke, clear-headed and with stern regularity, drilled talent gets the burning Nessus'-shirt wriggled-off; and tramps successfully forth with its baggages. About 11 A.M., this rearguard of Brandes's did; should have been at seven,—right well that it could be at all.

'Einsiedel, after this, got tolerably well to Leitmeritz; left his heavy baggage there; then turned at an acute angle right eastward, towards the Silesian Combs, as ordered: still a good seventy miles to do, and the weather getting snowy and the days towards their shortest. Worse still; old Weissenfels, now in Prag with his Saxons, is aware that Einsiedel, before ending, will touch on a wild high-lying corner of the Lausitz which is Saxon Country; and thitherward Weissenfels has despatched Chevalier de Saxe (in plenty of time, November 29th), with horse and foot, to waylay Einsiedel, and block the entrance of the Silesian Mountains for him. Whereupon, in the latter end of his long march, and almost within sight of home, ensues the hardest brush of all for Einsiedel. And, in the desolation of that rugged Hill country of the Lausitz, "*Hochwald* (Upper Wold)," twenty or more miles from Bohemian Friedland, from his entrance on the Mountain Barrier and Silesian Combs, there are scenes,—which gave rise to a Court-Martial before long. For unexpectedly, on the winter afternoon (December 9th), Einsiedel, struggling among the snows and pathless Hills, comes upon Chevalier de Saxe and his Saxon Detachment,—entrenched with trees, snow-redoubts, and a hollow bog dividing us; plainly unassailable;—and stands there, without covering, without "food, fire, or salt," says one Eye-witness, "for the space of fourteen hours." Gazing gloomily into it, exchanging a few shots, uncertain what more to do; the much-dubitating Einsiedel. "At which the men were so disgusted and enraged, they deserted" (the foreign part of them I fancy) "in groups at a time," says the above Eye-witness. Not to think what became of

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the equipments, baggage-wagons, sick-wagons:—too evident Einsiedel's loss, in all kinds, was very considerable. Nassau, despatched by Leopold out of Glatz, from the other side of the Combs, is marching to help Einsiedel;—who knows, at this moment, where or whitherward? For the peasants are all against us; our very guides desert, and become spies. "Push to the left, over the Hochwald top, must not we?" thinks Einsiedel: "that is Lausitz, a Saxon Country; and Saxony, though the Saxons stand entrenched here, with the knife at our throat, are not at war with us, oh no, only allies of her Majesty of Hungary, and neutral otherwise!" And here, it is too clear, the Chevalier de Saxe stands entrenched behind his trees and snow; and it is the fourteenth hour, men deserting by the hundred, without fire and without salt; and Nassau is coming,—God knows by what road!

'Einsiedel pushes to the left, the Hochwald way; finds in the Hochwald too, a Saxon Commandant waiting him, with arms strictly shouldered. "And we cannot pass through this moor skirt of Lausitz, say you, then?" "Unarmed, yes; your muskets can come in wagons after you," replies the Saxon Commandant of Lausitz. "Thousand thanks, Herr Commandant; but we will not give you all that trouble," answer Einsiedel and his Prussians; "and march on, overwhelming him with politenesses," says Friedrich;—the approach of Nassau, above all, being a stringent civility. Of course, despatch is very requisite to Einsiedel; the Chevalier, with his force, being still within hail. The Prussians march all night, with pitch-links flaring,—nights (I think) of the 13th-15th December 1744, up among the highlands there, rugged buttresses of the Silesian Combs: a sight enough to astonish Rübezahl, if he happened to be out! As good chance would have it, Nassau and Einsiedel, by preconcert, partly by lucky guess of their own, were hurrying by the same road: three heaven-rending cheers (December 16th) when we get sight of Nassau; and find that here is land! December 16th, we are across,—by Rückersdorf, not far from Friedland (Böhmisch Friedland, not the Silesian town of that name, once Wallenstein's);—and rejoice now to look back on labour done.'[1]

These were intricate strange scenes, much talked of at the time: Rothenburg, ugly Walrave, Hacke, and other known figures, concerned in them. Scenes in which Friedrich is not well informed; who much blames Einsiedel, as he is apt to do the unsuccessful. Accounts exist, both from the Prussian and from the Saxon side, decipherable with industry; not now worth deciphering to English readers. Only that final

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1181-90, 1191-94; *Feldzüge*, i. 278-80.

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scene of the pitch-links, the night before meeting with Nassau, dwells voluntarily in one's memory. And is the farewell of Einsiedel withal. Friedrich blames him to the last: though a Court-Martial had sat on his case, some months after, and honourably acquitted him. Good solid, silent Einsiedel;—and in some months more, he went to a still higher court, got still stricter justice: I do not hear expressly that it was the winter marches, or strain of mind; but he died in 1745; and that flare of pitch-links in Rübezahl's country is the last scene of him to us,—and the end of Friedrich's unfortunate First Expedition in the Second Silesian War.

'Foiled, ultimately, then, on every point; a totally ill-ordered game on our part! Evidently we, for our part, have been altogether in the wrong, in various essential particulars. Amendment, that and no other, is the word now. Let us take the scathe and the scorn candidly home to us;—and try to prepare for doing better. The world will crow over us. Well, the world knows little about it; the world, if it did know, would be partly in the right!'—Wise is he who, when beaten, learns the reasons of it, and alters these. This wisdom, it must be owned, is Friedrich's; and much distinguishes him among generals and men. Veracity of mind, as I say, loyal eyesight superior to sophistries; noble incapacity of self-delusion, the root of all good qualities in man. His epilogue to this Campaign is remarkable;—too long for quoting here, except the first word of it and the last:

'No General committed more faults than did the King in this Campaign. * * The conduct of M. de Traun is a model of perfection, which every soldier that loves his business ought to study, and try to imitate, if he have the talent. The King has himself admitted that he regarded this Campaign as his school in the Art of War, and M. de Traun as his teacher.' But what shall we say? 'Bad is often better for Princes than good;—and instead of intoxicating

them with presumption, renders them circumspect and modest.'[1] Let us still hope!—

## CHAPTER V

### FRIEDRICH, UNDER DIFFICULTIES, PREPARES FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN

To the Court of Vienna, especially to the Hungarian Majesty, this wonderful reconquest of Bohemia, without battle fought,—or any cause assignable but Traun's excellent manœuvring and Friedrich's imprudences and trust in the French,—was a thing of heavenly miracle; blessed omen that Providence had vouchsafed to her prayers the recovery of Silesia itself. All the world was crowing over Friedrich: but her Majesty of Hungary's views had risen to a clearly higher pitch of exultation and triumphant hope, terrestrial and celestial, than any other living person's. 'Silesia back again,' that was now the hope and resolution of her Majesty's high heart: 'My wicked neighbour shall be driven out, and smart dear for the ill he has done; Heaven so wills it!' 'Very little uplifts the Austrians,' says Valori; which is true, under such a Queen; 'and yet there is nothing that can crush them altogether down,' adds he.

No sooner is Bohemia cleared of Friedrich, than Maria, winter as it is, orders that there be, through the Giant-Mountains, vigorous assault upon Silesia. Highland snows and ices, what are these to Pandour people, who, at their first entrance on the scene of History, 'crossed the Palus-Mæotis itself' (Father of Quagmires, so to speak) 'in a frozen state,' and were sufficiently accommodated each in his own dirty sheepskin? 'Prosecute the King of Prussia,' ordered she; 'take your winter-quarters in Silesia!'—and Traun, in spite of the advanced season, and prior labours and hardships, had to

[1] *Œuvres*, iii. 76, 77.

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try, from the south-western Bohemian side, what he could do; while a new Insurrection, coming through the Jublunka, spread itself over the south-east and east. Seriously invasive multitudes; which were an unpleasant surprise to Friedrich; and did, as we shall see, require to be smitten back again, and re-smitten; making a very troublesome winter to the Prussians and themselves; but by no means getting winter-quarters, as they once hoped.

In a like sense, Maria Theresa had already (December 2d) sent forth her manifesto or Patent, solemnly apprising her ever-faithful Silesian Populations, 'That the Treaty of Breslau, not by her fault, is broken; palpably a Treaty no longer. That they, accordingly, are absolved from all oaths and allegiance to the King of Prussia; and shall hold themselves in readiness to swear anew to her Majesty, which will be a great comfort to such faithful creatures; suffering, as her Majesty explains to them that they have done, under Prussian tyranny for these two years past. Immediate dead-lift effort there shall be; that is certain: and "the Almighty God assisting, who does not leave such injustices unpunished, We have the fixed Christian hope, Omnipotence blessing our arms, of almost immediately (*ehestens*) delivering you from this temporary Bondage (*bisherigen Joch*)." You can pray, in the mean while, for the success of her Majesty's arms; good fighting, aided by prayer, in a Cause clearly Heaven's, will now, to appearance, bring matters swiftly round again, to the astonishment and confusion of bad men.'[1]

These are her Majesty's views; intensely true, I doubt not, to her devout heart. Robinson and the English seem not to be enthusiastic in that direction; as indeed how can they? They would fain be tender of Silesia, which they have guaranteed; fain, now and afterwards, restrain her Majesty from driving at such a pace down hill: but the declivity is so encouraging, her Majesty is not to be restrained, and goes

[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1194-1198; *Ib.* 1201-1206, is Friedrich's Answer '19th December 1744.'

faster and faster for the time being. And indeed, under less devout forms, the general impression, among Pragmatic people, Saxon, Austrian, British even, was, That Friedrich had pretty much ruined himself, and deserved to do so; that this of his being mere 'Auxiliary' to a Kaiser in distress was an untenable pretext, now justly fallen bankrupt upon him. The evident fact, That he had by his 'Frankfurt Union,' and struggles about 'union,' *re*opened the door for French tribulations and rough-ridings in the Reich, was universally distasteful; all chance of a 'general union of German Princes, in aid of their Kaiser,' was extinct for the present.

Friedrich's rapidity had served him ill with the Public, in this as in some other instances! Friedrich, contemplating his situation, not self-delusively, but with the candour of real remorse, was by no means yet aware how very bad it was. For six months coming, partly as existing facts better disclosed themselves, as France, Saxony and others showed what spirit they were of; partly as new sinister events and facts arrived one after the other,—his outlook continued to darken and darken, till it had become very dark indeed. There is perennially the great comfort, immense if you can manage it, of making front against misfortune; of looking it frankly in the face, and doing with a resolution, hour by hour, your own utmost against it. Friedrich never lacked that comfort; and was not heard complaining. But from December 13th, 1744, when he hastened home to Berlin, under such aspects, till June 4th, 1745, when aspects suddenly changed, are probably the worst six months Friedrich had yet had in the world. During which, his affairs all threatening to break-down about him, he himself, behoving to stand firm if the worst was not to realise itself, had to draw largely on what silent courage, or private inexpugnability of mind, was in him,—a larger instalment of that royal quality (as I compute) than the Fates had ever hitherto demanded of him. Ever hitherto; though perhaps nothing like the largest of all, which they had upon their Books for him, at a farther stage! As will

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be seen. For he was greatly drawn-upon in that way, in his time. And he paid always; no man in his Century so well; few men, in any Century, better. As perhaps readers may be led to guess or acknowledge, on surveying and considering. To see, and sympathetically recognise, cannot be expected of modern readers, in the present great distance, and changed conditions of men and things.

Friedrich, after despatching Nassau to cut-out Einsiedel, had delivered the Silesian Army to the Old Dessauer, who is to command in chief during Winter; and had then hastened to Berlin,—many things there urgently requiring his presence; preparations, reparations, not to speak of diplomacies, and what was the heaviest item of all, new finance for the coming exertions. In Schweidnitz, on Leopold's appearance, there had been an interview, due consultings, orderings; which done, Friedrich at once took the road; and was at Berlin, Monday December 14th,—precisely in the time while Nassau and Einsiedel were marching with torchlights in Rübezahl's Country, and near ending their difficult enterprise better or worse.

Friedrich fastening eagerly on Home business, is astonished and provoked to learn that the Austrians, not content with pushing him out of Böhmen, are themselves pushing into Schlesien,—so Old Leopold reports, with increasing emphasis day by day; to whom Friedrich sends impatient order: Hurl them out again; gather what force you need, ten thousand, or were it twenty or thirty thousand, and be immediate about it; 'I will as soon be pitched (*herausgeschmissen*) out of the Mark of Brandenburg as out of Schlesien:' no delay, I tell you! And as the Old Dessauer still explains that the ten or fifteen thousand he needs are actually assembling, and cannot be got on march quite in a moment, Friedrich dashes-away his incipient Berlin Operations; will go himself and do it. Haggle no more, you tedious old Dessauer:

*Berlin, '19th December'* 1744. 'On the 21st' (Monday, one week

after my arriving), 'I leave Berlin, and mean to be at Neisse on the 24th at latest. Your Serenity will in the interim make-out the Order-of-Battle' (which is also Order-of-March) 'for what regiments are come in. For I will, on the 25th, without delay, cross the Neisse, and attack those people, cost what it may,—to chase them out of Schlesien and Glatz, and follow them so far as possible. Your Serenity will therefore take your measures, and provide everything, so far as in this short time you can, that the project may be executable the moment I arrive.'[1]

And rushed-off accordingly, in a somewhat flamy humour; but at Schweidnitz, where the Old Dessauer met him again, became convinced that the matter was weightier than he thought; not one of Tolpatchery alone, but had Traun himself in it. Upon which Friedrich candidly drew bridle; hastened back, and, with a loss of four days, was at his Potsdam Affairs again. To which he stuck henceforth, ardently, and I think rather with increase of gloom, though without spurt of impatience farther, for three months to come. Before his return,—nay, had he known, it was the night before he went away,—a strange little thing had happened in the opposite or Western parts: surprising accident to Maréchal de Belleisle; which now lies waiting his immediate consideration. But let us finish Silesia first.

### *Old Dessauer repels the Silesian Invasion* (Winter 1744-5)

'This Silesian Affair includes due inroad of Pandours; or indeed two inroads, south-west and south-east; and in the south-west, or Traun quarter, regulars are the main element of it. Traun, 20,000 strong, *plus* stormy-enough Pandour *accompaniment*, is by this time through into Glatz;—in three columns;—is master of all Glatz, except the Rock-Fortress itself; and has spread himself, right and left, along the Neisse River, and from the south-west northwards, in a skilful and dangerous manner. In concert with whom, far to the east, are Pandour whirlwinds on their own footing (brand-new "Insurrection" of them, got thus far), starting from Olmütz and Brünn; scouring that eastern country, as far as Namslau northward' (a place we were at the taking of, in old Brieg times); 'much more, infesting the Mountains of the South. A rather serious thing; with Traun for general manager of it.'

With Traun, we say: poor Prince Karl is off, weeks ago; on the

[1] Friedrich to the Old Dessauer (*Orlich*, ii. 356).

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saddest of errands. His beautiful young Wife,—Hungarian Majesty's one Sister, Vice-Regents of the Netherlands he and she, conspicuous among the bright couples of the world,—she had a bad lying-in (child still-born), while those grand Moldau Operations went on; has been ill, poor lady, ever since; and, at Brussels, on December 16th, she herself lies dead, Prince Karl weeping over her and the days that will not return. Prince Karl's felicities, private and public, had been at their zenith lately, which was very high indeed; but go on declining from this day. Never more the Happiest of Husbands (did not wed again at all); still less the Greatest of Captains, equal or superior to Cæsar in the Gazetteer judgment, with distracted *Eulogies*, *Biographies* and suchlike filling the air: before long, a War-Captain of quite moderate renown; which we shall see sink gradually into no renown at all, and even (unjustly) into *minus* quantities, before all end. A mad world, my masters!—

'Between Traun on the south-west hand, and his Pandours on the south-east, the small Prussian posts have all been driven-in upon Troppau-Jägerndorf region; more and more narrowed there;—and, in fine (two days before this new Interview of Leopold and the impatient King at Schweidnitz), have had to quit the Troppau-Jägerndorf position; to quit the Hills altogether, and are now in full march towards Brieg. Of which march I should say nothing, were it not that Marwitz, Father of Wilhelmina's giggling Marwitzes, commanded;—and came by his death in the course of it; though our Wilhelmina is not now there, pen in hand, to tell us what the effects at Baireuth were. Marwitz had been left for dead on the Field of Mollwitz; lay so all night, but was nursed to some kind of strength again by those giggling young women; and came back to Schlesien, to posts of chief trust, for the last year or two,—was guarding the Mountains, and even invading Mähren, during the late Campaign;—but saw himself reduced latterly to Jägerndorf and Troppau; and had even to retreat out of these. And in the whirlpool of hurries thereupon,—how is not very clear; by apoplexy, some say; by accidental pistol from a servant of his own; in actual skirmish with Pandours,—too certainly, one way or the other, on December 23d (just during that second Interview at Schweidnitz), brave old Marwitz did suddenly sink dead, and is ended.[1] Even so, ye poor giggling creatures, and your loud weeping will not mend it at all!

'Friedrich, looking candidly into these phenomena, could not but see that, what with Tolpatcheries, what with Traun's 20,000 regulars, and the whole Army at their back, his Silesian border is girt-in by a very considerable inroad of Austrians,—huge Chain of them, in horseshoe form, 300 miles long, pressing in; from beyond Glatz and Landshut,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1201.

round by the southern Mountains, and up eastward again as far as Namslau, nothing but war whirlwinds in regular or irregular form, in the centre of them Traun; and that the Old Dessauer really must have time to gird himself for dealing with Traun and them.

'It was not till January 9th that Old Leopold, 25,000 strong, equipped to his mind, which was a difficult matter, crossed the Neisse River; and marched direct upon Traun, with Ziethen charging ahead. Actually marched; after which the main wrestle was done in a week. January 16th, Old Leopold got to Jägerndorf; found the actual Traun concentrated at Jägerndorf; and drew-up, to be ready for assault tomorrow morning,—had not Traun, candidly computing, judged it better to glide wholly away in the night-time, diligently towards Mähren, breaking the bridges behind him. And so, in effect, to give-up the Silesian Invasion for this time. After which, though there remained a good deal of rough tusseling with Pandour details, and some rugged exploits of fight, there is,—except that of Lehwald in clearing of Glatz,—nothing farther that we can afford to speak of. Lehwald's exploit, Lehwald *versus* Wallis (same Wallis who defended Glogau long since), which came to be talked of, and got name and date, "Action of Habelschwert, February 14th," something almost like a pitched fight on the small scale, is to the following effect:

'*Plomnitz, near Habelschwert, 14th February* 1745. Old General Lehwald, marching in the hollow ground near Habelschwert (hollow of the young Neisse River, twenty miles south of Glatz), with intent to cut that Country free; the Enemy, whom he is in search of, appears in great force,—posted on the uphill ground ahead, half-frozen difficult stream in front of them, cannon on flank, Pandour multitude in woods; all things betokening inexpugnability on the part of the Enemy. So that Lehwald has to take his measures; study well where the vital point is, the *root* of that extensive Austrian junglery, and cut-in upon the same. By considerable fire of effort, the uphill ground, half-frozen stream, sylvan Pandours, cannon-batteries, and what inexpugnabilities there may be, are subdued; Austrian wide junglery, the root of it slit asunder, rolls homeward simultaneously, not too fast: nay, it halted and re-ranked itself twice over, finding woods and quaggy runlets to its mind; but was always slit out again, disrooted, and finally tumbled home, having had enough. "Wenzel Wallis," Friedrich asserts with due scorn, "was all this while in a Chapel; praying ardently," to St. Vitus, or one knows not whom; "without effect; till they shouted to him, 'Beaten, Sir! Off, or you are lost!' upon which he sprang to saddle, and spurred with both heels (*piqua des deux*)."[1] That was the feat of Lehwald, clearing the Glatz

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 79, 80.

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Country with one good cut: a skilful Captain; now getting decidedly oldish, close on sixty; whom we shall meet again a dozen years hence, still in harness.

'The old Serene Highness himself, face the colour of gunpowder, and bluer in the winter frost, went rushing far and wide in an open vehicle, which he called his "cart"; pushing-out detachments, supervising everything; wheeling hither and thither as needful; sweeping-out the Pandour world, and keeping it out: not much of fighting needed, but "a great deal of marching" (murmurs Friedrich), "which in winter is as bad, and wears-down the force of the battalions." Of all which we give no detail: sufficient to fancy, in this manner, the Old Dessauer flapping his wide military wings in the faces of the Pandour hordes, with here and there a hard twitch from beak or claws; tolerably keeping-down the Pandour interest all Winter. His sons, Leopold and Dietrich, were under him, occasionally beside him; the Junior Leopold so worn-down with feverish gout he could hardly sit on horseback at all, while old Papa went tearing about in his cart at that rate.'[1]

There was, on the 21st of February, *Te-deum* sung in the Churches of Berlin 'for the Deliverance of Silesia from Invasion.' Not that even yet the Pandours would be quite quiet, or allow Old Leopold to quit his cart; far from it. And they returned in such increased and tempestuous state, as will again require mention, with the earliest Spring:—precursors to a second, far more serious and deadly 'Invasion of Silesia'; for which it hangs yet on the balance whether there will be a *Te-deum* or a *Miserere* to sing!

Hungarian Majesty, disappointed of Silesia,—which, it seems, is not to be had 'all at once (*ehestens*),' in the form of miracle,—makes amends by a rush upon Seckendorf and Bavaria; attacks Seckendorf furiously ('Bathyani pressing up the Donau Valley, with Browne on one hand, and Bärenklau on the other') in mid-winter; and makes a terrible hand of him; reducing his 'Reconquest of Bavaria' to nothing again, nay, to less. Of which in due time.

[1] *Unternehmung in Ober-Schlesien, unter dem Fürsten Leopold von Anhalt-Dessau, im Januar und Februar* 1745 (Seyfarth, *Beyträge*, i. 141-152); Stenzel, iv. 232; etc.

*The French fully intend to behave better next Season to Friedrich and their German Allies;—but are prevented by various Accidents* (November 1744-April 1745; April-August 1745)

It is not divine miracle, Friedrich knows well, that has lost him his late Bohemian Conquests without battle fought: it was rash choosing of a plan inexecutable without French coöperation,—culpable blindness to the chance that France would break its promises, and not coöperate. Had your Majesty forgotten the Joint-Stock Principle, then? His Majesty has sorrowful cause to remember it, from this time, on a still larger scale!

Reflections, indignant or exculpatory, on the conduct of the French in this Business are useless to Friedrich, and to us. The performance, on their part, has been nearly the worst;—though their intentions, while the Austrian Dragon had them by the throat, were doubtless enthusiastically good! But, the big Austrian Dragon being jerked away from Elsass, by Friedrich's treading on his tail, 500 miles off, they were charmed, quite into new enthusiasm, to be rid of said Dragon: and, instead of chasing *him* according to bargain, took to destroying his *Den*, that he might be harmless thenceforth. Freyburg is a captured Town, to the joy and glory of admiring France; and Friedrich's Campaign has gone the road we see! The Freyburg Illuminations having burnt-out, there might rise, in the triumphant mind, some thought of Friedrich again,—perhaps almost of a remorseful nature? Certain it is, the French intentions are now again magnanimous, more so than ever; coupled now with some attempts at fulfilment, too; which obliges us to mention them here. They were still a matter of important hope to Friedrich; hope which did not quite go out till August coming. Though, alas, it did then go out, in gusts of indignation on Friedrich's part! And as the whole of these magnanimous French intentions,

latter like former, again came to zero, we are interested only in rendering them conceivable to readers for Friedrich's sake, —with the more brevity, the better for everybody. Two grand French attempts there were; listen, on the threshold, a little:

* * 'It is certain the French intend gloriously; regardless of expense. They are dismantling Freyburg, to render it harmless henceforth. But, withal, in answer to the poor Kaiser's shrieks, they have sent Ségur' (our old Linz friend), 'with 12,000, to assist Seckendorf; "the bravest troops in the world,"'—who did bravely take one beating (at Pfaffenhofen, as will be seen), and go home again. 'They have Coigny guarding those fine Brisgau Conquests. And are furthermore diplomatising diligently, not to say truculently, in the Rhine Countries; bullying poor little fat Kur-Trier, lean Kur-Köln and others, "To join the Frankfurt Union" (not one of whom would, under menace),—though "it is the clear duty of all Reich's-Princes with a Kaiser under oppression:"—and have marched Maillebois, directly after Freyburg, into the Middle-Rhine Countries, to Köln Country, to Mainz Country, and to and fro, in support of said compulsory diplomacies;—but without the least effect.'

To the 'Middle-Rhine Countries,' observe, and under Maillebois, then under Conti, little matter under whom: only let readers recollect the name of it;—for it is the *First* of the French Attempts to do something of a joint-stock nature; something for self *and* Allies, instead of for self only. It caused great alarm in those months, to Britannic George and others; and brought out poor Duc d'Ahremberg with portions (no English included) of the poor Pragmatic Army, to go marching about in the winter-slushes, instead of resting in bed,[1]—and is indeed a very loud business in the old Gazettes and books, till August coming. Business which almost broke poor D'Ahremberg's heart, he says, 'till once I got out of it' (was *turned* out, in fact): Business of Pragmatic Army, under D'Ahremberg, *versus* Middle-Rhine Army under Maillebois, under Conti; Business now wholly of Zero *versus* Zero to us,—except for a few dates and reflex glimmerings upon King Friedrich. Result otherwise—We shall see the result!

'Attempt *Second* was still more important to Friedrich; being directed upon the Kaiser and Bavaria. Belleisle is to go thither and take survey; Belleisle thither first: you may judge if the intention is sincere. Valori is quite eloquent upon it. Directly after Freyburg, says he, Séchelles, that first of Commissaries, was sent to München. Séchelles cleared-up the

[1] Adelung, iv. 276, 420 ('Dec. 1744—June 1745').

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chaos of Accounts; which King Louis then instantly paid. "Your Imperial Majesty shall have Magazines also," said Louis, regardless of expense; "and your Army, with auxiliaries (Ségur and 25,000 of them French), shall be raised to 60,000." Belleisle then came: "We will have Ingolstadt, the first thing, in Spring." Alas, Belleisle had his Accident in the Harz; and all went aback, from that time.'[1] Aback, too indisputably, all!—'And Belleisle's Accident?' Patience, readers.

'The truth is, Attempt *Second*, and chief, broke-down at once' (Bathyani beating it to pieces, as will be seen),—'the ruins of it painfully reacting on Attempt *First*; which had the like fate some months later;—and there was no *Third* made. And, in fact, from the date of that latter downbreak, August, or end of July, 1745' (and quite especially from 'September 13th,' by which time several irrevocable things had happened, which we shall hear of), 'the French withdrew altogether out of German entanglements; and concentrated themselves upon the Netherlands, there to demolish his Britannic Majesty, as the likelier enterprise. This was a course to which, ever since the Exit of Broglio and the Oriflamme, they had been more and more tending and inclining, "Nothing for us but loss on loss, to be had in Germany!" and so they at last frankly gave-up that bad Country. They fought well in the Netherlands, with great splendour of success, under Saxe *versus* Cumberland and Company. They did also some successful work in Italy;—and left Friedrich to bear the brunt in Germany; too glad if he or another were there to take Germany off their hand! Friedrich's feelings on his arriving at this consummation, and during his gradual advance towards it, which was pretty steady all along from those first "drenched-hen (*poules mouillées*)" procedures, were amply known to Excellency Valori, and may be conceived by readers,'—who are slightly interested in the dates of them at farthest. And now for the Belleisle Accident, with these faint preliminary lights.

## *Strange Accident to Maréchal de Belleisle in the Harz Mountains* (20th December 1744)

Siege of Freyburg being completed, and the River and most other things (except always the bastions, which we blow-up) being let into their old channels there, Maréchal de Belleisle, who is to have a chief management henceforth,—the Most Christian King recognising him again as his ablest man in war or peace,—sets forth on a long tour of supervi-

[1] Valori, i. 322-9.

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sion, of diplomacy and general arrangement, to prepare matters for the next Campaign. Need enough of a Belleisle: what a business *we* have made of it, since Friedrich trod on the serpent's tail for us! Nothing but our own Freyburg to show for ourselves; elsewhere, mere downrush of everything whitherward it liked;—and King Friedrich got into such a humour! Friedrich must be put in tune again; something real and good to be agreed on at Berlin: let that be the last thing, crown of the whole. The first thing is, look into Bavaria a little; and how the Kaiser, poor gentleman, in want of all requisites but goodwill, can be put into something of fighting posture.

'In the end of November, Maréchal Duc de Belleisle, with his Brother the Chevalier (now properly the *Count*, there having been promotions), and a great retinue more, alights at München; holds council with the poor Kaiser for certain days:—Money wanted; many things wanted; and all things, we need not doubt, much fallen out of square. "Those Seckendorf troops in their winter-quarters," say our French inspectors and Ségur people, as usual, "Do but look on it, your Excellency! Scattered, along the valleys, into the very edge of Austria; Austria will swallow them, the first thing, next year; they will never rendezvous again except in the Austrian prisons. Surely, Monseigneur, only a man ignorant of war, or with treasonous intention,"—(or ill-off for victuals),—"could post troops in that way? Seckendorf is not ignorant of war!" say they.[1] For, in fact, suspicion runs high; and there is no end to the accusations just and unjust; and Seckendorf is as ill treated as any of us could wish. Poor old soul. Probably nobody in all the Earth, but his old Wife in the Schloss of Altenburg, has any pity for him,—if even she, which I hope. He has fought and diplomatised and intrigued in many countries, very much; and in his old days is hard bestead. Monseigneur, whose part is rather that of Jove the Cloud-compeller, is studious to be himself noiseless amid this noise; and makes no alteration in the Seckendorf troops; but it is certain he meant to do it, thinks Valori.'

And indeed Seckendorf, tired of the Bavarian bed-of-roses, had privately fixed with himself to quit the same;—and does so, inexorable to the very Kaiser, on New-Year arriving.[2] Succeeded by Thörring (our old friend *Drum* Thörring), if that be an improvement. Maréchal de Belleisle has still a long journey ahead, and infinitely harder problems

[1] Valori, i. 206.

[2] *Seckendorf's Leben*, p. 365.

than these,—assuagement of the King of Prussia, for example. Let us follow his remarkable steps.

'*Wednesday 9th December* 1744, the Maréchal leaves München, northwards through Œttingen and the Bamberg-Anspach regions towards Cassel;—journey of some three hundred and fifty miles: with a great retinue of his own; with an escort of two hundred horse from the Kaiser; these latter to prevent any outfall or insult in the Ingolstadt quarter, where the Austrians have a garrison, not at all very tightly blocked by the Seckendorf people thereabouts. No insult or outfall occurring, the Maréchal dismisses his escort at Œttingen; fares forward in his twenty coaches and fourgons, some score or so of vehicles:—mere neutral Imperial Countries henceforth, where the Kaiser's Agent, as Maréchal de Belleisle can style himself, and Titular Prince of the German Empire withal, has only to pay his way. By Donauwörth, by Œttingen; over the Donau acclivities, then down the pleasant Valley of the Mayn.[1]

'*Sunday 13th December*, Maréchal de Belleisle arrives at Hanau' (where we have seen Conferences held before now, and Carteret, Prince Karl and great George our King very busy), 'there to confer with Marshals Coigny, Maillebois and other high men, Commanders in those Rhine parts. Who all come accordingly, except Maréchal Maillebois, who is sorry that he absolutely cannot; but will surely do himself the honour as Monseigneur returns.' As Monseigneur returns! 'And so, on Monday 14th, Monseigneur starts for Cassel; say a hundred miles right north; where we shall meet Prince Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel, a zealous Ally; inform him how his Troops, under Seckendorf, are posted' (at Vilshofen yonder; hiding how perilous their post is, or promising alterations); 'perhaps rest a day or two, consulting as to the common weal: How the King of Prussia takes our treatment of him? How to smooth the King of Prussia, and turn him to harmony again? We are approaching the true nodus of our business, difficulty of difficulties; and Wilhelm, the wise Landgraf, may afford a hint or two. Thus travels magnanimous Belleisle in twenty vehicles, a man loaded with weighty matters, in these deep Winter months; suffering dreadfully from rheumatic neuralgic ailments, a Doctor one of his needfulest equipments; and has the hardest problem yet ahead of him.

'Prince Wilhelm's consultations are happily lost altogether; buried from sight forever, to the last hint,—all except as to what road to Berlin would be the best from Cassel. By Leipzig, through low-lying country, is the great Highway, advisable in winter; but it runs a hundred and thirty miles to right, before ever starting northward; such a round-

[1] See *Review of the Case of Marshal Belleisle* (or Abstract of it, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, pp. 366-373); etc. etc.

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about. Not to say that the Saxons are allies of Austria,—if there be anything in that. Enemies, they, to the Most Christian King: though surely, again, we are on Kaiser's business, nay, we are titular "Prince of the Reich," for that matter, such the Kaiser's grace to us? Well; it is better perhaps to *avoid* the Saxon Territory. And, of course, the Hanoverian much more; through which lies the other Great Road! "Go by the Harz," advises Landgraf Wilhelm: "a rugged Hill Country; but it is your hypotenuse towards Berlin; passes at once, or nearly so, from Cassel Territory into Prussian: a rugged road, but a shorter and safer." That is the road Belleisle resolves upon. Twenty carriages; his Brother the Chevalier and himself occupy one; and always the courier rides before, ordering forty post-horses to be ready harnessed.

'*Sunday 20th December* 1744. In this way they have climbed the eastern shin of the Harz Range, where the Harz is capable of wheel-carriages; and hope now to descend, this night, to Halberstadt; and thence rapidly by level roads to Berlin. It is sinking towards dark; the courier is forward to Elbingerode, ordering forty horses to be out. Roughish uphill road; winter in the sky and earth, winter vapours and tumbling wind-gusts: westward, in torn storm-cloak, the Brocken, with its witch-dances; highland Goslar, and ghost of Henry the Fowler, on the other side of it. A multifarious wizard Country, much overhung by goblin reminiscences, witch-dances, sorcerers'-sabbaths and the like,—if a rheumatic gentleman cared to look on it, in the cold twilight. Brrh! Waste chasmy uplands, snow-choked torrents; wild people, gloomy firs! Here at last, by one's watch 5 P.M., is Elbingerode, uncomfortable little Town; and it is to be hoped the forty post-horses are ready.

'Behold, while the forty post-horses are getting ready, a thing takes place, most unexpected;—which made the name of Elbingerode famous for eight months to come. Of which let us hastily give the bare facts, Fancy making of them what she can. Was Monseigneur aware that this Elbingerode, with a patch of territory round it, is Hanoverian ground; one of those distracted patches or ragged outskirts frequent in the German map? Prussia is not yet, and Hessen-Cassel has ceased to be. Undoubtedly Hanoverian! Apparently the Landgraf and Monseigneur had not thought of that. But Münchhausen of Hanover, spies informing him, had. The Bailiff (Vogt, Advocatus) has gathered twenty *Jäger*' (official Gamekeepers) 'with the guns, and a select idle Sunday population of the place with or without guns: the Vogt steps forward, and inquires for Monseigneur's passport. "No passport, no need of any!" —"Pardon!" and signifies to Monseigneur, on the part of George Elector of Hanover, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, that Monseigneur is arrested!

'Monseigneur, with compressed or incompressible feelings, indignantly

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complies,—what could he else, unfortunate rheumatic gentleman?—and is plucked away in such sudden manner, he for one, out of that big German game of his raising. The twenty vehicles are dragged different roads; towards Scharzfels, Osterode, or I know not where,—handiest roads to Hanover;—and Monseigneur himself has travelling treatment which might be complained of, did not one disdain complaint: "my Brother parted from me, nay, my Doctor, and my Interpreter;"'—not even speech possible to me.[1] That was the Belleisle Accident in the Harz, Sunday Evening 20th December 1744.

'Afflicted indignant Valori, soon enough apprised, runs to Friedrich with the news,—greets Friedrich with it just alighting from that Silesian run of his own. Friedrich, not without several other things to think of, is naturally sorry at such news; sorry for his own sake even; but not overmuch. Friedrich refuses "to despatch a party of horse," and cut-out Maréchal de Belleisle. "That will never do, *mon cher*!"—and even gets into *froides plaisanteries:* "Perhaps the Maréchal did it himself? Tallard, prisoner after Blenheim, made *Peace*, you know, in England?"—and the like; which grieved the soul of Valori, and convinced him of Friedrich's inhumanity, in a crying case.

'Belleisle is lugged-on to Hanover; his case not doubtful to Münchhausen, or the English Ministry,—though it raised great argument, "was the capture fair, was it unfair? Is he entitled to exchange by cartel, or not entitled?" and produced, in the next eight months, much angry animated pamphleteering and negotiation. For we hear by and by, he is to be forwarded to Stade, on the Hamburg sea-coast, where English Seventy-fours are waiting for him; his case still undecided;—and, in effect, it was not till after eight months that he got dismissal. "Lodged handsomely in Windsor Palace," in the interim; free on his parole, people of rank very civil to him, though the Gazetteers were sometimes ill-tongued,—had he understood their *patois*, or concerned himself about such things.[2]

'It was a current notion among contemporary mankind, this of Fried-

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[1] Letter of Belleisle next morning, 'Neuhof, 21st December, 9 A.M.' (in *Valori*, i. 204), to Münchhausen at Hanover,—by no possibility 'to Valori,' as the distracted French Editor has given it!

[2] '*Tuesday 18th February*' (1st March 1745), 'Marshal Belleisle landed at Harwich; lay at Greenwich Palace, having crossed Thames at the Isle of Dogs: next morning, about 10, set out, in a coach-and-six, Colonel Douglas and two troops of horse escorting; arrived 3 P.M.,—by Camberwell, Clapham, Wandsworth, over Kingston and Staines Bridges,—at Windsor Castle, and the apartments ready for him.' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, p. 107.) Was let go 13th (24th) August, again with great pomp and civilities (*ib.* p. 442). See Adelung, iv. 299, 346; v. 83, 84.

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rich, that Belleisle's capture might be a mere collusion, meant to bring about a Peace in that Tallard fashion,—wide of the truth as such a notion is, far as any Peace was from following. To Britannic George and his Hanoverians it had merely seemed, Here was a chief War-Captain and Diplomatist among the French; the pivot of all these world-wide movements, as Valori defines him; which pivot, a chance offering, it were well to twitch from its socket, and see what would follow. Perhaps nothing will follow; next to nothing? A world, all waltzing in mad war, is not to be stopped by acting on any pivot; your waltzing world will find new pivots, or do without any, and perhaps only waltz the more madly for wanting the principal one.'

This withdrawal of Belleisle, the one Frenchman respected by Friedrich, or much interested for his own sake in things German, is reckoned a main cause why the French Alliance turned-out so ill for Friedrich; and why French effort took more and more a Netherlands direction thenceforth, and these new French magnanimities on Friedrich's behalf issued in futility again. Probably they never could have issued in very much: but it is certain that, from this point, they also do become zero; and that Friedrich, from his French alliance, reaped from first to last nothing at all, except a great deal of obloquy from German neighbours, and from the French side endless trouble, anger and disappointment in every particular. Which might be a joy (though not unmixed) to Britannic Majesty and the subtle fowlers who had ginned this fine Belleisle bird in its flight over the Harz Range? Though again, had they passively let him wing his way, and he had *got* 'to be Commander and Manager,' as was in agitation,—he, Belleisle and in Germany, instead of Maréchal de Saxe with the Netherlands as chief scene,—what an advantage might that have been to them!

### *The Kaiser Karl VII. gets secured from Oppressions, in a tragic Way. Friedrich proposes Peace, but to no purpose*

A still sadder cross for Friedrich, in the current of foreign Accidents and Diplomacies, was the next that befell; exactly

a month later,—at München, 20th January 1745. Hardly was Belleisle's back turned, when her Hungarian Majesty, by her Bathyani and Company, broke furiously in upon the poor Kaiser and his Seckendorf-Ségur defences. Belleisle had not reached the Harz, when all was going topsy-turvy there again, and the Donau-Valley fast falling back into Austrian hands. Nor is that the worst, or nearly so.

'*München, 20th January* 1745. This day poor Kaiser Karl laid down his earthly burden here, and at length give all his enemies the slip. He had been ill of gout for some time; a man of much malady always, with no want of vexations and apprehensions. Too likely the Austrians will drive him out of München again; then nothing but furnished lodgings, and the French to depend upon. He had been much chagrined by some Election, just done, in the Chapter of Salzburg.[1] The Archbishop there,—it was Firmian, he of the *Salzburg Emigration*, memorable to readers,—had died, some while ago. And now, in flat contradiction to Imperial customs, prerogatives, these people had admitted an Austrian Garrison; and then, in the teeth of our express precept, had elected an Austrian to their benefice: what can one account it but an insult as well as an injury? And the neuralgic maladies press sore, and the gouty twinges; and Belleisle is seized, perhaps with important papers of ours; and the Seckendorf-Ségur detachments were ill placed; nay, here are the Austrians already on the throat of them, in mid-winter! It is said, a babbling valet, or lord-in-waiting, happened to talk of some skirmish that had fallen out (called a battle, in the valet rumour), and how ill the French and Bavarians had fared in it, owing to their ill behaviour. And this, add they, proved to be the ounce-weight too much for the so heavy-laden back.

'The Kaiser took to bed, not much complaining; patient, mild, though the saddest of all mortals; and, in a day or two, died. Adieu, adieu, ye loved faithful ones; pity me, and pray for me! He gave his Wife, poor little fat devout creature, and his poor Children (eldest lad, his Heir, only seventeen), a tender blessing; solemnly exhorted them, To eschew ambition, and be warned by his example;—to make their peace with Austria; and never, like him, try *com' è duro calle*, and what the charity of Christian Kings amounts to. This counsel, it is thought, the Empress Dowager zealously accedes to, and will impress upon her Son. That is the Austrian and Cause-of-Liberty account: King Friedrich, from the other side, has heard a directly opposite one. How the Kaiser, at the

[1] Adelung, iv. 249, 276, 313.

point of death, exhorted his son, "Never forget the services which the King of France and the King of Prussia have done us, and do not repay them with ingratitude."[1] The reader can choose which he will, or reject both into the region of the uncertain. "Karl Albert's pious and affectionate demeanour drew tears from all eyes," say the bystanders: "the manner in which he took leave of his Empress would have melted a heart of stone." He was in his forty-eighth year; he had been, of all men in his generation, the most conspicuously unhappy.'

What a downrush of confusion there ensued on this event, not to Bavaria alone, but to all the world, and to King Friedrich more than another, no reader can now take the pains of conceiving. The 'Frankfurt Union,' then, has gone to air! Here is now no 'Kaiser to be delivered from oppression': here is a new Kaiser to be elected,—'Grand-Duke Franz the man,' cry the Pragmatic Potentates with exultation, 'no Belleisle to disturb!'—and questions arise innumerable thereupon. Will France go into electioneering again? The new Kur-Baiern, only seventeen, poor child, cannot be set-up as candidate. What will France do with *him*; what he with France? Whom can the French try as Candidate against the Grand-Duke? Kur-Sachsen, the Polish Majesty again? Belleisle himself must have paused uncertain over such a welter,—and probably have done, like the others, little or nothing in it, but left it to collapse by natural gravitation.

Hungarian Majesty checked her Bavarian Armaments a little: 'If perhaps this young Kur-Baiern will detach himself from France, and on submissive terms come over to us?' Whereupon, at München, and in the cognate quarters, such wriggling, dubitating and diplomatising, as seldom was,—French, Anti-French (Seckendorf busiest of all), straining every nerve in that way, and for almost three months, nothing coming of it,—till Hungarian Majesty sent her Bärenklaus and Bathyanis upon them again; and these rapidly solved the question, in what way we shall see!

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 92;—and see (*per contra*) in Adelung, iv. 314 *a*; in Coxe, etc.

Friedrich has still his hopes of Bavaria, so grandiloquent are the French in regard to it; who but would hope? The French diplomatise to all lengths in München, promising seas and mountains; but they perform little; in an effectual manner, nothing. Bavarian 'Army raised to 60,000,' counts in fact little above half that number; with no General to it but an imaginary one; Ségur's actual French contingent, instead of 25,000 is perhaps 12,000;—and so of other things. Add to all which, Seckendorf is there, not now as War-General, but as extra-official 'Adviser'; busier than ever,—'scandalous old traitor!' say the French;—and Friedrich may justly fear that Bavaria will go, by collapse, a bad road for him.

Friedrich, a week or two after the Kaiser's death, seeing Bavarian and French things in such a hypothetic state, instructs his Ambassador at London to declare his, Friedrich's, perfect readiness and wish for Peace: 'Old Treaty of Breslau and Berlin made indubitable to me; the rest of the quarrel has, by decease of the Kaiser, gone to air.' To which the Britannic Majesty, rather elated at this time, as all Pragmatic people are, answers somewhat in a careless way, 'Well, if the others like it!' and promises that he will propose it in the proper quarter. So that henceforth there is always a hope of Peace through England; as well as contrariwise, especially till Bavaria settle itself (in April next), a hope of great assistance from the French. Here are potentialities and counter-potentialities, which make the Bavarian Intricacy very agitating to the young King, while it lasts. And indeed his world is one huge imbroglio of Potentialities and Diplomatic Intricacies, agitating to behold. Concerning which we have again to remark how these huge Spectres of Diplomacy, now filling Friedrich's world, came mostly in result to Nothing;—shaping themselves wholly, for or against, in exact proportion, direct or inverse, to the actual Quantity of Battle and effective Performance that happened to be found in Friedrich himself. Diplomatic Spectralities, wide

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Fatamorganas of hope, and hideous big Bugbears blotting-out the sun: of these, few men ever had more than Friedrich at this time. And he is careful, none carefuler, not to neglect his Diplomacies at any time;—though he knows, better than most, that good fighting of his own is what alone can determine the value of these contingent and aërial quantities, —mere Lapland witchcraft the greater part of them.

A second grand Intricacy and difficulty, still more enigmatic, and pressing the tighter by its close neighbourhood, was that with the Saxons. 'Are the Saxons enemies; are they friends? Neutrals at lowest; bound by Treaty to lend Austria troops; but to lend for defence merely, not for offence! Could not one, by good methods, make friends with his Polish Majesty?' Friedrich was far from suspecting the rages that lurked in the Polish Majesty, and least of all owing to what. Owing to that old *Moravian-Foray* business; and to his, Friedrich's, behaviour to the Saxons in it; excellent Saxons, who had behaved so beautifully to Friedrich! That is the sad fact, however. Stupid Polish Majesty has his natural envies, jealousies, of a Brandenburg waxing over his head at this rate. But it appears, the Moravian Foray entered for a great deal into the account, and was the final overwhelming item. Brühl, by much descanting on that famous Expedition,—with such candid Eyewitnesses to appeal to, such corroborative Staff-officers and appliances, powerful on the idle heart and weak brain of a Polish Majesty,—has brought it so far. Fixed indignation, for intolerable usage, especially in that Moravian-Foray time: fixed; not very malignant, but altogether obstinate (as, I am told, that of the pacific sheep species usually is); which carried Brühl and his Polish Majesty to extraordinary heights and depths in years coming! But that will deserve a section to itself by and by.

A third difficulty, privately more stringent than any, is that of Finance. The expenses of the late Bohemian Expedition, 'Friedrich's Army costing 75,000*l.* a month,' have been

excessive. For our next Campaign, if it is to be done in the way essential, there are, by rigorous arithmetic, 900,000*l.*' needed. A frugal Prussia raises no new taxes; pays its Wars from 'the Treasure,' from the Fund saved beforehand for emergencies of that kind; Fund which is running low, threatening to be at the lees if such drain on it continue. To fight with effect being the one sure hope, and salve for all sores, it is not in the Army, in the Fortresses, the Fighting Equipments, that there shall be any flaw left! Friedrich's budget is a sore problem upon him; needing endless shift and ingenuity, now and onwards, through this war:—already, during these months, in the Berlin Schloss, a great deal of those massive Friedrich-Wilhelm plate Sumptuosities, especially that unparalleled Music-Balcony up stairs, all silver, has been, under Fredersdorf's management, quietly taken away; 'carried over, in the night-time, to the Mint.'[1]

And, in fact, no modern reader, not deeper in that distressing story of the Austrian-Succession War than readers are again like to be, can imagine to himself the difficulties of Friedrich at this time, as they already lay disclosed, and kept gradually disclosing themselves, for months coming; nor will ever know what perspicacity, patience of scanning, sharpness of discernment, dexterity of management, were required at Friedrich's hands;—and under what imminency of peril, too; victorious deliverance, or ruin and annihilation, wavering fearfully in the balance for him, more than once, or rather all along. But it is certain the deeper one goes into that hideous Medea's Caldron of stupidities, once so flamy, now fallen extinct, the more is one sensible of Friedrich's difficulties; and of the talent for all kinds of Captaincy,—by no means in the Field only, or perhaps even chiefly,—that was now required of him. Candid readers shall accept these hints and do their best:—Friedrich himself made not the least complaint of men's then misunderstanding him; still less will he now! We, keeping henceforth the Diplomacies, the vaporous

[1] Orlich, ii. 126-128.

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Foreshadows, and general Dance of Unclean Spirits with their intrigues and spectralities, well underground, so far as possible, will stick to what comes up as practical Performance on Friedrich's part, and try to give intelligible account of that.

Valori says, he is greatly changed, and for the better, by these late reverses of fortune. All the world notices it, says Valori. No longer that brief infallibility of manner; that lofty light air, that politely disdainful view of Valori and mankind: he has now need of men. Complains of nothing, is cheerful, quizzical;—ardently busy to 'grind-out the notches,' as our proverb is; has a mild humane aspect, something of modesty, almost of piety in him. Help me, thou Supreme Power, Maker of men, if my purposes are manlike! Though one does not go upon the Prayers of Forty-Hours, or apply through St. Vitus and such channels, there may be something of authentic petition to Heaven in the thoughts of that young man. He is grown very amiable; the handsomest young bit of Royalty now going. He must fight well next Summer, or it will go hard with him!

## CHAPTER VI

### VALORI GOES ON AN ELECTIONEERING MISSION TO DRESDEN

SOME time in January, a new Frenchman, a 'Chevalier de Courten,' if the name is known to anybody, was here at Berlin; consulting, settling about mutual interests and operations. Since Belleisle is snatched from us, it is necessary some Courten should come; and produce what he has got: little of settlement, I should fear, of definite program that will hold water; in regard to War operations chiefly a magazine of clouds.[1] For the rest, the Bavarian question;

[1] Specimens of it, in Ranke, iii. 219.

and very specially, Who the new Emperor is to be? 'King of Poland, thinks your Majesty?'—'By all means,' answers Friedrich, 'if you can! Detach him from Austria; that will be well!' Which was reckoned magnanimous, at least public-spirited, in Friedrich; considering what Saxony's behaviour to him had already been. 'By all means, his Polish Majesty for Kaiser; do our utmost, Excellencies Valori, Courten and Company!' answers Friedrich,—and for his own part, I observe, is intensely busy upon Army matters, looking after the main chance.

And so Valori is to go to Dresden, and manage this cloud or cobwebbery department of the thing; namely, persuade his Polish Majesty to stand for the Kaisership: "Baiern, Pfalz, Köln, Brandenburg, there are four votes, Sire; your own is five: sure of carrying it, your Polish Majesty; backed by the Most Christian King, and his Allies and resources!" And Polish Majesty does, for his own share, very much desire to be Kaiser. But none of us yet knows how he is tied-up by Austria, Anti-Friedrich, Anti-French considerations; and can only 'accept if it is offered me': thrice-willing to accept, if it will fall into my mouth; which, on those terms, it has so little chance of doing!—Saxony and its mysterious affairs and intentions having been, to Friedrich, a riddle and trouble and astonishment, during all this Campaign, readers ought to know the fact well;—and no reader could stand the details of such a fact. Here, in condensed form, are some scraps of Excerpt; which enable us to go with Valori on this Dresde Mission, and look for ourselves:

### 1°. *Friedrich's Position towards Saxony*

* * 'By known Treaty, the Polish Majesty is bound to assist the Hungarian with 12,000 men, "whenever invaded in her own dominions." Polish Majesty had 20,000 in the field for that object lately,—part of them, 8,000 of them, hired by Britannic subsidy, as he alleges. The question now is, Will Saxony assist Austria in invading Silesia, with or without Britannic subsidy? Friedrich hopes that this is impossible. Friedrich is deeply unaware of the humour he has raised against him-

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self in the Saxon Court-circles; how the Polish Majesty regards that Moravian Foray; with what a perfect hatred little Brühl regards him, Friedrich; and to what pitch of humour, owing to those Moravian-Foray starvings, marchings about and inhuman treatment of the poor Saxon Army, not to mention other offences and afflictive considerations, Brühl has raised the simple Polish Majesty against Friedrich. These things, as they gradually unfolded themselves to Friedrich, were very surprising. And proved very disadvantageous at the present juncture and for a long time afterwards. To Friedrich disadvantageous and surprising; and to Saxony, in the end, ruinous; poor Saxony having got its back broken by them, and never stood-up in the world since! Ruined by this wretched little Brühl; and reduced, from the first place in Northern Teutschland, to a second or third, or no real place at all.'

## 2°. *There is a 'Union of Warsaw'* (8th January 1745); *and still more specially a 'Treaty of Warsaw'* (8th January—18th May 1745)

'January 8th, 1745, before the Old Dessauer got ranked in Schlesien against Traun, there had concluded itself at Warsaw, by way of counterpoise to the "Frankfurt Union," a "Union of Warsaw," called also "Quadruple Alliance of Warsaw"; the Parties to which were Polish Majesty, Hungarian ditto, Prime-Movers, and the two Sea-Powers as Purseholders; stipulating, to the effect: "We Four will hold together in affairs of the Reich *versus* that dangerous Frankfurt Union; we will" —do a variety of salutary things; and as one practical thing, "There shall be, this Season, 30,000 Saxons conjoined to the Austrian Force, for which we Sea-Powers will furnish subsidy."—This was the one practical point stipulated, January 8th; and farther than this the Sea-Powers did not go, now or afterwards, in that affair.

'But there was then proposed by the Polish and Hungarian Majesties, in the form of Secret Articles, an ulterior Project; with which the Sea-Powers, expressing mere disbelief and even abhorrence of it, refused to have any concern now or henceforth. Polish Majesty, in hopes it would have been better taken, had given his 30,000 soldiers at a rate of subsidy miraculously low, only 150,000*l.* for the whole: but the Sea-Powers were inexorable, perhaps almost repented of their 150,000*l.*; and would hear nothing farther of secret Articles and delirious Projects.

'So that the "Union of Warsaw" had to retire to its pigeon-hole, content with producing those 30,000 Saxons for the immediate occasion; and there had to be concocted between the Polish and Hungarian Majesties themselves what is now, in the modern Pamphlets, called a

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"*Treaty* of Warsaw,"—much different from the innocent "*Union* of Warsaw"; though it is merely the specifying and fixing-down of what had been shadowed-out as secret codicils in said "Union," when the Sea-Power parties obstinately recoiled. Treaty of Warsaw let us continue to call it; though its actual birth-place was Leipzig (in the profoundest secrecy, 18th May 1745), above four months after it had tried to be born at Warsaw, and failed as aforesaid. Warsaw Union is not worth speaking of; but this other is a Treaty highly remarkable to the reader,—and to Friedrich was almost infinitely so, when he came to get wind of it long after.

'Treaty which, though it proved abortional, and never came to fulfilment in any part of it, is at this day one of the remarkablest bits of sheepskin extant in the world. It was signed 18th May 1745;[1] and had cost a great deal of painful contriving, capable still of new altering and retouching, to hit mutual views: Treaty not only for reconquering Silesia (which to the Two Majesties, though it did not to the Sea-Powers, seems infallible, in Friedrich's now ruined circumstances), but for cutting-down that bad Neighbour to something like the dimensions proper for a Brandenburg Vassal;—in fact, quite the old "Detestable Project" of Spring 1741, only more elaborated into detail (in which Britannic George knows better than to meddle!)—Saxony to have share of the parings, when we get them. "What share?" asked Saxony, and long keeps asking. "A road to Warsaw; strip of Country carrying us from the end of the Lausitz, which is ours, into Poland, which we trust will continue ours, would be very handy! Duchy of Glogau; some small paring of Silesia, won't your Majesty?" "Of my Silesia not one handbreadth," answered the Queen impatiently (though she did at last concede some outlying handbreadths, famed old "Circle of Schwiebus," if I recollect); and they have had to think of other equivalent parings for Saxony's behoof (Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Saale-Circle, or one knows not what); and have had, and will have, their adoes to get it fixed. Excellent bearskin to be slit into straps; only the bear is still on his feet!—Polish Majesty and Hungarian, Polish with especial vigour, Brühl quite restless upon it, are,—little as Valori or any mortal could dream of it,—engaged in this partition of the bearskin, when Valori arrives. Of their innocent Union of Warsaw, there was, from the first, no secret made; but the Document now called "*Treaty* of Warsaw" needs to lie secret and thrice-secret; and it was not till 1756 that Friedrich, having unearthed it by industries of his own, and studied it with great intensity for some years, made it known to the world.'[2]

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[1] Schöll, ii. 350.

[2] Adelung, v. 308, 397; Ranke, iii. 231 (who, for some reason of his own, dates '3*d* May' instead of 18*th*).

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Treaties, vaporous Foreshadows of Events, have oftenest something of the ghost in them; and are importune to human nature, longing for the Events themselves; all the more if they have proved abortional Treaties, and become doubly ghost-like or ghastly. Nevertheless the reader is to note well this Treaty of Warsaw, as important to Friedrich and him; and indeed it is perhaps the remarkablest Treaty, abortional or realised, which got to parchment in that Century. For though it proved abortional, and no part of it, now or afterwards, could be executed, and even the subsidy and 30,000 Saxons (stipulated in the "*Union* of Warsaw") became crow's-meat in a manner,—this preternatural "Treaty of Warsaw," trodden-down never so much by the heel of Destiny, and by the weight of New Treaties, superseding it or presupposing its impossibility or inconceivability, would by no means die (such the humour of Brühl, of the Two Majesties and others); but lay alive under the ashes, carefully tended, for Ten or Twenty Years to come;—and had got all Europe kindled again, for destruction of that bad Neighbour, before it would itself consent to go out! And did succeed in getting Saxony's back broken, if not the bad Neighbour's,—in answer to the humour of little Brühl; unfortunate Saxony to possess such a Brühl!

In those beautiful Saxon-Austrian developments of the Treaty of Warsaw, Czarina Elizabeth, bobbing about in that unlovely whirlpool of intrigues, amours, devotions and strong liquor, which her History is, took (ask not for what reason) a lively part:—and already in this Spring 1745, they hope she could, by 'a gift of two millions for her pleasures' (gift so easy to you Sea-Powers), be stirred-up to anger against Friedrich. And she did, in effect, from this time, hover about in a manner questionable to Friedrich; though not yet in anger, but only with the wish to be important, and to make herself felt in Foreign affairs. Whether the Sea-Powers gave her that trifle of pocket-money ('for her pleasures'), I never knew; but it is certain they spent, first and last, very large amounts that way, upon her and hers; especially the English did, with what result may be considered questionable.

As for Graf von Brühl, most rising man of Saxony, once a page; now by industry King August III.'s first favourite and factotum; the fact that he cordially hates Friedrich is too evident; but the why is not known to me. Except indeed, That no man,—especially no man with three hundred and sixty-five fashionable suits of clothes usually about him, different suit each day of the year,—can be comfortable in the evident contempt of another man. Other man of sarcastic bantering turn, too; tongue sharp as needles; whose sayings many birds of the air are busy to carry about. Year after year, Brühl (doubtless with help enough that way, if there had needed such) hates him more and more; as the too-jovial Czarina herself comes to do, wounded by things that birds have

carried. And now we will go with Valori,—seeing better into some things than Valori yet can.

### 3°. *Valori's Account of his Mission* (in compressed form)[1]

'Valori' (I could guess about the 10th of February, but there is no date at all) 'was despatched to Dresden with that fine project, Polish Majesty for Kaiser: is authorised to offer 60,000 men, with money corresponding, and no end of brilliant outlooks;—must keep-back his offers, however, if he find the people indisposed. Which he did, to an extreme degree; nothing but vague talk, procrastination, hesitation on the part of Brühl. This wretched little Brühl has twelve tailors always sewing for him, and three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes: so many suits, all pictured in a Book; a valet enters every morning, proposes a suit, which, after deliberation, with perhaps amendments, is acceded to, and worn at dinner. Vainest of human clothes-horses; foolishest coxcomb Valori has seen: it is visibly his notion that it was he, Brühl, by his Saxon auxiliaries, by his masterly strokes of policy, that checkmated Friedrich, and drove him from Bohemia last Year; and, for the rest, that Friedrich is ruined, and will either shirk out of Silesia, or be cut to ribbons there by the Austrian force this Summer. To which Valori hints dissent; but it is ill received. Valori sees the King; finds him, as expected, the facsimile of Brühl in this matter; Jesuit Guarini the like: how otherwise? They have his Majesty in their leash, and lead him as they please.

'At four every morning, this Guarini, Jesuit Confessor to the King and Queen, comes to Brühl; Brühl settles with him what his Majesty shall think, in reference to current business, this day; Guarini then goes, confesses both Majesties; confesses, absolves, turns in the due way to secular matters. At nine, Brühl himself arrives, for Privy Council: "What is your Majesty pleased to think on these points of current business?" Majesty serenely issues his thoughts, in the form of orders; which are found correct to pattern. This is the process with his Majesty. A poor Majesty, taking deeply into tobacco; this is the way they have him benetted, as in a dark cocoon of cobwebs, rendering the whole world invisible to him. Which cunning arrangement is more and more perfected every year; so that on all roads he travels, be it to mass, to hunt, to dinner, anywhither in his Palace or out of it, there are faithful creatures keeping eye, who admit no unsafe man to the least glimpse of him by night or by day. In this manner he goes on; and before the end of him, twenty years hence, has carried it far. Nothing but disgust to be had out of business;—mutinous Polish Diets too, some forty of

[1] Valori, i. 211-219.

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them in his time, not one of which did any business at all, but ended in *Liberum Veto*, and Billingsgate conflagration, perhaps with swords drawn;[1]—business more and more disagreeable to him. What can Valori expect, on this heroic occasion, from such a King?

'The Queen herself, Maria Theresa's Cousin, an ambitious hard-favoured Majesty,—who had sense once to dislike Brühl, but has been quite reconciled to him by her Jesuit Messenger of Heaven (which latter is an oily, rather stupid creature, who really wishes well to her, and loves a peaceable life at any price),—even she will not take the bait. Valori was in Dresden nine days (middle part of February, it is likely); never produced his big bait, his 60,000 men and other brilliances, at all. He saw old Feldmarschall Königseck passing from Vienna towards the Netherlands Camp; where he is to dry-nurse (so they irreverently call it, in time coming) his Royal Highness of Cumberland, that magnificent English Babe of War, and do feats with him this Summer.' Königseck, though Valori did not know it, has endless diplomacies to do withal; inspections of troops, advisings, in Hanover, in Holland, in Dresden here;[2]—and secures the Saxon Electoral-Vote for his Grand-Duke in passing. 'The welcome given to Königseck disgusted Valori; on the ninth day he left; said adieu, seeing them blind to their interest; and took post for Berlin,'—where he finds Friedrich much out of humour at the Saxon reception of his magnanimities.[3]

This Saxon intricacy, indecipherable, formidable, contemptible, was the plague of Friedrich's life, one considerable plague, all through this Campaign. Perhaps nothing in the Diplomatic sphere of things caused him such perplexity, vexation, indignation. An insoluble riddle to him; extremely contemptible, yet,—with a huge Russia tacked to it, and looming minatory in the distance,—from time to time, formidable enough. Let readers keep it in mind, and try to imagine it. It cost Friedrich such guessing, computing, arranging, rearranging, as would weary the toughest reader to hear of in detail. How Friedrich did at last solve it (in December coming), all readers will see with eyes!—

[1] See Buchholz, ii. 154; etc. [2] Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland*, p. 186.
[3] Valori, i. 211-219; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 84-86. For details on Brühl, see *Graf von Brühl, Leben und Charakter* (1760, No Place): Anonymous, by one Justi, a noted Pamphleteer of the time: exists in English too, or partly exists; but is unreadable, except on compulsion; and totally unintelligible till after very much inquiry elsewhere.

### *Middle-Rhine Army in a staggering State; the Bavarian Intricacy settles itself, the wrong Way*

Early in March it becomes surmisable that Maillebois's Middle-Rhine Army will not go a good road. Maillebois has been busy in those countries, working extensive discontent; bullying mankind 'to join the Frankfurt Union,' to join France at any rate, which nobody would consent to; and exacting merciless contributions, which everybody had to consent to and pay.—And now, on D'Ahremberg's mere advance, with that poor Fraction of Pragmatic Army, roused from its winter sleep, Maillebois, without waiting for D'Ahremberg's attack, rapidly calls-in his truculent detachments, and rolls confusedly back into the Frankfurt regions.[1] Upon which D'Ahremberg,—if by no means going upon Maillebois's throat,—sets, at least, to coercing Wilhelm of Hessen, our only friend in those parts; who is already a good deal disgusted with the Maillebois procedures, and at a loss what to do on the Kaiser's death, which has killed the Frankfurt Union too. Wise Wilhelm consents, under D'Ahremberg's menaces, to become Neutral; and recall his 6,000 out of Baiern,—wishes he had them home beside him even now!

With an Election in the wind, it is doubly necessary for the French, who have not even a Candidate as yet, to stand supreme and minatory in the Frankfurt Country; and to King Friedrich it is painfully questionable, whether Maillebois can do it. 'Do it we will; doubt not that, your Majesty!' answer Valori and the French;—and study to make improvements, reinforcements, in their Rhine Army. And they do, at least, change the General of their Middle-Rhine Army,—that is to say, recall Prince Conti out of Italy, where he has distinguished himself, and send Maillebois thither in his stead,—who likewise distinguishes himself *there*, if that could be a

[1] Adelung, iv. 276-352 (December 1744—March 1745).

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comfort to us! Whether the distinguished Conti will maintain that Frankfurt Country in spite of the Austrians and their Election movements, is still a question with Friedrich, though Valori continued assuring him (always till July came) that it was beyond question. 'Siege of Tournay, vigorous Campaign in the Netherlands (for behoof of Britannic George)!' this is the grand French program for the Year. This good intention was achieved, on the French part; but this, like Aaron's-rod among the serpents, proved to have *eaten* the others as it wriggled along!—

Those Maillebois-D'Ahremberg affairs throw a damp on the Bavarian Question withal;—in fact, settle the Bavarian Question; her Hungarian Majesty, tired of the delays, having ordered Bathyani to shoulder-arms again, and bring a decision. Bathyani, with Bärenklau to right of him, and Browne (our old Silesian friend) to left, goes sweeping across those Seckendorf-Ségur posts, and without difficulty tumbles everything to ruin, at a grand rate. The traitor Seckendorf had made such a choice of posts,—left unaltered by Drum Thörring;—what could French valour do? Nothing; neither French valour, nor Bavarian want of valour, could do anything but whirl to the right-about, at sight of the Austrian Sweeping-Apparatus; and go-off explosively, as in former instances, at a rate almost unique in military annals. Finished within three weeks or so!—We glance only at two points of it. March 21st, Bathyani stood to arms (to *besoms* we might call it), Browne on the left, Bärenklau on the right: it was March 21st when Bathyani started from Passau, up the Donau Countries;—and within the week coming, see:

'*Vilshofen, 28th March* 1745. Here, at the mouth of the Vils River (between Inn and Iser), is the first considerable Post; garrison some 4,000; Hessians and Prince Friedrich the main part,—who have their share of valour, I dare say; but with such news out of Hessen, not to speak of the prospects in this Country, are probably in poorish spirits for acting. General Browne summons them in Vilshofen, this day; and,

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on their negative, storms-in upon them, bursts them to pieces; upon which they beat chamade. But the Croats, who are foremost, care nothing for chamade; go plundering, slaughtering; burn the poor Town; butcher' (in round numbers) '3,000 of the poor Hessians; and wound General Browne himself, while he too vehemently interferes.[1] This was the finale of those 6,000 Hessians, and indeed their principal function, while in French pay;—and must have been, we can judge how surprising to Prince Friedrich, and to his Papa on hearing of it! Note another point.

Precisely about this time twelvemonth, 'March 16th, 1746,' the same Prince Friedrich, with remainder of those Hessians, now again completed to 6,000, and come back with emphasis to the Britannic side of things, was—marching out of Edinburgh, in much state, with streamers, kettle-drums, Highness's coaches, horses, led-horses, on an unexpected errand.[2] Toward Stirling, Perth; towards Killiecrankie, and raising of what is called 'the Siege of Blair in Athol' (most minute of 'sieges,' but subtending a great angle there and then);—much of unexpected, and nearer home than 'Tournay and the Netherlands Campaign,' having happened to Britannic George in the course of this year 1745! 'Really very fine troops, those Hessians' (observes my orthodox Whig friend): 'they carry swords as well as guns and bayonets; their uniform is blue turned-up with white: the Hussar part of them, about 500, have scimitars of a great length; small horses, mostly black, of Swedish breed; swift durable little creatures, with long tails.' Honours, dinners, to his Serene Highness had been numerous, during the three weeks we had been in Edinburgh: 'especially that Ball, February 21st (o.s), eve of his Consort the Princess Mary's Birthday' (*eve* of birthday, 'let us dance the auspicious morning *in*') 'was, for affluence of Nobility and Gentry of both sexes,' a sublime thing. * *

*Pfaffennofen, April 15th.* 'Unfortunate Ségur, the Ségur of Linz three years ago,—whose conduct was great, according to Valori, but powerless against traitors and fate,—was again, once more, unfortunate in those parts. Unfortunate Ségur drew-up at Pfaffenhofen (centre of the Country, many miles from Vilshofen) to defend himself, when fallen-upon by Bärenklau, in that manner; but could not, though with masterly demeanour; and had to retreat three days, with his face to the enemy, so to speak, fighting and manœuvring all the way: no shelter for him either but München, and that a most temporary one. Instead of taking Straubingen, taking Passau, perhaps of pushing-on to Vienna itself, this is what we have already come to. No Rhine Army, Middle-

[1] Adelung, iv. 356, and the half-intelligible Foot-note in Ranke, iii. 220.

[2] Henderson (Whig Eye-witness), *History of the Rebellion, 1745 and 1746* (London, 1748, reprint from the Edinburgh edition), pp. 104, 106, 107.

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Rhine Army, Coigny, Maillebois, Conti, whoever it was, would send us the least reinforcement, when shrieked to. No outlook whatever but rapid withdrawal, retreat to the Rhine Army, since it will not stir to help us.[1]

'The young Kur-Baiern is still polite, grateful' (to us French), 'overwhelms us with politeness; but flies to Augsburg, as his Father used to do. Notable, however, his poor fat little Mother won't, this time: "No, I will stay here, I for one, and have done with flying and running; we have had enough of that!" Seckendorf, quite gone from Court in this crisis, reappears, about the middle of April, in questionable capacity; at a place called Füssen, not far off, at the foot of the Tyrol Hills;—where certain Austrian Dignitaries seem also to be enjoying a picturesque Easter! Yes indeed: and, on *April 22d*, there is signed a "*Peace of Füssen*" there; general amicable *As-you-were*, between Austria and Bavaria ("Renounce your Anti-Pragmatic moonshine for evermore, vote for our Grand-Duke; there is your Bavaria back, poor wretches!")—and Seckendorf, it is presumable, will get his Turkish arrears liquidated.

'The Bavarian Intricacy, which once excelled human power, is settled, then. Carteret and Haslang tried it in vain' (dreadful heterodox intentions of secularising Salzburg, secularising Passau, Regensburg, and loud tremulous denial of such);—'Carteret and Wilhelm of Hessen' (Conferences of Hanau, which ruined Carteret), 'in vain; King Friedrich, and many Kings, in vain: a thing nobody could settle;—and it has at last settled itself, as the generality of ill-guided and unlucky things do, by collapse. Delirium once out, the law of gravity acts; and there the mad matter lies.'

'Bought by Austria, that old villain!' cry the French. Friedrich does not think the Austrians bought Seckendorf, having no money at present; but guesses they may have given him to understand that a certain large arrear of payment due ever since those Turkish Wars,—when Seckendorf, instead of payment, was lodged in the Fortress of Grätz, and almost got his head cut-off,—should now be paid-down in cash, or authentic Paper-money, if matters become amicable.[2] As they have done, in Friedrich's despite;—who seems angrier at the old stager for this particular ill-turn than for all the other many; and long remembers it, as will appear.

[1] Adelung, iv. 360.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 22: *Seckendorfs Leben*, pp. 367-376.

## CHAPTER VII

### FRIEDRICH IN SILESIA; UNUSUALLY BUSY

HERE, sure enough, are sad new intricacies in the Diplomatic, hypothetic sphere of things; and clouds piling themselves ahead, in a very minatory manner to King Friedrich. Let King Friedrich, all the more, get his Fighting Arrangements made perfect. Diplomacy is clouds; beating of your enemies is sea and land. Austria and the Gazetteer world consider Friedrich to be as good as finished: but that is privately far from being Friedrich's own opinion;—though these occurrences are heavy and dismal to him, as none of us can now fancy.

Herr Ranke has got access, in the Archives, to a series of private utterances by Friedrich,—Letters from him, of a franker nature than usual, and letting us far deeper into his mind;—which must have been well worth reading in the original, in their fully dated and developed condition. From Herr Ranke's Fragmentary Excerpts, let us, thankful for what we have got, select one or two. The Letters are to Minister Podewils at Berlin; written from Silesia (Neisse and neighbourhood), where, since the middle of March, Friedrich has been, personally pushing-on his Army Preparations, while the above sinister things befell.

*King Friedrich to Podewils, in Berlin* (under various dates, March—April 1745)

*Neisse, 29th March.* * * 'We find ourselves in a great crisis. If we don't, by mediation of England, get Peace, our enemies from different sides' (Saxony, Austria, who knows if not Russia withal!) 'will come plunging-in against me. Peace I cannot force them to. But if they must have War, we will either beat them, or none of us will see Berlin again.'[1]

[1] Ranke, iii. 236 et seq.

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*April* (no day given). * * 'In any case, I have my troops well together. The sicknesses are ceasing; the recruitments are coming in: shortly all will be complete. That does not hinder us from making Peace, if it will only come; but, in the contrary case, nobody can accuse me of neglecting what was necessary.'

*April 17th* (still from Neisse). * * 'I toil day and night to improve our situation. The soldiers will do their duty. There is none among us who will not rather have his back-bone broken than give-up one foot-breadth of ground. They must either grant us a good Peace, or we will surpass ourselves by miracles of daring; and force the enemy to accept it from us.'

*April 20th.* 'Our situation is disagreeable; constrained, a kind of spasm: but my determination is taken. If we needs must fight, we will do it like men driven desperate. Never was there a greater peril than that I am now in. Time, at its own pleasure, will untie this knot; or Destiny, if there is one, determine the event. The game I play is so high, one cannot contemplate the issue with cold blood. Pray for the return of my good luck.'—Two days hence, the poor young Kur-Baiern, deaf to the French seductions and exertions, which were intense, had signed his 'Peace of Füssen' (22d April 1745),—a finale to France on the German Field, as may be feared! The other Fragments we will give a little farther on.

Friedrich had left Berlin for Silesia March 15th; rather sooner than he counted on,—Old Leopold pleading to be let home. At Glogau, at Breslau, there had been the due inspecting: Friedrich got to Neisse on the 23d (Bathyani just stirring in that Bavarian Business, Vilshofen and the Hessians close ahead); and on the 27th, had dismissed Old Leopold, with thanks and sympathies,—sent him home, 'to recover his health.' Leopold's health is probably suffering; but his heart and spirits still more. Poor old man, he has just lost,—the other week, '5th February' last,—his poor old Wife, at Dessau; and is broken down with grief. The soft silk lining of his hard Existence, in all parts of it, is torn away. Apothecary Fos's Daughter, Reich's Princess, Princess of Dessau, called by whatever name, she had been the truest of Wives; 'used to attend him in all his Campaigns, for above fifty years back. "Gone, now, for ever gone!"'—Old Leopold had wells of strange sorrow in the

rugged heart of him,—sorrow, and still better things,—which he does not wear on his sleeve. Here is an incident I never can forget;—dating twelve or thirteen years ago (as is computable), 'middle of July 1732.'

'Louisa, Leopold's eldest Daughter, Wife of Victor Leopold, reigning Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg, lay dying of a decline.' Still only twenty-three, poor Lady, though married seven years ago;—the end now evidently drawing nigh. 'A few days before her death,—perhaps some attendant sorrowfully asking, "Can we do nothing, then?"—she was heard to say, "If I could see my Father at the head of his Regiment, yet once!"'—Halle, where the Regiment lies, is some thirty or more miles off; and King Friedrich Wilhelm, I suppose, would have to be written to:—Leopold was ready the soonest possible; and, 'at a set hour, marched, in all pomp, with banner flying, music playing, into the *Schloss-hof* (Palace Court) of Bernburg; and did the due salutations and manœuvrings,—his poor Daughter sitting at her window, till they ended';—figure them, the last glitter of those muskets, the last wail of that band-music!—'The Regiment was then marched to the Waisenhaus (*Orphan-house*), where the common men were treated with bread and beer; all the Officers dining at the Prince's Table. All the Officers, except Leopold alone, who stole away out of the crowd; sat himself upon the balustrade of the Saale Bridge, and wept into the river.'[1]— — Leopold is now on the edge of seventy; ready to think all is finished with him. Perhaps not quite, my tough old friend; recover yourself a little, and we shall see!

Old Leopold is hardly home at Dessau, when new Pandour tempests, tides of ravaging War, again come beating against the Giant Mountains, pouring through all passes; from utmost Jablunka, westward by Jägerndorf to Glatz, huge influx of wild riding hordes, each with some support of Austrian grenadiers, cannoniers; threatening to submerge Silesia. Precursors, Friedrich need not doubt, of a strenuous regular attempt that way. Hungarian Majesty's fixed intention, hope and determination is, To expel him straightway from Silesia. Her Patent circulates, these three months; calling on all men to take note of that fixed fact, especially on all Silesian men to note it well, and shift their allegiance

[1] *Leben* (12mo; not *Rannft's*, but Anonymous like his), p. 234 *n*.

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accordingly. Silesian men, in great majority,—our friend the Mayor of Landshut, for example?—are believed to have no inclination towards change: and whoever has, had clearly better not show any till he see![1]—

Friedrich's thousandfold preliminary orderings, movements, rearrangings in his Army matters, must not detain us here; —still less his dealings with the Pandour element, which is troublesome, rather than dangerous. Vigilance, wise swift determination, valour drilled to its work, can deal with phenomena of that nature, though never so furious and innumerable. Not a cheering service for drilled valour, but a very needful one. Continual bickerings and skirmishings fell out, sometimes rising to sharp fight on the small scale:— Austrian grenadiers with cannon are on that Height to left, and also on this to right, meaning to cut-off our march; the difficult landscape, furnished out, far and wide, with Pandour companies in position: you must dash-in, my Burschen; seize me that cannon-battery yonder; master such and such a post,—there is the heart of all that network of armed doggery; slit asunder that, the network wholly will tumble over the Hills again. Which is always done, on the part of the Prussian Burschen; though sometimes not without difficulty.—His Majesty is forming Magazines at Neisse, Brieg, and the principal Fortresses in those parts; driving-on all manner of preparations at the rapidest rate of speed, and looking with his own eyes into everything. The regiments are about what we may call complete, arithmetically and otherwise; the cavalry show good perfection in their new mode of manœuvring;—it is to be hoped the Fighting Apparatus generally will give fair account of itself when the time comes. Our one anchor of hope, as now more and more appears.

[1] In Ranke (iii. 234), there is vestige of some intended 'voluntary subscription by the common people of Glatz,' for Friedrich's behoof;—contrariwise, in Orlich (ii. 380, '6th February 1745,' from the Dessau Archives), notice of one individual, suspected of stirring for Austria, whom 'you are to put under lock and key';—but he runs off, and has no successor, that I hear of.

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On the Pandour element he first tried (under General Hautcharmoi, with Winterfeld as chief active hand) a direct outburst or two, with a view to slash them home at once. But finding that it was of no use, as they always reappeared in new multitudes, he renounced that; took to calling-in his remoter outposts; and, except where Magazines or the like remained to be cared for, let the Pandours baffle about, checked only by the fortified Towns, and more and more submerge the Hill Country. Prince Karl, to be expected in the form of lion, mysteriously uncertain on which side coming to invade us,—he, and not the innumerable weasel kind, is our important matter! By the end of April (news of the *Peace of Füssen* coming withal), Friedrich had quitted Neisse; lay cantoned, in Neisse Valley (between Frankenstein and Patschkau, 'able to assemble in forty-eight hours'); studying, with his whole strength, to be ready for the mysterious Prince Karl, on whatever side he might arrive;—and disregarding the Pandours in comparison.

The points of inrush, the tideways of these Pandour Deluges seem to be mainly three. Direct through the Jablunka, upon Ratibor Country, is the first and chief; less direct (partly supplied by *refluences* from Ratibor, when Ratibor is found not to answer), a second disembogues by Jägerndorf; a third, the westernmost, by Landshut. Three main ingresses: at each of which there fall-out little Fights; which are still celebrated in the Prussian Books, and indeed well deserve reading by soldiers that would know their trade. In the Ratibor parts, the invasive leader is a General Karoly, with 12,000 under him, who are the wildest horde of all: 'Karoly lodges in a wood: for himself there is a tent; his companions sleep under trees, or under the open sky, by the edge of morasses.'[1] It was against this Karoly and his horde that Hautcharmoi's little expedition, or express attacking party to drive them home again, was shot-out (8th—21st April). Which did its work very prettily; Winterfeld, chief hand in it, crowning the matter by a 'Fight of Würbitz,'[2]—where Winterfeld, cutting the taproot, in his usual electric way, tumbles Karoly quite *into* the morasses, and clears the country of him for a time. For a time; though for a time only;—Karoly or others

[1] Ranke, iii. 244.

[2] Orlich, ii. 136 (21st April).

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returning in a week or two, to a still higher extent of thousands; mischievous as ever in those Ratibor-Namslau countries. Upon which, Friedrich, finding this an endless business, and nothing like the most important, gives it up for the present; calls-in his remoter detachments; has his Magazines carted home to the Fortress Towns,—Karoly trying, once or so, to hinder in that operation, but only again getting his crown broken.[1] Or if carting be too difficult, still do not waste your Magazine: —Margraf Karl, for instance, is ordered to Jägerndorf with his Detachment, 'to eat the Magazine'; hungry Pandours looking on, till he finish. On which occasion a renowned little Fight took place (Fight of Neustadt, or of Jägerndorf-Neustadt), as shall be mentioned farther on.

So that, for certain weeks to come, the Tolpatcheries had free course, in those Frontier parts; and were left to rove about, under check only of the Garrison Towns; Friedrich being obliged to look elsewhere after higher perils, which were now coming in view. In which favourable circumstances, Karoly and Consorts did, at last, make one stroke in those Ratibor countries; that of Kosel, which was greatly consolatory.[2] 'By treachery of an Ensign who had deserted to them' (provoked by rigour of discipline, or some intolerable thing), they glided stealthily, one night, across the ditches, into Kosel' (a half-fortified place, Prussian works only half-finished): which, being the Key of the Oder in those parts, they reckoned a glorious conquest; of good omen and worthy of *Te-deums* at Vienna. And they did eagerly, without the least molestation, labour to complete the Prussian works at Kosel: 'One garrison already ours!'—which was not had from them without battering (and I believe, burning), when General von Nassau came to inquire after it, in Autumn next.

Friedrich had always hoped that the Saxons, who are not yet in declared War with him, though bound by Treaty to assist the Queen of Hungary under certain conditions, would not venture on actual Invasion of his Territories; but in this, as readers anticipate, Friedrich finds himself mistaken. Weissenfels is hastening from the Leitmeritz north-western quarter, where he has wintered, to join Prince Karl, who is gathering himself from Olmütz and his south-eastern home region; their full intention is to invade Silesia together, and they hope now at length to make an end of Friedrich and it. These Pandour hordes, supported by the necessary grenadiers

[1] 'Fight of Mocker,' May 4th (Orlich, ii. 141).

[2] 26th May 1745 (Orlich, ii. 156-158).

and cannoniers, are sent as vanguard; these cannot themselves beat him; but they may induce him (which they do not) to divide his Force; they may, in part, burn him away as by slow fire, after which he will be the easier to beat. Instead of which, Friedrich, leaving the Pandours to their luck, lies concentrated in Neisse Valley; watching, with all his faculties, Prince Karl's own advent (coming on like Fate, indubitable, yet involved in mysteries hitherto); and is perilously sensible that only in giving that a good reception is there any hope left him.

Prince Karl, 'who arrived in Olmütz April 30th,' commands in chief again,—saddened, poor man, by the loss of his young Wife, in December last; willing to still his grief in action for the cause *she* loved;—but old Traun is not with him this year: which is a still more material circumstance. Traun is to go this year, under cloak not of Prince Karl, but of Grand-Duke Franz, to clear those Frankfurt Countries for the *Kaiserwahl* and him. Prince Conti lies there, with his famous 'Middle-Rhine Army' (D'Ahremberg, from the western parts, not nearly so diligent upon him as one could wish); and must, at all rates, be cleared away. Traun, taking command of Bathyani's Army (now that it has finished the Bavarian job), is preparing to push-down upon Conti, while Bathyani (who is to supersede the laggard D'Ahremberg) shall push vigorously up;—and before summer is over, we shall hear of Traun again, and Conti will have heard!—

Friedrich's indignation, on learning that the Saxons were actually on march, and gradually that they intended to invade him, was great; and the whole matter is portentously enigmatic to him, as he lies vigilant in Neisse Valley, waiting on the When and the How. Indignation;—and yet there is need of caution withal. To be ready for events, the Old Dessauer has, as one sure measure, been requested to take charge, once more, of a 'Camp of Observation' on the Saxon

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Frontier (as of old, in 1741); and has given his consent:[1] 'Camp of Magdeburg,' 'Camp of Dieskau'; for it had various names and figures; checkings of your hand, then layings of it on, heavier, lighter and again heavier, according to one's various *readings* of the Saxon Mystery; and we shall hear enough about it, intermittently, till December coming: when it ended in a way we shall not forget!—On which take this Note:

'The Camp of Observation was to have begun May 1st; did begin somewhat later, "near Magdeburg," not too close on the Frontier, nor in too alarming strength; was reinforced to about 30,000; in which state' (middle of August) 'it stept forward to Wieskau, then to Dieskau, close on the Saxon Border; and became,—with a Saxon Camp lying close opposite, and War formally threatened, or almost declared, on Saxony by Friedrich,—an alarmingly serious matter. Friedrich, however, again checked his hand; and did not consummate till November—December. But did then consummate; greatly against his will; and in a way flamingly visible to all men!'[2]

Friedrich's own incidental utterances (what more we have of Fractions from the Podewils Letters), in such portentous aspect of affairs, may now be worth giving. It is not now to Jordan that he writes, gaily unbosoming himself, as in the First War,—poor Jordan lies languishing, these many months; consumptive, too evidently dying:—Not to Jordan, this time; nor is the theme '*gloire*' now, but a far different!

### *Friedrich to Podewils* (as before, April—May 1745).

April 20th or so, Orders are come to Berlin (orders, to Podewils's horror at such a thought), Whitherward, should Berlin be assaulted, the Official Boards, the Preciosities and household gods are to betake themselves:—to Magdeburg, all these, which is an impregnable place; to Stettin, the Two Queens and Royal Family, if they like it better. Podewils in horror, 'hair standing on end,' writes thereupon to Eichel, That he hopes the management, 'in a certain contingency,' will be

[1] 'April 25th' consents (Orlich, ii. 130).

[2] Orlich, ii. 130, 209, 210: *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1224-26; i. 1117.

given to Minister Boden; he Podewils, with his hair in that posture, being quite unequal to it. Friedrich answers:

'*April 26th.* * * "I can understand how you are getting uneasy, you Berliners. I have the most to lose of you all; but I am quiet, and prepared for events. If the Saxons take part," as they surely will, "in the Invasion of Silesia, and we beat them, I am determined to plunge into Saxony. For great maladies, there need great remedies. Either I will maintain my all, or else lose my all." (Hear it, friend; and understand it,—with hair lying flat!) "It is true, the disaffection of the Russian Court, on such trifling grounds, was not to be expected; and great misfortune can befall us. Well; a year or two sooner, a year or two later,—it is not worth one's while to bother about the very worst. If things take the better turn, our condition will be surer and firmer than it was before. If we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, neither need we fret and plague ourselves about bad events, which can happen to any man."—"I am causing despatch a secret Order for Boden" (on *you* know what), "which you will not deliver him till I give sign."'
—On hearing of the Peace of Füssen, perhaps a day or so later, Friedrich again writes:

'*April*' (no distinct date; Neisse still? *Quite* Neisse April 28th). * * 'Peace of Füssen, Bavaria turned against me? "I can say nothing to it,—except, There has come what had to come. To me remains only to possess myself in patience. If all alliances, resources, and negotiations fail, and all conjunctures go against me, I prefer to perish with honour, rather than lead an inglorious life deprived of all dignity. My ambition whispers me that I have done more than another to the building-up of my House, and have played a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. To maintain myself there, has become as it were a personal duty; which I will fulfil at the expense of my happiness and my life. I have no choice left: I will maintain my power, or it may go to ruin, and the Prussian name be buried under it. If the enemy attempt anything upon us, we will either beat him, or we will all be hewed to pieces, for the sake of our Country, and the renown of Brandenburg. No other counsel can I listen to."'

*Same Letter, or another?* (Herr Ranke having his caprices!) * * 'You are a good man, my Podewils, and do what can be expected of you' (Podewils has been apologising for his terrors; and referring hopefully 'to Providence'): 'Perform faithfully the given work on your side, as I on mine; for the rest, let what you call "Providence" decide as it likes':—(*une Providence aveugle?* Ranke, who alone knows, gives '*blinde Vorsehung.*' What an utterance, on the part of this little Titan! Consider it as exceptional with him, unusual, accidental to the hard moment, and perhaps not so impious as it looks!)—'neither our

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prudence nor our courage shall be liable to blame; but only circumstances that would not favour us. * *

'I prepare myself for every event. Fortune may be kind or be unkind, it shall neither dishearten me nor uplift me. If I am to perish, let it be with honour, and sword in hand. What the issue is to be—Well, what pleases Heaven, or the Other Party (*J'ai jeté le bonnet par-dessus les moulins*)! Adieu, my dear Podewils; become as good a philosopher as you are a politician; and learn from a man who does not go to Elsner's Preaching' (fashionable at the time), that one must oppose to ill fortune a brow of iron; and, during this life, renounce all happiness, all acquisitions, possessions and lying shows, none of which will follow us beyond the grave.'[1]

'By what points the Austrian-Saxon Armament will come through upon us? Together will it be, or separately? Saxons from the Lausitz, Austrians from Böhmen, enclosing us between two fires?'—were enigmatic questions with Friedrich; and the Saxons especially are an enigma. But that come they will, that these Pandours are their preliminary veiling-apparatus as usual, is evident to him; and that he must not spend himself upon Pandours; but coalesce, and lie ready for the main wrestle. So that from April 28th, as above noticed, Friedrich has gone into cantonments, some way up the Neisse Valley, westward of Neisse Town; and is calling-in his outposts, his detachments; emptying his Frontier Magazines;—abandoning his Upper-Silesian Frontier more and more, and in the end altogether, to the Pandour hordes; a small matter they, compared to the grand Invasion which is coming on. Here, with shiftings up the Neisse Valley, he lies till the end of May; watching Argus-like, and scanning with every faculty the Austrian-Saxon motions and intentions, until at length they become clear to him, and we shall see how he deals with them.

His own lodging, or headquarter, most of this time (4th May—27th May), is in the pleasant Abbey of Camenz (mythic scene of that *Baumgarten-Skirmish* business, in the First Silesian War). He has excellent Tobias Stusche for

[1] Ranke, iii. pp. 238-241.

company in leisure hours; and the outlook of bright Spring all round him, flowering into gorgeous Summer, as he hurries about on his many occasions, *not* of an idyllic nature.[1] But his Army is getting into excellent completeness of number, health, equipment, and altogether such a spirit as he could wish. May 22d, here is another snatch from some Note to Podewils, from this balmy Locality, potential with such explosions of another kind. *Camenz, May 22d.* * * 'The Enemies are making movements; but nothing like enough as yet for our guessing their designs. Till we see, therefore, the thunder lies quiet in us (*la foudre repose en mes mains*). Ah, could we but have a Day like that May Eleventh!'[2]

What 'that May Eleventh' is or was? Readers are curious to know; especially English readers, who guess *Fontenoy*. And Historic Art, if she were strict, would decline to inform them at any length; for really the thing is no better than a 'Victory on the Scamander, and a Siege of Pekin' (as a certain observer did afterwards define it), in reference to the matter now on hand! Well, Pharsalia, Arbela, the Scamander, Armageddon, and so many Battles and Victories being luminous, by study, to cultivated Englishmen, and one's own Fontenoy such a mystery and riddle,—Art, after consideration, reluctantly consents to be indulgent; will produce from her Paper Imbroglios a slight Piece on the subject, and print instead of burning.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE MARTIAL BOY AND HIS ENGLISH *versus* THE LAWS OF NATURE

'GLORIOUS Campaign in the Netherlands, Siege of Tournay, final ruin of the Dutch Barrier!' this is the French program for Season 1745,—no Belleisle to contradict it; Belleisle

[1] Orlich, ii. 139; Ranke, iii. 242-249. [2] Ranke, iii. 248 *n*.

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secure at Windsor, who might have leant more towards German enterprises. And to this his Britannic Majesty (small gain to him from that adroitness in the Harz, last winter!) has to make front. And is strenuously doing so, by all methods; especially by heroic expenditure of money, and ditto exposure of his Martial Boy. Poor old Wade, last year,—perhaps Wade did suffer, as he alleged, from 'want of sufficient authority in that mixed Army'? Well, here is a Prince of the Blood, Royal Highness of Cumberland, to command in chief. With a Königseck to dry-nurse him, may not Royal Highness, luck favouring, do very well? Luck did not favour; Britannic Majesty, neither in the Netherlands over seas, nor at home (strange new domestic wool, of a tarry *Highland* nature, being thrown him to card, on the sudden!), made a good Campaign, but a bad. And again a bad (1746), and again (1747), ever again, till he pleased to cease altogether. Of which distressing objects we propose that the following one glimpse be our last.

## *Battle of Fontenoy* (11th May 1745)

* * 'In the end of April, Maréchal de Saxe, now become very famous for his sieges in the Netherlands, opened trenches before Tournay; King Louis, with his Dauphin, not to speak of mistresses, playactors and cookery apparatus (in wagons innumerable), hastens to be there. A fighting Army, say of 70,000, besides the garrisons; and great things, it is expected, will be done; Tournay, in spite of strong works and Dutch garrison of 9,000, to be taken in the first place.

'Of the Siege, which was difficult and ardent, we will remember nothing, except the mischance that befell a certain "Marquis de Talleyrand" and his men, in the trenches, one night. Night of 8th-9th May, by carelessness of somebody, a spark got into the Marquis's powder, two powder-barrels that there were; and, with horrible crash, sent eighty men, Marquis Talleyrand and Engineer Du Mazis among them, aloft into the other world; raining down their limbs into the covered-way, where the Dutch were very inhuman to them, and provoked us to retaliate.[1] Du Mazis I do not know; but Marquis de Talleyrand turns out, on study of the French Peerages, to be Uncle of a lame little Boy, who became

[1] Espagnac, ii. 27.

Right Reverend Talleyrand under singular conditions, and has made the name very current in after-times!—

'Hearing of this Siege, the Duke of Cumberland hastened over from England, with intent to raise the same. Mustered his "Allied Army" (once called "Pragmatic"),—self at the head of it; old Count Königseck, who was *not* burnt at Chotusitz, commanding the small Austrian quota' (Austrians mainly are gone laggarding with D'Ahremberg up the Rhine); 'and a Prince of Waldeck the Dutch,—on the plain of Anderlecht near Brussels, May 4th;[1] and found all things tolerably complete. Upon which, straightway, his Royal Highness, 60,000 strong let us say, set forth; by slowish marches, and a route somewhat leftward of the great Tournay Road' (no place on it, except perhaps *Steenkerke*, ever heard-of by an English reader); 'and on Sunday 9th May,[2] precisely on the morrow after poor Talleyrand had gone aloft, reached certain final Villages: Vezon, Maubray, where he encamps, Briffoeil to rear; Camp looking towards Tournay and the setting sun,—with Fontenoy short way ahead, and Antoine to left of it, and Barry with its Woods to right:—small peaceable Villages, which become famous in the Newspapers shortly after.* Royal Highness, resting here at Vezon, is but some six or seven miles from Tournay; in low undulating Country, woody here and there, not without threads of running water, and with frequent Villages and their adjuncts: the part of it now interesting to us lies all between the Brussels-Tournay Road and the Scheld River,—all in immediate front of his Royal Highness,—to south-eastward from beleaguered Tournay, where said Road and River intersect. How shall he make some impression on the Siege of Tournay? That is now the question; and his Royal Highness struggles to manœuvre accordingly.

'Maréchal de Saxe, whose habit is much that of vigilance, forethought, sagacious precaution, singular in so dissolute a man, has neglected nothing on this occasion. He knows every foot of the ground, having sieged here, in his boyhood, once before. Leaving the siege-trenches at Tournay, under charge of a ten or fifteen thousand, he has taken camp here; still with superior force (56,000 as they count, Royal Highness being only 50,000 ranked), barring Royal Highness's way. Tournay, or at least the Maréchal's trenches there, are on the right bank of the Scheld; which flows from south-east, securing all on that hand. The broad Brussels Highway comes in to him from the east;—north of that he has nothing to fear, the ground being cut with bogs; no getting through upon him, that way, to Tournay and what he calls the "Under Scheld." The "Upper Scheld" too, eastward of the Enemy, can, for

[1] Anonymous, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 190; Espagnac, ii. 26.
[2] Espagnac, ii. 27.
* Patch of Map at p. 99.

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reasons which he sees, avail them nothing. There is only that triangle to the south-east, between Road and River, where the Enemy is now manœuvring in front of him, from which damage can well come; and he has done his best to be secure there. Four villages or hamlets, close to the Scheld and onwards to the Great Road,—Antoine, Fontenoy, Barry, Ramecroix, with their lanes and boscages,—make a kind of circular base to his triangle; base of some six or eight miles; with hollows in it, brooks, and northward a considerable Wood' (*Bois de Barry*, enveloping Barry and Ramecroix, which do not prove of much interest to us, though the *Bois* does of a good deal). 'In and before each of those villages are posts and defences; in Antoine and Fontenoy elaborate redoubts, batteries, redans connecting: in the Wood (*Bois de Barry*), an abattis, or wall of felled trees, as well as cannon; and at the point of the Wood, well within double range of Fontenoy, is a Redoubt, called of Eu (*Redoute d'Eu*, from the regiment occupying it), which will much concern his Royal Highness and us. Saxe has a hundred pieces of cannon' (say the English, which is correct), 'consummately disposed along this space; no ingress possible anywhere, except through the cannon's throat; torrents of fire and cross-fire playing on you. He is armed to the teeth, as they say; and has his 56,000 arranged according to the best rules of tactics, behind this murderous line of works. If his Royal Highness think of breaking-in, he may count on a very warm reception indeed.

'Saxe is only afraid his Royal Highness will not. Outside of these lines, with a 50,000 dashing fiercely round us, under any kind of leading; pouncing on our convoys; harassing and sieging *us*,—our siege of Tournay were a sad outlook. And this is old Austrian Königseck's opinion, too; though, they say, Waldeck and the Dutch (impetuous in theory at least) opined otherwise, and strengthened Royal Highness's view. Two young men against one old: "Be it so, then!" His Royal Highness, resolute for getting in, manœuvres and investigates, all Monday 10th; his cannon is not to arrive completely till night; otherwise he would be for breaking-in at once: a fearless young man, fearless as ever his poor Father was; certainly a man *sans peur*, this one too; whether of much *avis* we shall see anon.

'Tuesday morning early, 11th May 1745, cannon being up, and dispositions made, his Royal Highness sallies out; sees his men taking their ground: Dutch and Austrians to the left, chiefly opposite Antoine; English, with some Hanoverians, in the centre and to the right; infantry in front, facing Fontenoy, cavalry to rear flanking the Wood of Barry,—Königseck, Ligonier and others able, assisting to plant them advantageously; cannon going, on both sides, the while; radiant enthusiasm, *sans peur et sans avis*, looking from his Royal Highness's face. He has been on horseback since two in the morning; cannon

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started thundering between five and six,—has killed chivalrous Grammont over yonder (the Grammont of Dettingen), almost at the first volley. And now, about the time when ploughers breakfast (8 A.M., no ploughing hereabouts today!), begins the attack, simultaneously or in swift succession, on the various batteries which it will be necessary to attack and storm.

'The attacks took place; but none of them succeeded. Dutch and Austrians, on the extreme left, were to have stormed Antoine by the edge of the River; that was their main task; right skirt of them to help *us* meanwhile with Fontenoy. And they advanced, accordingly; but found the shot from Antoine too fierce: especially when a subsidiary battery opened from across the River, and took them in flank, the Dutch and Austrians felt astonished; and hastily drew aside, under some sheltering mound or earthwork they had found for themselves, or prudently thrown-up the night before. There, under their earthwork, stood the Dutch and Austrians; patiently expecting a fitter time,—which indeed never occurred; for always, the instant they drew-out, the batteries from Antoine, and from across the River, instantly opened upon them, and they had to draw-in again. So that they stood there, in a manner, all day; and so to speak did nothing but patiently expect when it should be time to run. For which they were loudly censured, and deservedly. Antoine is and remains a total failure on the part of the Dutch and Austrians.

'Royal Highness in person, with his English, was to attack Fontenoy; —and is doing so, by battery and storm, at various points; with emphasis, though without result. As preliminary, at an early stage he had sent forward on the right, by the Wood of Barry, a Brigadier Ingoldsby "with Semple's Highlanders" and other force, to silence "that redoubt yonder at the point of the Wood,"—redoubt, fort, or whatever it be (famous *Redoute d'Eu*, as it turned out!),—which guards Fontenoy to north, and will take us in flank, nay, in rear, as we storm the cannon of the Village. Ingoldsby, speed imperative on him, pushed into the Wood; found French light-troops ("God knows how many of them!") prowling about there; found the Redoubt a terribly strong thing, with ditch, drawbridge, what not; spent thirty or forty of his Highlanders, in some frantic attempt on it by rule of thumb;—and found "He would need artillery" and other things. In short, Ingoldsby, hasten what he might, could not perfect the preparations to his mind, had to wait for this and for that; and did not storm the Redoubt d'Eu at all; but hung fire, in an unaccountable manner. For which he had to answer (to Court-Martial, still more to the Newspapers) afterwards; and prove that it was misfortune merely, or misfortune and stupidity combined. Too evident,

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the *Redoubte d'Eu* was not taken, then or thenceforth; which might have proved the saving of the whole affair, could Ingoldsby have managed it. Royal Highness attacked Fontenoy, and re-attacked, furiously, thrice over; and had to desist, and find Fontenoy impossible on those terms.

'Here is a piece of work. Repulsed at all those points; and on the left and on the right, no spirit visible but what deserves repulse! His Royal Highness blazes into resplendent *Platt-Deutsch* rage, what we may call spiritual white-heat, a man *sans peur* at any rate, and pretty much *sans avis*; decides that he must and will be through those lines, if it please God; that he will not be repulsed at his part of the attack, not he for one; but will plunge through, by what gap there is' (900 yards Voltaire measures it[1]) 'between Fontenoy and that Redoubt with its laggard Ingoldsby; and see what the French interior is like! He rallies rapidly, rearranges; forms himself in thin column or columns' (three of them, I think,—which gradually got crushed into one, as they advanced, under cannon-shot on both hands),—'wheeling his left round, to be rear, his right to be head of said column or columns. In column, the cannon-shot from Fontenoy on the left, and Redoubt d'Eu on our right, will tell less on us; and between these two death-dealing localities, by the hollowest, least shelterless way discoverable, we mean to penetrate: "Forward, my men, steady and swift, till we are through the shot-range, and find men to grapple with, instead of case-shot and projectile iron!" Maréchal de Saxe owned afterwards, "He should have put an additional redoubt in that place, but he did not think any Army would try such a thing" (cannon batteries playing on each hand at 400-yards distance);—nor has any Army since or before!

'These columns advance, however; through bushy hollows, watercourses, through what defiles or hollowest parts there are; endure the cannon-shot while they must; trailing their own heavy-guns by hand, and occasionally blasting out of them where the ground favours;—and do, with indignant patience, wind themselves through, pretty much beyond direct shot-range of either d'Eu or Fontenoy. And have actually got into the interior mystery of the French Line of Battle,—which is not a little astonished to see them there! It is over a kind of blunt ridge, or rising ground, that they are coming: on the crown of this rising ground, the French regiment fronting it (*Gardes Françaises* as it chanced to be), notices, with surprise, field-cannon pointed the wrong way; actual British artillery unaccountably showing itself there. Regiment of *Gardes* rushes-up to seize said field-pieces: but, on the summit, perceives with amazement that it cannot; that a heavy volley of musketry blazes into it (killing sixty men); that it will have to rush back again, and report

[1] *Œuvres*, xxviii. 150 (*Siècle de Louis Quinze*, c. xv. '*Bataille de Fontenoi*,' —elaborately exact on all such points).

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progress: Huge British force, of unknown extent, is readjusting itself into column there, and will be upon us on the instant. Here is news!

'News true enough. The head of the English column comes to sight, over the rising ground, close by: their officers doff their hats, politely saluting ours, who return the civility: was ever such politeness seen before? It is a fact; and among the memorablest of this Battle. Nay, a certain English Officer of mark,—Lord Charles Hay the name of him, valued surely in the annals of the Hay and Tweeddale House,—steps forward from the ranks, as if wishing something. Towards whom (says the accurate Espagnac) 'Marquis d'Auteroche, grenadier-lieutenant, with air of polite interrogation, not knowing what he meant, made a step or two: "Monsieur," said Lord Charles (*Lord Charles-hay*), "bid your people fire (*faites tirer vos gens*)!" "*Non, Monsieur, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers* (We never fire first)."[1] After *you*, Sirs! Is not this a bit of modern chivalry? A supreme politeness in that sniffing poco-curante kind; probably the highest point (or lowest) it ever went to. Which I have often thought of.'

It is almost pity to disturb an elegant Historical Passage of this kind, circulating round the world, in some glory, for a century past: but there has a small irrefragable Document come to me, which modifies it a good deal, and reduces matters to the business form. Lord Charles Hay, 'Lieutenant-Colonel,' practical Head, 'of the First Regiment of Foot-guards,' wrote, about three weeks after (or dictated in sad spelling, not himself able to write for wounds), a Letter to his Brother, of which here is an Excerpt at first hand, with only the spelling altered: * * * 'It was our Regiment that attacked the French Guards: and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them, I advanced before our Regiment; drank to them' (to the French, from the pocket-pistol one carries on such occasions), 'and told them that we were the English Guards, and hoped that they would stand till we came quite up to them, and not swim the Scheld as they did the Mayn at Dettingen' (shameful *third-bridge*, not of wood, though carpeted with blue cloth there)! 'Upon which I

[1] Espagnac, ii. 60 (of the *Original*, Toulouse, 1789); ii. 48 of the German Translation (Leipzig, 1774), our usual reference. Voltaire, endlessly informed upon details this time, is equally express: '*Milord Charles Hay, capitaine aux gardes anglaises, cria: "Messieurs des gardes françaises, tirez!"* To which Count d'Auteroche with a loud voice answered' etc. (*Œuvres*, vol. xxviii. p. 155.) See also *Souvenirs du Marquis de Valfons* (edited by a Grand-Nephew, Paris, 1860), p. 151;—a poor, considerably noisy and unclean little Book; which proves unexpectedly worth looking at, in regard to some of those poor Battles and personages and occurrences: the Bohemian Belleisle-Broglio part, to my regret, if to no other person's, has been omitted, as extinct, or undecipherable by the Grand-Nephew.

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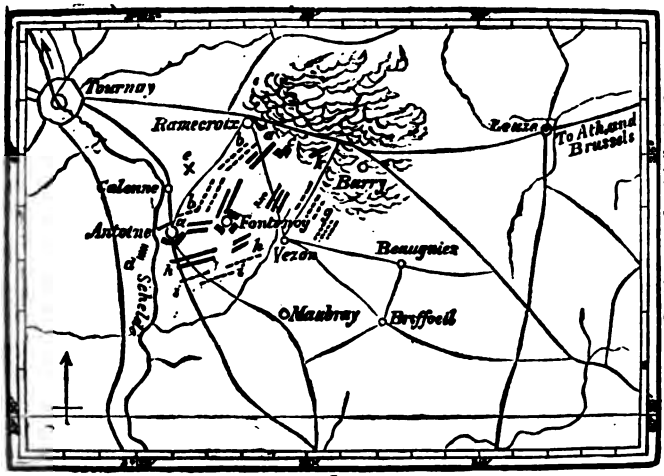
immediately turned about to our own Regiment; speeched them, and made them huzzah,'—I hope with a will. 'An Officer' (d'Auteroche) 'came out of the ranks, and tried to make his men huzzah; however, there were not above three or four in their Brigade that did.'[1] * *

Very poor counter-huzzah. And not the least whisper of that sublime 'After you, Sirs!' but rather, in confused form, of quite the reverse; Hay having been himself fired into ('fire had begun on my left'; Hay totally ignorant on which side first),—fired into, rather feebly, and wounded by those D'Auteroche people, while he was still advancing with




*a a.* French Infantry.
*b b.* French Horse.
*c.* Redoubt d'Eu.
*d.* Subsidiary French Battery, which takes the Dutch in flank.
*e.* Gallows-Hill, where King Louis and the Dauphin were.
*f.* English Foot.
*g.* English Horse.
*h h.* Dutch and Austrian Foot.
*i i.* Dutch and Austrian Horse.
*k.* Ingoldsby, starting (in vain) to attack Redoubt d'Eu.

shouldered arms;—upon which, and not till which, he did give it them: in liberal dose; and quite blew them off the ground, for that day. From all which, one has to infer, That the mutual salutation by hat was probably a fact; that, for certain, there was some slight preliminary talk and gesticulation, but in the Homeric style, by no means in the Espagnac-French,—not chivalrous epigram at all, mere rough banter, and what is

[1] 'Ath, May y^e 20th, O.S.' (to John, Fourth Marquis of Tweeddale, last 'Secretary of State for Scotland,' and a man of figure in his day): Letter is at Yester House, East Lothian; Excerpt *penes me.*

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called 'chaffing';—and, in short, that the French Mess-rooms (with their eloquent talent that way) had rounded-off the thing into the current epigrammatic redaction; the authentic business-form of it being ruggedly what is now given. Let our Manuscript proceed.

'D'Auteroche declining the first fire,'—or accepting it, if ever offered, nobody can say,—'the three Guards Regiments, Lord Charles's on the right, give it him hot and heavy, "tremendous rolling fire"; so that D'Auteroche, responding more or less, cannot stand it; but has at once to rustle into discontinuity, he and his, and roll rapidly out of the way. And the British Column advances, steadily, terribly, hurling-back all opposition from it; deeper and deeper into the interior mysteries of the French Host; blasting its way with gunpowder;—in a magnificent manner. A compact Column, slowly advancing,—apparently of some 16,000 foot. Pauses, readjusts itself a little, when not meddled with; when meddled with, has cannon, has rolling fire,—delivers from it, in fact, on both hands, such a torrent of deadly continuous fire as was rarely seen before or since. "*Feu infernal*," the French call it. The French make vehement resistance. Battalions, squadrons, regiment after regiment, charge madly on this terrible Column; but rush only on destruction thereby. Regiment This storms-in from the right, regiment That from the left; have their colonels shot, "lose the half of their people"; and hastily draw-back again, in a wrecked condition. The cavalry-horses cannot stand such smoke and blazing; nor indeed, I think, can the cavaliers. *Régiment du Roi* rushing-on, full gallop, to charge this Column, got one volley from it' (says Espagnac) 'which brought to the ground 460 men. Natural enough that horses take the bit between their teeth; likewise that men take it, and career very madly in such circumstances!

'The terrible Column with slow inflexibility advances; cannon (now in reversed position) from that Redoubt d'Eu ("Shame on you, Ingoldsby!"), and irregular musketry from Fontenoy side, playing upon it; defeated regiments making barriers of their dead men and firing there; Column always closing its gapped ranks, and girdled with insupportable fire. It ought to have taken Fontenoy and Redoubt d'Eu, say military men; it ought to have done several things! It has now cut the French fairly in two;—and Saxe, who is earnestly surveying it a hundred paces ahead, sends word, conjuring the King to retire instantly,—across the Scheld, by Calonne Bridge and the strong rear-guard there,—who, however, will not. King and Dauphin, on horseback both, have stood "at the Justice (*Gallows*, in fact) of our Lady of the Woods," not stirring much, occasionally shifting to a windmill which is still higher,—ye Heavens, with what intrepidity, all day!—"a good many country-folk in trees close behind them." Country-folk, I suppose, have by this

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time seen enough, and are copiously making off: but the King will not, though things do look dubious.

'In fact, the Battle hangs now upon a hair; the Battle is as good as lost, thinks Maréchal de Saxe. His battle-lines torn in two in that manner, hovering in ragged clouds over the field, what hope is there in the Battle? Fontenoy is firing blank, this some time; its cannon-balls done. Officers, in Antoine, are about withdrawing the artillery,—then again (on new order) replacing it a while. All are looking towards the Scheld Bridge; earnestly entreating his Majesty to withdraw. Had the Dutch, at this point of time, broken heartily in, as Waldeck was urging them to do, upon the redoubts of Antoine; or had his Royal Highness the Duke, for his own behoof, possessed due cavalry or artillery to act upon these ragged clouds, which hang broken there, very fit for being swept, were there an artillery-and-horse besom to do it,—in either of these cases the Battle was the Duke's. And a right fiery victory it would have been; to make his name famous; and confirm the English in their mad method of fighting, like Baresarks or Janizaries rather than strategic human creatures.[1]

'But neither of these contingencies had befallen. The Dutch-Austrian wing did evince some wish to get possession of Antoine; and drew-out a little; but the guns also awoke upon them; whereupon the Dutch-Austrians drew-in again, thinking the time not come. As for the Duke, he had taken with him of cannon a good few; but of horse none at all (impossible for horse, unless Fontenoy and the Redoubt d'Eu were ours!) —and his horse have been hanging about, in the Wood of Barry all this while, uncertain what to do; their old Commander being killed withal, and their new a dubitative person, and no orders left. The Duke had left no orders; having indeed broken-in here, in what we called a spiritual white-heat, without asking himself much what he would do when in: "Beat the French, knock them to powder, if I can!"—Meanwhile the French clouds are reassembling a little: Royal Highness too is readjusting himself, now got "300 yards ahead of Fontenoy,"—pauses there about half an hour, not seeing his way farther.

'During which pause, Duc de Richelieu, famous blackguard man, gallops-up to the Maréchal, gallops rapidly from Maréchal to King; suggesting, "Were cannon brought *ahead* of this close deep Column, might not they shear it into beautiful destruction; and then a general charge be made?" So counselled Richelieu: it is said, the Jacobite Irishman, Count Lally of the Irish Brigade, was prime author of this

[1] See, in Büsching's *Magasin*, xvi. 169 ('Your illustrious "Column," at Fontenoy? It was fortuitous, I say; done like janizaries;' and so forth), a Criticism worth reading by soldiers.

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notion,—a man of tragic notoriety in time coming.[1] Whoever was author of it, Maréchal de Saxe adopts it eagerly, King Louis eagerly: swift it becomes a fact. Universal rally, universal simultaneous charge on both flanks of the terrible Column: this it might resist, as it has done these two hours past; but cannon ahead, shearing gaps through it from end to end, this is what no column can resist;—and only perhaps one of Friedrich's columns (if even that) with Friedrich's eye upon it, could make its half-right-about (*quart de conversion*), turn its side to it, and manœuvre out of it, in such circumstances. The wrathful English Column, slit into ribbons, can do nothing at manœuvring; blazes and rages,—more and more clearly in vain; collapses by degrees, rolls into ribbon-coils, and winds itself out of the field. Not much chased,—its cavalry now seeing a job, and issuing from the Wood of Barry to cover the retreat. Not much chased;—yet with a loss, they say, in all, of 7,000 killed and wounded, and about 2,000 prisoners; French loss being under 5,000.

'The Dutch and Austrians had found that the fit time was now come, or taken time by the forelock,—their part of the loss, they said, was a thousand and odd hundreds. The Battle ended about two o'clock of the day; had begun about eight. Tuesday 11th May 1745: one of the hottest half-day's works I have known. A thing much to be meditated by the English mind.—King Louis stept down from the Gallows-Hill of Our Lady; and *kissed* Maréchal de Saxe. Saxe was nearly dead of dropsy; could not sit on horseback, except for minutes; was carried about in a wicker bed; has had a lead bullet in his mouth, all day, to mitigate the intolerable thirst. Tournay was soon taken; the Dutch garrison, though strong, and in a strong place, making no due debate.

'Royal Highness retired upon Ath and Brussels; hovered about, nothing daunted, he or his: "Dastard fellows, they would not come out into the open ground, and try us fairly!" snort indignantly the Gazetteers and enlightened Public.[2] Nothing daunted;—but, as it were, did not do anything farther, this Campaign; except lose Gand, by negligence *versus* vigilance, and eat his victuals,—till called home by the Rebellion Business, in an unexpected manner! Fontenoy was the nearest approach he ever made to getting victory in a battle; but a miss too, as they all were. He was nothing like so rash, on subsequent occasions; but had no better luck; and was beaten in all his battles,—except the immortal Victory of Culloden alone. Which latter indeed,

[1] 'Thomas Arthur Lally Comte de Tollendal,' patronymically 'O'Mu*lally* of *Tullindally*' (a place somewhere in Connaught, undiscoverable where, not material where): see our dropsical friend (in one of his wheeziest states), *King James's Irish Army-List* (Dublin, 1855), pp. 594-600.

[2] Old Newspapers.

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was it not itself (in the Gazetteer mind) a kind of apotheosis, or lifting of a man to the immortal gods,—by endless tar-barrels and beer, for the time being?

'Old Maréchal de Noailles was in this Battle; busy about the redans, and proud to see his Saxe do well. Chivalrous Grammont, too, as we saw, was there,—killed at the first discharge. Prince de Soubise too (not killed); a certain Lord George Sackville (hurt slightly,—perhaps had *better* have been killed!)—and others known to us, or that will be known. Army-Surgeon La Mettrie, of busy brain, expert with his tourniquets and scalpels, but of wildly blusterous heterodox tongue and ways, is thrice-busy in Hospital this night,—"English and French all one to you, nay, if anything, the English better!" those are the Royal orders:—La Mettrie will turn-up, in new capacity, still blusterous, at Berlin, by and by.

'The French made immense explosions of rejoicing over this Victory of Fontenoy; Voltaire (now a man well at Court) celebrating it in prose and verse, to an amazing degree (21,000 copies sold in one day); the whole Nation blazing-out over it into illuminations, arcs of triumph and universal three-times-three:—in short, I think, nearly the heartiest National Huzzah, loud, deep, long-drawn, that the Nation ever gave in like case. Now rather curious to consider, at this distance of time. Miraculous Anecdotes, true and not true, are many. Not to mention again that surprising offer of the first fire to us, what shall we say of the "two camp-suttlers whom I noticed," English females of the lowest degree; "one of whom was busy slitting the gold-lace from a dead Officer, when a cannon-ball came whistling, and shore her head away. Upon which, without sound uttered, her neighbour snatched the scissors, and deliberately proceeded."[1] A deliberate gloomy people;—unconquerable except by French prowess, glory to that same!'

Britannic Majesty is not successful this season; Highland Rebellions rising on him, and much going awry. He is founding his National Debt, poor Majesty; nothing else to speak of. His poor Army, fighting never so well in Foreign quarrels,—and generally itself standing the brunt, with the copartners looking-on till it is time to run (as at Roucoux again next season, and at Lauffeld next),—can win nothing but hard knocks and losses. And is defined by mankind,—

[1] De Hordt, *Mémoires*, i. 108. *A French Officer's Account* (translated in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745; where, pp. 246, 250, 291, 313, etc., are many confused details and speculations on this subject).

in phraseology which we have heard again since then!—as having 'the heart of a Lion and the head of an Ass.'[1] Portentous to contemplate!—

Cape Breton was besieged this Summer, in a creditable manner; and taken. The one real stroke done upon France this Year, or indeed (except at sea) throughout the War. 'Ruin to their Fisheries, and a clear loss of 1,400,000*l.* a year.' Compared with which all these fine 'Victories in Flanders' are a bottle of moonshine. This was actually a kind of stroke;—and this, one finds, was accomplished, under presidency of a small squadron of King's ships, by 'New-England Volunteers,' on funds raised by subscription, in the way of joint-stock. A shining Colonial feat; said to be very perfectly done, both scrip part of it, and fighting part;[2] —and might have yielded, what incalculable dividends in the Fishery way! But had to be given-up again, in exchange for the Netherlands, when Peace came. Alas, your Majesty! Would it be quite impossible, then, to go direct upon your own sole errand, the *Jenkins's-Ear* one; instead of stumbling about among the Foreign chimney-pots, far and wide, under nightmares, in this terrible manner?—Let us to Silesia again.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE AUSTRIAN-SAXON ARMY INVADES SILESIA, ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

VALORI, who is to be of Friedrich's Campaign this Year, came posting-off directly in rear of the glorious news of Fontenoy; found Friedrich at Camenz, rather in spirits than

[1] Old Pamphlets, *sæpius*.

[2] Adelung, v. 32-35 ('27th June 1745, after a siege of forty-nine days'): see 'Gibson, *Journal of the Siege*'; 'Mr. Prince (of the South Church, Boston), *Thanksgiving Sermon* (price fourpence);' etc. etc.: in the Old Newspapers, 1745, 1748, multifarious Notices about it, and then about the 'repayment' of those excellent 'joint-stock' people.

otherwise; and lodged pleasantly with Abbot Tobias and him, till the Campaign should begin. Two things surprise Valori: first, the great strength, impregnable as it were, to which Neisse has been brought since he saw it last,—superlative condition of that Fortress, and of the Army itself, as it gathers daily more and more about Frankenstein here:—and then secondly, and contrariwise, the strangely neglected posture of mountainous or Upper Silesia, given-up to Pandours. Quite submerged, in a manner: Margraf Karl lies quiet among them at Jägerndorf, 'eating his magazine'; General Hautcharmoi (Winterfeld's late chief in that Würben affair), with his small Detachment, still hovers about in those Ratibor parts, 'with the Strong Towns to fall-back upon,' or has in effect fallen back accordingly; and nothing done to coerce the Pandours at all. While Prince Karl and Weissenfels are daily coming-on, in force 100,000, their intention certain; force, say, about 100,000 regular! Very singular to Valori.

'Sire, will not you dispute the Passes, then?' asks Valori, amazed: 'Not defend your Mountain rampart, then?' '*Mon cher*, the Mountain rampart is three or four hundred miles long; there are twelve or twenty practicable roads through it. One is kept in darkness, too; endless Pandour doggery shutting-out your daylight:—ill defending such a rampart,' answers Friedrich. 'But how, then,' persists Valori; 'but—?' 'One day the King answered me,' says Valori, '*Mon ami*, if you want to get the mouse, don't shut the trap; leave the trap open (*on laisse la souricière ouverte*)!' Which was a beam of light to the inquiring thought of Valori, a military man of some intelligence.[1]

That, in fact, is Friedrich's purpose privately formed. He means that the Austrians shall consider him cowed into nothing, as he understands they already do; that they shall enter Silesia, in the notion of chasing him; and shall, if need be, have the pleasure of chasing him,—till perhaps a right

[1] See *Valori*, i. 222, 224, 228.

moment arrive. For he is full of silent finesse, this young King; soon sees into his man, and can lead him strange dances on occasion. In no man is there a plentifuler vein of cunning, nor of a finer kind. Lynx-eyed perspicacity, inexhaustible contrivance, prompt ingenuity,—a man very dangerous to play with at games of skill. And it is cunning regulated always by a noble sense of honour, too; instinctively abhorrent of attorneyism and the swindler element; a cunning, sharp as the vulpine, yet always strictly human, which is rather beautiful to see. This is one of Friedrich's marked endowments. Intellect sun-clear, wholly practical (need not be specially deep), and entirely loyal to the fact before it; this,—if you add rapidity and energy, prompt weight of stroke, such as was seldom met with,—will render a man very dangerous to his adversary in the game of war.—Here is the last of our Pandour Adventures for the present:

'From May 12th, Friedrich had been gathering closer and closer about Frankenstein; by the end of the month (28th, as it proved) he intends that all Detachments shall be home, and the Army take Camp there. The most are home; Margraf Karl, at Jägerndorf, has not yet done eating his magazine; but he too must come home. Summon the Margraf home:—it is not doubted he will cut himself through, he and his 12,000; but such is the swarm of Pandours hovering between him and us, no estafette, or cleverest letter-bearer, can hope to get across to him. Ziethen with 500 Hussars, he must take the letter; there is no other way. Ziethen mounts; fares swiftly forth, towards Neustadt, with his Letter; lodges in woods; dodges the thick-crowding Tolpatcheries (passes himself off for a Tolpatchery say some, and captures Hungarian Staff-Officers who come to give him orders [1]); is at length found-out, and furiously set-upon, "Ziethen, Hah!"—but gets to Jägerndorf, Margraf Karl coming out to the rescue, and delivers his Letter. "Home, then, all of us tomorrow!" And so, Saturday 22d May, before we get to Neustadt on the way home, there is an authentic passage of arms, done very brilliantly by Margraf Karl against Pandours and others.

'To right of us, to left, barring our road, the enemy, 20,000 of them, stand ranked on heights, in chosen positions; cannon-batteries,

[1] Frau von Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen*, pp. 171-81 (extremely romantic; now given-up as mythical, for most part): see Orlich (ii. 150); but also Ranke (iii. 245), Preuss, etc.

22d May 1745]
grenadiers, dragoons of Gotha and infinite Pandours: military jungle bristling far and wide. And you must push it heartily, and likewise cut the tap-root of it (seize its big guns), or it will not roll away. Margraf Karl shoots-forth his steady infantry ("Silent till you see the whites of their eyes!"),—his cavalry with new manœuvres; whose behaviour is worthy of Ziethen himself:—in brief, the jungle is struck as by a whirlwind, the tap-root of it cut, and rolls simultaneously out of range, leaving only the Regiment of Gotha, Regiment of Ogilvy and some Regulars, who also get torn to shreds, and utterly ruined. Seeing which, the Pandour jungle plunges wholly into the woods, uttering horrible cries (*en poussant des cris terribles*), says Friedrich.[1] Our new cavalry-manœuvres deserve praise. Margraf Karl had the honour to gain his Cousin's approbation this day; and to prove himself, says the Cousin, "worthy of the grandfather he came from,"—my own great-grandfather; Great Elector, Friedrich-Wilhelm; whose style of motion at Fehrbellin, or on the ice of the Frische Haf (soldiers all in sledges, tearing along to be at the Swedes), was probably somewhat of this kind.' * *

'Some days ago, Winterfeld had been pushed-out to Landshut, with Detachment of 2,000, to judge a little for himself which way the Austrians were coming, and to scare-off certain Uhlans (the *Saxon* species of Tolpatchery), who were threatening to be mischievous thereabouts. The Uhlans, at sound of Winterfeld, jingled away at once: but, in a day or two, there came upon him, on the sudden, Pandour outburst in quite other force;—and in the very hours while Ziethen was struggling into Jägerndorf, and still more emphatically next day, while Margraf Karl was handling his Pandours,—Colonel Winterfeld, a hundred miles to westward lapped among the Mountains, chanced to be dealing again with the same article. Very busy with it, from 4 o'clock this morning; likely to give a good account of the job. Steadily defending Landshut and himself, against the grenadier battalions, cannon and furious overplus of Pandours (8,000 or 9,000, it is said, six to one or so in the article of cavalry), which General Nadasti, a scientific leader of men or Pandours, skilfully and furiously hurls upon Landshut and him, in an unexpected manner. Colonel Winterfeld had need of all his heart and energy, in the intricate ground; against the furious overplus well manœuvred: but in him too there are manœuvres; if he fall-back here, it is to rush-on double strong there; hour after hour he inexpugnably defends himself,—till General Stille, Friedrich's old Tutor, our worthy writing friend, whom we occasionally quote, comes-up with help; and

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 106. More specially *Bericht von der am 22 Mai 1745 bey Neustadt in Ober-Schlesien vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 159-166).

[28th May 1745

Nadasti is at once brushed home again, with sore smart of failure, and "the loss of 600 killed," among other items.[1] Colonel Winterfeld was made Major-General next day, for this action. Colonel Winterfeld is cutting-out a high course for himself, by his conduct in these employments; solidity, brilliant effectuality, shining through all he does; his valour and value, his rapid just insight, fiery energy and nobleness of mind more and more disclosing themselves,—to one who is a judge of men, and greatly needs for his own use the first-rate quality in that article.'

Friedrich has left the mousetrap open;—and latterly has been baiting it with a pleasant spicing of toasted cheese. One of his Spies, reporting from Prince Karl's quarters, Friedrich has at this time discovered to be a Double-Spy, reporting thither as well. Double-Spy, there is an ugly fact; —perhaps not quite convenient to abolish it by hemp and gibbet; perhaps it could be turned to use, as most facts can? 'Very good, my expert Herr von Schönfeld' (that was the knave's name): 'and now of all things, whenever the Prince does get across,—instant word to us of that! Nothing so important to us. If he should get *between* us and Breslau, for example, what would the consequence be!' To this purport Friedrich instructs his Double-Spy; sends him off, unhanged, to Prince Karl's Camp, to blab this fresh bit of knowledge. 'We likewise,' says Friedrich, 'ordered some repairs on the roads leading to Breslau;'—last turn of the hand to our bit of toasted fragrancy. And Prince Karl is actually striding forward, at an eager pace:—and Nadasti *versus* Winterfeld, the other day, could Winterfeld have guessed it, was the actual vanguard of the march; and will be up again straightway! Whereupon Winterfeld too is called home; and all eyes are bent on the Landshut side.

Prince Karl, under these fine omens, had been urgent on the Saxons to be swift; Saxons under Weissenfels did at last

[1] *Bericht von der am 21 Mai 1745 bey Landshut vorgefallenen Action*, in *Feldzüge*, i. 302-305 (or in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 155-158); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 105; Stille, pp. 120-124 (who misdates, '23d May' for 22d).

1st June 1745]
'get their cannon up,' and we hear of them for certain, in junction with the Austrians, at Schatzlar, on the Bohemian side of the Giant-Mountains; climbing with diligence those wizard solitudes and highland wastes. In a word, they roll across into Silesia, to Landshut (29th May); nothing doubting but Friedrich has cowered into what retreats he has, as good as desperate of Silesia, and will probably be first heard of in Breslau, when they get thither with their sieging guns. No cautious sagacious old Feldmarschall Traun is in that Host at present; nothing but a Prince Karl, and a poor Duke of Weissenfels; who are too certain of several things;—very capable of certainty, and also of doubt, the wrong way of the facts. Their force is, by strict count, 75,000; and they march from Landshut, detained a little by provender concerns, on the last day of May.[1]

May 28th, Friedrich had encamped at Frankenstein; May 30th, he sets forth north-westward, to be nearer the new scene; encamps at Reichenbach, that night; pushes forward again, next day, for Schweidnitz, for Striegau (in all, a shift north-west of some forty miles);—and from June 1st, lies stretched-out between Schweidnitz and Striegau, nine miles long; well hidden in the hollows of the little Rivers thereabouts (Schweidnitz Water, Striegau Water), with their little knolls and hills; watching Prince Karl's probable place of egress from the Mountain Country opposite. His main Camp is from Schweidnitz to Jauernik,* some five miles long; but he has his vanguard up as far as Striegau, Dumoulin and Winterfeld as vanguard, in good strength, a little way behind or westward of that Town and Stream; Nassau and his Division are screened in the Wood called Nonnenbusch (*Nun's Bush*), and there are outposts sprinkled all about, and vedettes watching from the hill-tops, from the Stanowitz Foxhill; the Zedlitz 'Cowhill,' 'Winehill': an Army not courting observation, but intent very much to observe. Nadasti has

[1] Orlich, ii. 146; Ranke, iii. 247; Stenzel, iv. 245.

* See Map, p. 156.

[3d June 1745
appeared again; at Freyburg, few miles off, on this side of the Mountains; goes out scouting, reconnoitring; but is 'fired at from the growing corn,' and otherwise hoodwinked by false symptoms, and makes little of that business. Friedrich's Army we will compute at 70,000.[1] Not quite equal in number to Prince Karl's; and, in other particulars, willing and longing that Prince Karl would arrive, and try its quality.

Friedrich's headquarter is at Jauernik: he goes daily riding hither, thither; to the top of the Fuchsberg (*Foxhill* at Stanowitz) with eager spyglass; daily many times looks with his spyglass to the ragged peaks about Bolkenhayn, Kauder, Rohnstock; expecting the throw of the dice from that part. On Thursday 3d June: Do you notice that cloud of dust rising among the peaks over yonder? Dust-cloud mounting higher and higher. There comes the big crisis, then! There are the combined Weissenfels and Karl with their Austrian Saxons, issuing proudly from their stone labyrinth; guns, equipments, baggages, all perfectly brought through; rich Silesian plain country now fairly at their feet, Breslau itself but a few marches off:—at sight of all which, the Austrian big host bursts-forth into universal field-music, and shakes-out its banners to the wind. Thursday 3d June 1745; a dramatic Entry of something quite considerable on the Stage of History.

Friedrich, with Nassau and generals round, stands upon the Fuchsberg,—his remarks not given, his looks or emotions not described to us, his thought well known,—and looks at it through his *tubus* (or spyglass): There they are, then, and the big moment is come! Friedrich had seen the dust and the manœuvring of them, deeper in the Hills, from this same Fuchsberg yesterday, and inferred what was coming; calculated by what roads or hill-tracks they could issue: and how he, in each case, was to deal with them; his march-routes

[1] General-Lieutenant Freiherr Leo von Lützow, *Die Schlacht von Hohenfriedberg* (Potsdam, 1845), pp. 18, 21.

3d June 1745]
are all settled, plank-bridges repaired, all privately is ready for these proud Austrian musical gentlemen, here in the hollow. Friedrich has been upon this Fuchsberg with his *tubus* daily, many times since Monday last: it is our general observatorium, says Stille, and commands a fine view into the interior of these Hills. A Fuchsberg which has become notable in the Prussian maps: 'the Stanowitz Fuchsberg,' east side of Striegau Water,—let no tourist mistake himself; for there are two or even three other Fuchsbergs, a mile or so northward on the western side of that Stream, which need to be distinguished by epithets, as the Striegau Fuchsberg, the Gräben Fuchsberg, and perhaps still others: comparable to the *four* Neisse rivers, three besides the one we know, which occur in this piece of Country! Our German cousins, I have often sorrowed to find, have practically a most poor talent for *giving names*; and indeed much, for ages back, is lying in a sad state of confusion among them. Many confused things, rotting far and wide, in contradiction to the plainest laws of Nature; things as well as names! All the welcomer this Prussian Army, this young Friedrich leading it; they, beyond all earthly entities of their epoch, are not in a state of confusion, but of most strict conformity to the laws of Arithmetic and facts of Nature: perhaps a very blessed phenomenon for Germany in the long-run.

Prince Karl with Weissenfels, General Berlichingen and many plumed dignitaries, are dining on the Hill-top near Hohenfriedberg: after having given order about everything, they witness there, over their wine, the issue of their Columns from the Mountains; which goes on all afternoon, with field-music, spread banners; and the oldest General admits he never saw a finer review-manœuvre, or one better done, if so well. Thus sit they on the Hill-top (*Galgenberg*, not far from the gallows of the place, says Friedrich), in the beautiful June afternoon, Silesia lying beautifully azure at their feet; the Zoptenberg, enchanted Mountain, blue and high on one's

[3d June 1745
eastern horizon; Prussians noticeable only in weak hussar parties four or five miles off, which vanish in the hollow grounds again. All intending for Breslau, they, it is like;—and here, red wine and the excellent manœuvre going on. 'The Austrian-and-Saxon Army streamed-out all afternoon,' says a Country Schoolmaster of those parts, whose Daybook has been preserved,[1] 'each regiment or division taking the place appointed it;. all afternoon, till late in the night, submerging the Country as in a deluge,' five miles long of them; taking post at the foot of the Hills there, from Hohenfriedberg round upon Striegau, looking towards the morrow's sunrise. To us poor country-folk not a beautiful sight; their light troops flying ahead, and doing theft and other mischief at a sad rate.

On the other hand, the Austrian and Saxon gentlemen, from their Gallows-Hill at Hohenfriedberg, notice, four or five miles in the distance, opposite them, or a little to the left of opposite, a Body of Prussian horse and foot, visibly wending northward; like a long glittering serpent, the glitter of their muskets flashing back yonder on the afternoon sun and us, as they mount from hollow to height. Ten or twelve thousand of them; making for Striegau, to appearance. Intending to bivouac or billet there, and keep some kind of watch over us; belike with an eye to being rear-guard, on the retreat towards Breslau tomorrow? Or will they retreat without attempting mischief? Serenity of Weissenfels engages to seize the heights and proper posts, over yonder, this night yet; and will take Striegau itself, the first thing, tomorrow morning.

Yes, your Serenities, those are Prussians in movement: Vanguard Corps of Dumoulin, Winterfeld;—Rittmeister Seydlitz rides yonder:—and it is not their notion to retreat without mischief. For there stands, not so far off, on the Stanowitz Fuchsberg, a brisk little Gentleman, if you could notice him; with his eyes fixed on you, and plans in the head

[1] In Lützow, pp. 123-132.

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of him now getting nearly mature. For certain, he is pushing-out that column of men; and all manner of other columns are getting order to push-out, and take their ground; and tomorrow morning,—you will not find him in retreat! Such are the phenomena in that Striegau-Hohenfriedberg region, while the sun is bending westward, on Thursday 3d June 1745.

'From Hohenfriedberg, which leans against the higher Mountains, there may be, across to Striegau north-east, which stands well apart from them, among lower Hills of its own, a distance of about five English miles. The intervening country is of flat, though upland nature: the first broad stage, or *stair-step*, so to speak, leading down into the general interior levels of Silesia in those parts. A tract which is now tolerably dried by draining, but was then marshy as well as bushy:—flat to the eye, yet must be imperceptibly convexed a little, for the line of watershed is hereabouts: walk from Hohenfriedberg to Striegau, the water on your left hand flows, though mainly in ditches or imperceptible oozings, to the north and west,—there to fall into an eastern fork of the Roaring Neisse' (one of our three new Neisses, which is a very quiet stream here; runs close by the Mountain base, fed by many torrents, and must get its name, *Wüthende* or Roaring, from the suddenness of its floods): 'into this, bound northward and westward, run or ooze all waters on your left hand, as you go to Striegau. Right hand, again, or to eastward, you will find all sauntering, or running in visible brooks into Striegau Water' (little River notable to us), 'which comes circling from the Mountains, past Hohenfriedberg, farther south; and has got to some force as a stream before it reaches Striegau, and turns abruptly eastward;—eastward, to join Schweidnitz Water, and form with it the *second* stair-step downwards to the Plain Country. Has its Fuchsbergs, Kuhbergs and little knolls and heights interspersed, on both sides of it, in the conceivable way.

'So that, looking eastward from the heights of Hohenfriedberg, our broad stage or stair-step has nothing of the nature of a valley, but rather is a kind of insensibly-swelling plain between two valleys, or hollows, of small depth; and slopes both ways. Both ways; but *more* towards the Striegau-Water valley or hollow; and thence, in a lazily-undulating manner, to other hollows and waters farther down. Friedrich's Camp lies in the next, the Schweidnitz-Water hollow; and is five, or even nine miles long, from Schweidnitz northward;—much hidden from the Austrian-Saxon gentlemen at present. No hills farther, mere flat country, to eastward of that. But to the north, again, about Striegau,

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the hollow deepens, narrows; and certain Hills,' much notable at present, 'rise to west of Striegau, definite peaked Hills, with granite quarries in them and basalt blocks atop:—Striegau, it appears, is, in old Czech dialect, *Trziza*, which means *Triple Hill*, the "Town of the Three Hills."[1] An ancient quaint little Town, of perhaps 2,000 souls: brown-gray, the stones of it venerably weathered; has its wide big market-place, piazza, plain-stones, silent enough except on market-days: nestles itself compactly in the shelter of its Three Hills, which screen it from the north-west; and has a picturesque appearance, its Hills and it, projected against the big Mountain range beyond, as you approach it from the Plain Country.

'Hohenfriedberg, at the other corner of our battle-stage, on the road to Landshut, is a Village of no great compass; but sticks pleasantly together, does not straggle in the usual way; climbs steep against its Gallows-Hill (now called "*Siegesberg*, Victory Hill," with some tower or steeple-monument on it, built by subscription);—and would look better, if trimmed a little and habitually well swept. The higher Mountain summits, Landshut way, or still more if you look south-eastward, Glatz-ward, rise blue and huge, remote on your right; to left, the Roaring-Neisse range close at hand, is also picturesque, though less Alpine in type.'[2] * * And of all Hills, the notablest, just now to us, are those "Three" at Striegau.

Those Three Hills of Striegau his Serenity of Weissenfels is to lay hold-of, this night, with his extreme left, were it once got deployed and bivouacked. Those Hills, if he can: but Prussian Dumoulin is already on march thither; and privately has his eye upon them, on Friedrich's part!—For the rest, this upland platform, insensibly sloping two ways, and as yet undrained, is of scraggy boggy nature in many places; much of it damp ground, or sheer morass; better parts of it covered, at this season, with rank June grass, or greener luxuriance of oats and barley. A humble peaceable scene; peaceable till this afternoon; dotted, too, with six or seven poor Hamlets, with scraggy woods, where they have their fuel; most sleepy littery ploughman Hamlets, sometimes with a *Schloss* or Mansion for the owner of the soil (who has absconded in the present crisis of things), their evening smoke rising rather fainter than usual; much cookery is not advis-

[1] Lützow, p. 28.

[2] Tourist's Note (1858).

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able with Uhlans and Tolpatches flying about. Northward between Striegau and the higher Mountains there is an extensive *Teichwirthschaft*, or 'Pond-Husbandry' (gleaming visible from Hohenfriedberg Gallows-Hill just now); a combination of stagnant pools and carp-ponds, the ground much occupied hereabouts with what they name Carp-Husbandry. Which is all drained away in our time, yet traceable by the studious:—quaggy congeries of sluices and fish-ponds, no road through them except on intricate dams; have scrubby thickets about the border;—this also is very strong ground, if Weissenfels thought of defence there.

Which Weissenfels does not, but only of attack. He occupies the ground nevertheless, rearward of this Carp-Husbandry, as becomes a strategic man; gradually bivouacking all round there, to end on the Three Hills, were his last regiments got up. The Carp-Husbandry is mainly about Eisdorf Hamlet: *—in Pilgramshayn, where Weissenfels once thought of lodging, lives our Writing Schoolmaster. The Mountains lie to westward; flinging longer shadows, as the invasive troops continually deploy, in that beautiful manner; and coil themselves strategically on the ground, a bent rope, cordon, or line (*three* lines in depth), reaching from the front skirts of Hohenfriedberg to the Hills at Striegau again,—terrible to behold.

In front of Hohenfriedberg, we say, is the extremity or right wing of the Austrian-Saxon bivouac, or will be when the process is complete; five miles to north-east, sweeping round upon Striegau region, will be their left, where mainly are the Saxons,—to nestle upon those Three Hills of Striegau: whitherward, however, Dumoulin, on Friedrich's behalf, is already on march. Austrian-Saxon bivouac, as is the way in regulated hosts, can at once become Austrian-Saxon order-of-battle: and then, probably, on the Chord of that Arc of five miles, the big Fight will roll tomorrow; Striegau one end of it, Hohenfriedberg the other. Flattish, somewhat elliptic

* See Map, p. 156.

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upland, stairstep from the Mountains, as we called it; tract considerably cut with ditches, carp-husbandries, and their tufts of wood; line from Striegau to Hohenfriedberg being axis or main diameter of it, and in general the line of watershed: there, probably, will the tug of war be. Friedrich, on his Fuchsberg, knows this; the Austrian-Saxon gentlemen, over their wine on the Gallows-Hill, do not yet know it, but will know.

It was about four in the afternoon, when Valori, with a companion, waiting a good while in the King's Tent at Jauernik, at last saw his Majesty return from the Fuchsberg observatory. Valori and friend have great news: 'Tournay fallen; siege done, your Majesty!' Valori's friend is one De Latour; who had brought word of Fontenoy ('important victory on the Scamander,' as Friedrich indignantly defined it to himself); and was bid wait here till this Siege-of-Tournay consummation ('as helpful to me as the Siege of Pekin!') should supervene. They hasten to salute his Majesty with the glorious tidings. Hmph! thinks Friedrich; and we are at death-grips here, little to be helped by your taking Pekin! However, he lets wit of nothing. 'I make my compliments; mean to fight tomorrow.'[1] Valori, as old soldier and friend, volunteers to be there and assist:—Good.

Friedrich, I presume, at this late hour of four, may be snatching a morsel of dinner; his orderlies are silently speeding, plans taken, orders given: To start all, at eight in the evening, for the Bridge of Striegau; there to cross, and spread to the right and to the left. Silent, not a word spoken, not a pipe lighted: silently across the Striegau Water there. A march of three miles for the nearest, who are here at Jauernik; of nine miles for the farthest about Schweidnitz; at Schweidnitz leave all your baggage, safe under the guns there. To the Bridge of Striegau, diligently, silently march along; Bridge of Striegau, there cross Striegau Water, and

[1] Valori, i. 228.

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deploy to right and to left, in the way each of you knows. These are Friedrich's orders.

Late in the dusk, Dumoulin and Winterfeld, whom we saw silently on march some hours ago, have silently glided past Striegau, and got into the Three-Hill region, which is some furlong or so farther north:—to his surprise, Dumoulin finds Saxon parties posting themselves thereabouts. He attacks said Saxon parties; and after some slight tussle, drives them mostly from their Three Hills; mostly, not altogether; one Saxon Hill is precipitous on our hither side of it, and we must leave that till the dawn break. Of the other Heights Dumoulin takes good possession, with cannon too, to be ready against dawn;—and ranks himself out to leftward withal, along the plain ground; for he is to be right wing, had the other troops come up. These are now all under way; astir from Jauernik and Schweidnitz, silently streaming along; and Dumoulin bivouacks here,—very silent he: not so silent the Saxons; who are still marching-in, over yonder, to westward of Dumoulin, their rearguard groping-out its posts as it best can in the dark. Elsewhere, miles and miles along the foot of the Mountains, Austrian-Saxon watchfires flame through the ambrosial night; and it is an impressive sight for Dumoulin,—still more for the poor Schoolmaster at Pilgramshayn and others, less concerned than Dumoulin. 'It was beautiful,' says Stille, who was there, 'to see how the plain about Rohnstock, and all over that way, was ablaze with thousands of watchfires (*tausend und aber tausend*); by the light of these, we could clearly perceive the enemy's troops continually defile from the Hills the whole night through.'[1]

Serenity of Weissenfels, after all, does not lodge at Pilgramshayn; far in the night, he goes to sleep at Rohnstock, a Schloss and Hamlet on that fork of Roaring Neisse, by the foot of the Mountains; three or four miles off, yet handy enough for picking-up Striegau the first thing tomorrow. His Highness Prince Karl lies in Hausdorf, tolerable quarters,

[1] Cited in Seyfarth, i. 630.

pretty much in the centre of his long bivouac; day's business well done, and bottle (as one's wont rather is) well enjoyed. Nadasti has been out scouting; but was pricked-into by hussar parties, fired-into from the growing corn; and could make out little, but the image of his own ideas. Nadasti's ultimate report is, That the Prussians are perfectly quiet in their camp; from Jauernik to Schweidnitz, watchfires all alight, sentries going their rounds. And so they are, in fact; sentries and watchfires,—but now nothing else there, a mere shell of a camp; the men of it streaming steadily along, without speech, without tobacco; and many of them are across Striegau Bridge by this time!—

It was past eleven, so close and continuous went this march, before Valori and his Latour, with their carriages and furnitures, could find an interval, and get well into it. Never will Valori forget the discipline of these Prussians, and how they marched. Difficult ways; the hard road is for their artillery; the men march on each side, sometimes to mid-leg in water,—never mind. Wholly in order, wholly silent; Valori followed them three leagues close, and there was not one straggler. Every private man, much more every officer, knows well what grim errand they are on; and they make no remarks. Steady as Time; and, except that their shoes are not of felt, silent as he. The Austrian watchfires glow silent manifold to leftward yonder; silent overhead are the stars:—the path of all duty, too, is silent (not about Striegau alone) for every well-drilled man. Tomorrow;—well, tomorrow?

A grimmish feeling against the Saxons is understood to be prevalent among these men. Brühl, Weissenfels himself, have been reported talking high,—'Reduce our King to the size of an Elector again,' and other foolish things;—indeed, grudges have been accumulating for some time. '*Kein Pardon* (No quarter)!' we hear has been a word among the Saxons, as they came along; the Prussians growl to one another, 'Very well then, None!' Nay, Friedrich's general order is, 'No

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prisoners, you cavalry, in the heat of fight; cavalry, strike at the faces of them: you infantry, keep your fire till within fifty steps; bayonet withal is to be relied on.' These were Friedrich's last general orders, given in the hollow of the night, near the foot of that Fuchsberg where he had been so busy all day; a widish plain space hereabouts, Striegau Bridge now near: he had lain some time in his cloak, waiting till the chief generals, with the heads of their columns, could rendezvous here. He then sprang on horseback; spoke briefly the essential things (one of them the above);—'Had meant to be more minute, in regard to positions and the like; but all is so in darkness, embroiled by the flare of the Austrian watchfires, we can make nothing farther of localities at present: Striegau for right wing, left wing opposite to Hohenfriedberg,—so, and Striegau Water well to rear of us. Be diligent, exact, all faculties awake: your own sense, and the Order of Battle which you know, must do the rest. Forward; steady· can I doubt but you will acquit yourselves like Prussian men?' And so they march, across the Bridge at Striegau, south outskirt of the Town,—plank Bridge, I am afraid;—and pour themselves, to right and to left, continually the livelong night.

To describe the Battle which ensued, Battle named of Striegau or Hohenfriedberg, excels the power of human talent,—if human talent had leisure for such employment. It is the huge shock and clash of 70,000 against 70,000, placed in the way we said. An enormous furious *simultas* (or 'both-at-once,' as the Latins phrase it), spreading over ten square miles. Rather say, a wide congeries of electric simultaneities; all *electric*, playing madly into one another; most loud, most mad: the aspect of which is smoky, thunderous, abstruse; the true *sequences* of which, who shall unravel? There are five accounts of it, all modestly written, each true-looking from its own place: and a thrice-diligent Prussian Officer, stationed on the spot in late years, has striven well to

harmonise them all.[1] Well worth the study of military men; —who might make tours towards this and the other great battlefield, and read such things, were they wise. For us, a feature or two, in the huge general explosion, to assist the reader's fancy in conceiving it a little, is all that can be pretended to.

## CHAPTER X

### BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG

With the first streak of dawn, the dispute renewed itself between those Prussians and Saxons who are on the Heights of Striegau. The two Armies are in contact here; they lie wide apart as yet at the other end. Cannonading rises here, on both sides, in the dim gray of the morning, for the possession of these Heights. The Saxons are out-cannonaded and dislodged, other Saxons start to arms in support; the cry 'To arms!' spreads everywhere, rouses Weissenfels to horseback; and by sunrise a furious storm of battle has begun, in this part. Hot and fierce on both sides; charges of horse, shock after shock, bayonet-charges of foot; the great guns going like Jove's thunder, and the continuous tearing storm of small guns, very loud indeed: such a noise, as our poor Schoolmaster, who lives on this spot, thinks he will hear only once again, when the Last Trumpet sounds! It did, indeed, he informs us, resemble the dissolution of Nature: 'For all fell dark too'; a general element of sulphurous powder-smoke, streaked with dull blazes; and death and destruction

[1] Five Accounts: 1°. The Prussian Official Account, in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1098-1102. 2°. The Saxon, *ibid.* 1103-1108. 3°. The Austrian, *ibid.* 1109-1115. 4°. Stille's (ii. 125-133, of English Translation). 5°. Friedrich's own, *Œuvres*, iii. 108-118. Lützow, above cited, is the harmoniser. Besides which, two of value, in *Feldzüge*, i. 310-323, 328-336; not to mention Cogniazzo, *Confessions of an Austrian Veteran* (Breslau, 1788-1791: strictly Anonymous at that time, and candid, or almost more, to Prussian merit;—still worth reading, here and throughout), ii. 123-135; etc. etc.

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very nigh. What will become of poor pacific mortals hereabouts? Rittmeister Seydlitz, Winterfeld his patron, ride, with knit brows, in these horse-charges; fiery Rothenburg too; Truchsess von Waldburg, at the head of his Division, —poor Truchsess known in London society, a cannon-ball smites the life out of him, and he ended here.

At the first clash of horse and foot, the Saxons fancied they rather had it; at the second, their horse became distressed; at the third, they rolled into disorderly heaps. The foot also, stubborn as they were, could not stand that swift firing, followed by the bayonet and the sabre; and were forced to give ground. The morning sun shone into their eyes, too, they say; and there had risen a breath of easterly wind, which hurled the smoke upon them, so that they could not see. Decidedly staggering backwards; getting to be taken in flank and ruined, though poor Weissenfels does his best. About five in the morning, Friedrich came galloping hitherward; Valori with him: '*Mon ami*, this is looking well! This will do, won't it?' The Saxons are fast sinking in the scale; and did nothing thenceforth but sink ever faster; though they made a stiff defence, fierce exasperation on both sides; and disputed every inch. Their position, in these scraggy Woods and Villages, in these Morasses and Carp-Husbandries, is very strong.

It had proved to be farther north, too, than was expected; so that the Prussians had to wheel round a little (right wing as a centre, fighting army as radius) before they could come parallel, and get to work: a delicate manœuvre, which they executed to Valori's admiration, here in the storm of battle; tramp, tramp, velocity increasing from your centre outwards, till at the end of the radius, the troops are at treble-quick, fairly running forward, and the line straight all the while. Admirable to Valori, in the hot whirlwind of battle here. For the great guns go, in horrid salvoes, unabated, and the crackling thunder of the small guns; 'terrible tusseling about those Carp-ponds, that quaggy Carp-husbandry,' says

the Schoolmaster, 'and the Heavens blotted-out in sulphurous fire-streaked smoke. What had become of us pacific? Some had run in time, and they were the wisest; others had squatted, who could find a nook suitable. Most of us had gathered into the Nursery-garden at the foot of our Village; we sat quaking there,—our prayers grown tremulously vocal;—in tears and wail, at least the women part. Enemies made reconcilement with each other,' says he, 'and dear friends took farewell.'[1] One general Alleleu; the Last Day, to all appearance, having come. Friedrich, seeing things in this good posture, gallops to the left again, where much urgently requires attention from him.

On the Austrian side, Prince Karl, through his morning sleep at Hausdorf, had heard the cannonading: 'Saxons taking Striegau!' thinks he; a pleasant lullaby enough; and continues to sleep and dream. Agitated messengers rush-in, at last; draw his curtains: 'Prussians all in rank, this side Striegau Water; Saxons beaten, or nearly so, at Striegau: we must stand to arms, your Highness!'—'To arms, of course,' answers Karl; and hurries now, what he can, to get everything in motion. The bivouac itself had been in order of battle; but naturally there is much to adjust, to put in trim; and the Austrians are not distinguished for celerity of movement. All the worse for them just now.

On Friedrich's side, so far as I can gather, there have happened two cross accidents. First, by that wheeling movement, done to Valori's admiration in the Striegau quarter, the Prussian line has hitched itself up towards Striegau, has got curved inward, and covers less ground than was counted on; so that there is like to be some gap in the central part of it;—as in fact there was, in spite of Friedrich's efforts, and hitchings of battalions and squadrons: an indisputable gap, though it turned to rich profit for Friedrich; Prince Karl paying no attention to it. Upon such indisputable gap a wake-

[1] His Narrative, in Lutzow, *ubi suprà*.

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ful enemy might have done Friedrich some perilous freak; but Karl was in his bed, as we say;—in a terrible flurry, too, when out of bed. Nothing was done upon the gap; and Friedrich had his unexpected profit by it before long.

The second accident is almost worse. Striegau Bridge (of planks, as I feared), creaking under such a heavy stream of feet and wheels all night, did at last break, in some degree, and needed to be mended; so that the rearward regiments, who are to form Friedrich's left wing, are in painful retard; —and are becoming frightfully necessary, the Austrians as yet far outflanking us, capable of taking us in flank with that right wing of theirs! The moment was agitating to a General-in-chief: Valori will own this young King's bearing was perfect; not the least flurry, though under such a strain. He has aides-de-camp, dashing-out everywhither with orders, with expedients; Prince Henri, his younger Brother, galloping the fastest; nay, at last, he begs Valori himself to gallop, with orders to a certain General Gessler, in whose Brigade are Dragoons. Which Valori does,—happily without effect on Gessler; who knows no Valori for an aide-de-camp, and keeps the ground appointed him; rearward of that gap we talked of.

Happily the Austrian right wing is in no haste to charge. Happily Ziethen, blocked by that incumbrance of the Bridge mending, 'finds a ford higher up,' the assiduous Ziethen; splashes across, other regiments following; forms in line well leftward; and instead of waiting for the Austrian charge, charges home upon them, fiercely through the difficult grounds. No danger of the Austrians outflanking us now; they are themselves likely to get hard measure on their flank. By the ford and by the Bridge, all regiments, some of them at treble-quick, get to their posts still in time. Accident second has passed without damage. Forward, then; rapid, steady; and reserve your fire till within fifty paces! —Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (Friedrich's Brother-in-law, a bright-eyed steady young man, of great heart for fight)

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tramps forth with his Division:—steady!—all manner of Divisions tramp forth; and the hot storm, Ziethen and cavalry dashing upon that right wing of theirs, kindles here also far and wide.

The Austrian cavalry on this wing and elsewhere, it is clear, were ill off. 'We could not charge the Prussian left wing, say they, partly because of the morasses that lay between us; *and* partly' (which is remarkable) 'because they rushed across and charged us.'[1] Prince Karl is sorry to report such things of his cavalry; but their behaviour was bad and not good. The first shock threw them wavering; the second,—nothing would persuade them to dash-forth and meet it. High officers commanded, obtested, drew-out pistols, Prince Karl himself shot a fugitive or two,—it was to no purpose; they wavered worse at every new shock; and at length a shock came (sixth it was, as the reporter counts) which shook them all into the wind. Decidedly shy of the Prussians with their new manœuvres, and terrible way of coming-on, as if sure of beating. In the Saxon quarter, certain Austrian regiments of horse would not charge at all; merely kept firing from their carbines, and when the time came ran.

As for the Saxons, they have been beaten these two hours; that is to say, hopeless these two hours, and getting beaten worse and worse. The Saxons cannot stand, but neither generally will they run; they dispute every ditch, morass and tuft of wood, especially every village. Wrecks of the muddy desperate business last, hour after hour. 'I gave my men a little rest under the garden walls,' says one Saxon gentleman, 'or they would have died, in the heat and thirst and extreme fatigue: I would have given 100 gulden' (10*l.* sterling) 'for a glass of water.'[2] The Prussians push them on, bayonet in back; inexorable, not to be resisted; slit-off whole battalions of them (prisoners now, and quarter given);

[1] Austrian report, *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1113.
[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ubi suprà.

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take all their guns, or all that are not sunk in the quagmires;—in fine, drive them, part into the Mountains direct, part by circuit thither, down upon the rear of the Austrian fight: through Hausdorf, Seifersdorf and other Mountain gorges, where we hear no more of them, and shall say no more of them. A sore stroke for poor old Weissenfels; the last public one he has to take, in this world, for the poor man died before long. Nobody's blame, he says; every Saxon man did well; only some Austrian horse-regiments, that we had among us, were too shy. Adieu to poor old Weissenfels. Luck of war, what else,—thereby is he in this pass.

And now new Prussian force, its Saxons being well abolished, is pressing down upon Prince Karl's naked left flank. Yes;—Prince Karl too will have to go. His cavalry is, for most part, shaken into ragged clouds; infantry, steady enough men, cannot stand everything. 'I have observed,' says Friedrich, 'if you step sharply up to an Austrian battalion' (within fifty paces or so), 'and pour-in your fire well, in about a quarter of an hour you see the ranks beginning to shake, and jumble towards indistinctness';[1] a very hopeful symptom to you!

It was at this moment that Lieutenant-General Gessler, under whom is the Dragoon regiment Baireuth, who had kept his place in spite of Valori's message, determined on a thing,—advised to it by General Schmettau (younger Schmettau), who was near. Gessler, as we saw, stood in the rear line, behind that gap (most likely one of several gaps, or wide spaces, left too wide, as we explained); Gessler, noticing the jumbly condition of those Austrian battalions, heaped now one upon another in this part,—motions to the Prussian Infantry to make what farther room is needful; then dashes through, in two columns (self and the Dragoon-Colonel heading the one, French Chasot, who is Lieutenant-Colonel, heading the other), sabre in hand, with extraordinary impetus

[1] *Military Instructions.*

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and fire, into the belly of these jumbly Austrians; and slashes them to rags, 'twenty battalions of them,' in an altogether unexampled manner. Takes 'several thousand prisoners,' and such a haul of standards, kettledrums and insignia of honour, as was never got before at one charge. Sixty-seven standards by the tale, for the regiment (by most All-Gracious Permission) wears, ever after, '67' upon its cartridge-box, and is allowed to beat the grenadier march;[1] —how many kettledrums memory does not say.

Prince Karl beats retreat, about 8 in the morning; is through Hohenfriedberg about 10 (cannon covering there, and Nadasti as rearguard): back into the Mountains; a thoroughly well-beaten man. Towards Bolkenhayn, the Saxons and he; their heavy artillery and baggage had been left safe there. Not much pursued, and gradually rearranging himself; with thoughts,—no want of thoughts! Came pouring-down, triumphantly invasive, yesterday; returns, on these terms, in about fifteen hours. Not marching with displayed banners and field-music, this time; this is a far other march. The mousetrap had been left open, and we rashly went in!—Prince Karl's loss, including that of the Saxons (which is almost equal, though their number in the field was but *half*), is 9,000 dead and wounded, 7,000 prisoners, 66 cannon, 73 flags and standards; the Prussian is about 5,000 dead and wounded.[2] Friedrich, at sight of Valori, embraces his *gros Valori*; says, with a pious emotion in voice and look, 'My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day!' Actually there was a kind of devout feeling visible in him, thinks Valori: 'A singular mixture, this Prince, of good qualities and of bad; I never know which preponderates.'[3] As is the way with fat Valoris, when they come into such company.

Friedrich is blamed by some military men, and perhaps

[1] Orlich, ii. 179 (173 *n.*, 179 *n.*, slightly wrong); *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 9, iv. 465, 468. See Preuss, i. 212; *Œuvres de Frédéric*; etc. etc.

[2] In Orlich (ii. 182) all the details.

[3] Valori, *sæpius.*

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himself thought it questionable, that he did not pursue Prince Karl more sharply. He says his troops could not; they were worn-out with the night's marching and the day's fighting. He himself may well be worn-out. I suppose, for the last four-and-twenty hours he, of all the contemporary sons of Adam, has probably been the busiest. Let us rest this day; rest till tomorrow morning, and be thankful. 'So decisive a defeat,' writes he to his Mother (hastily, misdating '6th' June for 4th), 'has not been since Blenheim'[1] (which is tolerably true); and 'I have made the Princes sign their names,' to give the good Mother assurance of her children in these perils of war. Seldom has such a deliverance come to a man.

## CHAPTER XI

### CAMP OF CHLUM: FRIEDRICH CANNOT ACHIEVE PEACE

FRIEDRICH marched, on the morrow, likewise to Bolkenhayn; which the enemy have just left; our hussars hanging on their rear, and bickering with Nadasti. Then again, on the morrow, Sunday,—'twelve hours of continuous rain,' writes Valori; but there is no down-pour, or distress, or disturbance that will shake these men from their ranks, writes Valori. And so it goes on, march after march, the Austrians ahead, Dumoulin and our hussars infesting their rear, which skilfully defended itself: through Landshut down into Bohemia; where are new successive marches, the Prussian quarterstaff stuck-into the back of defeated Austria, 'Home with you; farther home!'—and shogging it on,—without pause, for about a fortnight to come. And then only with temporary pause; that is to say, with intricate manœuvrings of a month long, which shove it to Königsgrätz, its ultimatum, beyond which there is no getting it. The stages and successive campings,

[1] Letter in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 71.

to be found punctually in the old Books and new, can interest only military readers. Here is a small theological thing at Landshut, from first hand:

*June 8th*, 1745. 'The Army followed Dumoulin's Corps, and marched upon Landshut. On arriving in that neighbourhood, the King was surrounded by a troop of 2,000 Peasants,'—of Protestant persuasion very evidently! (which is much the prevailing thereabouts),—'who begged permission of him "to massacre the Catholics of these parts, and clear the country of them altogether." This animosity arose from the persecutions which the Protestants had suffered during the Austrian domination, when their churches used to be taken from them and given to the Popish priests,'—churches and almost their children, such was the anxiety to make them orthodox. The patience of these peasants had run-over; and now, in the hour of hope, they proposed the above sweeping measure. 'The King was very far from granting them so barbarous a permission. He told them, "They ought rather to conform to the Scripture precept, to bless those that cursed them, and pray for those that despitefully used them; such was the way to gain the Kingdom of Heaven." The peasants,' rolling dubious eyes for a moment, 'answered, His Majesty was right; and desisted from their cruel pretension.'[1] * *—'On Hohenfriedberg Day,' says another Witness, 'as far as the sound of the cannon was heard, all round, the Protestants fell on their knees, praying for victory to the Prussians';[2] and at Breslau that evening, when the 'Thirteen trumpeting Postillions' came tearing-in with the news, what an enthusiasm without limit!

Prince Karl has skill in choosing camps and positions: his Austrians are much cowed; that is the grievous loss in his late fight. So, from June 8th, when they quit Silesia,—by two roads to go more readily,—all through that month and the next, Friedrich spread to the due width, duly pricking-into the rear of them, drives the beaten hosts onward and onward. They do not think of fighting; their one thought is to get into positions where they can have living conveyed to them, and cannot be attacked; for the former of which objects, the farther homewards they go, it is the better. The main pursuit, as I gather, goes leftward from Landshut, by Friedland,—the Silesian Friedland, once Wallenstein's.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 218.

[2] In Ranke, iii. 259.

18th June-20th July 1745]

Through rough wild country, the southern slope of the Giant Mountains, goes that slow pursuit, or the main stream of it, where Friedrich in person is; intricate savage regions, cut by precipitous rocks and soaking quagmires, shaggy with woods: watershed between the Upper Elbe and Middle Oder; Glatz on our left,—with the rain of its mountains gathering to a Neisse River, eastward, which we know; and on their west or hither side, to a Mietau, Adler, Aupa and other many-branched feeders of the Elbe. Most complex military ground, the manœuvrings on it endless,—which must be left to the reader's fancy here.

About the end of June, Karl and his Austrians find a place suitable to their objects: Königsgrätz, a compact little Town, in the nook between the Elbe and Adler; covered to west and to south by these two streams; strong enough to east withal; and sure and convenient to the southern roads and victual. Against which Friedrich's manœuvres avail nothing; so that he at last (20th July) crosses Elbe River; takes, he likewise, an inexpugnable Camp on the opposite shore, at a Village called Chlum; and lies there, making a mutual dead-lock of it, for six weeks or more. Of the prior Camps, with their abundance of strategic shufflings, wheelings, pushings, all issuing in this of Chlum, we say nothing: none of them, — except the immediately preceding one, called of Nahorzan, called also of Drewitz (for it was in parts a shifting entity, and flung the *limbs* of it about, strategically clutching at Königsgrätz),—had any permanency: let us take Chlum (the longest, and essentially the last in those parts) as the general summary of them, and alone rememberable by us.[1]

[1] 'Camp of Gross-Parzitz' (across the Mietau, to dislodge Prince Karl from his shelter behind that stream), 'June 14th': 'Camp of Nahorzan, June 18th' (and abstruse manœuvrings, of a month, for Königsgrätz): '20th July,' cross Elbe for Chlum; and lie, yourself also inexpugnable, there. See *Œuvres de Frédéric* (iii. 120 *et seq.*); especially see Orlich (ii. pp. 193, 194, 203, etc. etc.), —with an amplitude of inorganic details, sufficient to astonish the robustest memory!

Friedrich's purposes, at Chlum or previously, are not towards conquests in Bohemia, nor of fighting farther, if he can help it. But, in the mean while, he is eating-out these Bohemian vicinages; no invasion of Silesia possible from that quarter soon again. That is one benefit: and he hopes always his enemies, under screw of military pressure with the one hand, and offer of the olive-branch with the other, will be induced to grant him Peace. Britannic Majesty, after Fontenoy and Hohenfriedberg, not to mention the first rumours of a Jacobite Rebellion, with France to rear of it, is getting eager to have Friedrich settled with, and withdrawn from the game again;—the rather, as Friedrich, knowing his man, has ceased latterly to urge him on the subject. Peace with George the Purseholder, does not that mean Peace with all the others? Friedrich knows the high Queen's indignation; but he little guesses, at this time, the humour of Brühl and the Polish Majesty. He has never yet sent the Old Dessauer in upon them; always only keeps him on the slip, at Magdeburg; still hoping actualities may not be needed. He hopes too, in spite of her indignation, the Hungarian Majesty, with an Election on hand, with the Netherlands at such a pass, not to speak of Italy and the Middle Rhine, will come to moderate views again. On which latter points, his reckoning was far from correct! Within three months, Britannic Majesty and he did get to explicit Agreement (*Convention of Hanover*, 26th August): but in regard to the Polish Majesty and the Hungarian there proved to be no such result attainable, and quite other methods necessary first!

'Of military transactions in this Camp of Chlum, or in all these Bohemian-Silesian Camps, for near four months, there is nothing, or as good as nothing: Chlum has no events; Chlum vigilantly guards itself; and expects, as the really decisive to it, events that will happen far away. We are to conceive this military business as a dead-lock; attended with hussar skirmishes; attacks, defences, of outposts, of provision-wagons from Moravia or Silesia:—Friedrich has his food from Silesia chiefly, by several routes, "convoys come once in the five days." His horse-provender he forages; with Tolpatches watching him, and continual

[June-Aug. 1745]
scufflings of fight: "for hay and glory," writes one Prussian Officer, "I assure you we fight well!" Endless enterprising, manœuvring, counter-manœuvring there at first was; and still is, if either party stir: but here, in their mutually fixed camps, tacit mutual observances establish themselves; and amid the rigorous armed vigilances, there are traits of human neighbourship. As usual in such cases. The guard-parties do not fire on one another, within certain limits: a signal that there are dead to bury, or the like, is strictly respected. On one such occasion it was (June 30th, Camp-of-Nahorzan time) that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick,—Prince Ferdinand, with a young Brother Albert volunteering and learning his business here, who are both Prussian,—had a snatch of interview with a third much-loved Brother, Ludwig, who is in the Austrian service. A Prussian Officer, venturing beyond the limits, had been shot; Ferdinand's message, "Grant us burial of him!" found, by chance, Brother Ludwig in command of that Austrian outpost; who answers: "Surely;—and beg that I may embrace my Brothers!" And they rode out, those three, to the space intermediate; talked there for half an hour, till the burial was done.[1] Fancy such an interview between the poor young fellows, the soul of honour each, and tied in that manner!

'Trenck of the Life-guard was not quite the soul of honour. It was in the Nahorzan time too that Trenck, who had, in spite of express order to the contrary, been writing to his Cousin the indigo Pandour, was put under arrest when found out. "Wrote merely about horses: purchase of horses, so help me God!" protests the blusterous Life-guardsman, loud as lungs will,—whether with truth in them, nobody can say. "Arrest for breaking orders!" answers Friedrich, doubting or disbelieving the horses; and loud Trenck is packed over the Hills to Glatz; to Governor Fouquet, or Substitute;—where, by *not* submitting and repenting, by resisting and rebelling, and ever again doing it, he makes out for himself, with Fouquet and his other Governors, what kind of life we know! "*Gardez étroitement ce drôle-là, il a voulu devenir Pandour auprès de son oncle* (Keep a tight hold of this fine fellow; he wanted to become Pandour beside his Uncle)!" writes Friedrich:—"Uncle" instead of "Cousin," all one to Friedrich. This he writes with his own hand, on the margin: 28th June 1745; the inexorable Records fix that date.[2] Which I should not mention, except for another inexorable date (30th September), that is coming; and the perceptible slight comfort there will be in fixing-down a loud-blustering, extensively fabulous blockhead, still fit for the Nurseries, to one undeniable premeditated lie,

[1] Mauvillon, *Geschichte Ferdinands von Braunschweig-Lüneburg*, i. 118.
[2] Rödenbeck, iii. 281. Copy of the Warrant, once *penes me*.

and tar-marking him therewith, for benefit of more serious readers.' As shall be done, were the 30th of September come!

Here is still something,—if it be not rather nothing, by a great hand! Date uncertain, Camp-of-Chlum time, pretty far on: * * 'There are continual foragings, on both sides; with parties mutually dashing-out to hinder the same. The Prussians have a detached post at Smirzitz; which is much harassed by Hungarians lurking about, shooting our sentry and the like. An inventive head contrives this expedient. Stuff a Prussian uniform with straw; fix it up, by aid of ropes and check-strings, to stand with musket shouldered, and even to glide about to right and left, on judicious pulling. So it is done: straw man is made; set upon his ropes, when the Tolpatches approach; and pensively saunters to and fro,—his living comrades crouching in the bushes near by. Tolpatches fire on the walking straw sentry; straw sentry falls flat; Tolpatches rush-in, esurient, triumphant; are exploded in a sharp blast of musketry from the bushes all round, every wounded man made prisoner;—and come no more back to that post.' Friedrich himself records this little fact: 'slight pleasantry to relieve the reader's mind,' says he, in narrating it.'—Enough of those small matters, while so many large are waiting.[1]

June 26th, a month before Chlum, General Nassau had been detached, with some 8 or 10,000, across Glatz Country, into Upper Silesia, to sweep that clear again. Hautcharmoi, quitting the Frontier Towns, has joined, raising him to 15,000; and Nassau is giving excellent account of the multitudinous Pandour doggeries there; and will retake Kosel, and have Upper Silesia swept before very long.[2] On the other hand, the Election matter (*Kaiserwahl*, a most important point) is obviously in threatening, or even in desperate state! That famed Middle-Rhine Army has gone to the—what shall we say?

*July 5th-19th, Middle-Rhine Country.* 'The first Election-news that reaches Friedrich is from the Middle-Rhine Country, and of very bad complexion. Readers remember Traun, and his Bathyanis, and his intentions upon Conti there. In the end of May, old Traun, things being all completed in Bavaria, had got on march with his Bavarian

[1] *Œuvres*, iii. 123.

[2] Kosel, 'September 5th': Excellent, lucid and even entertaining Account of Nassau's Expedition, in the form of *Diary* (a model, of its kind), in *Feldzüge*, iv. 257-371-532.

19th July 1745]

Army, say 40,000, to look-into Prince Conti down in those parts; a fact very interesting to the Prince. Traun held leftward, westward, as if for the Neckar Valley,—"Perhaps intending to be through upon Elsass, in those southern undefended portions of the Rhine?" Conti, and his Ségur, and Middle-Rhine Army stood diligently on their guard; got their forces, defences, apparatuses, hurried southward, from Frankfurt quarter where they lay on watch, into those Neckar regions. Which seen to be done, Traun whirled rapidly to rightward, to northward; crossed the Mayn at Wertheim, wholly leaving the Neckar and its Conti; having weighty business quite in the other direction,—on the north side of the Mayn, namely; on the Kinzig River, where Bathyani (who has taken D'Ahremberg's command below Frankfurt, and means to bestir himself in another than the D'Ahremberg fashion) is to meet him on a set day. Traun having thus, by strategic suction, pulled the Middle-Rhine Army out of his and Bathyani's way, hopes they two will manage a junction on the Kinzig; after junction they will be a little stronger than Conti, though decidedly weaker taken one by one. Traun, in the long June days, had such a march, through the Spessart Forest (Mayn River to his left, with our old friends Dettingen, Aschaffenburg, far down in the plain), as was hardly ever known before: pathless wildernesses, rocky steeps and chasms, the sweltering June sun sending-down the upper snows upon him in the form of muddy slush; so that "the infantry had to wade haunch deep in many of the hollow parts, and nearly all the cavalry lost its horse-shoes." A strenuous march; and a well-schemed. For at the Kinzig River (Conti still far off in the Neckar country), Bathyani punctually appeared, on the opposite shore; and Traun and he took camp together; July 5th, at Langen-Selbord (few miles north of Hanau, which we know);—and rest there; calculating that Conti is now a manageable quantity;—and comfortably wait till the Grand-Duke arrives.[1] For this is, theoretically, *his* Army; Grand-Duke Franz being the Commander's Cloak, this season; as Karl was last,—a right lucky Cloak he, while Traun lurked under him, not so lucky since! July 13th, Franz arrived; and Traun, under Franz, instantly went-into Conti (now again in those Frankfurt parts); clutched at Conti, Briareus-like, in a multiform alarming manner: so that Conti lost head; took to mere retreating, rushing about, burning bridges;—and in fine, July 19th, had flung himself bodily across the Rhine (clouds of Tolpatches sticking to him), and left old Traun and his Grand-Duke supreme lord in those parts. Who did *not* invade Elsass, as was now expected; but lay at Heidelberg, intending to play pacifically a surer card. All French are out of Teutschland again; and the game given up. In what a premature and shameful manner! thinks Friedrich.

[1] Adelung, iv. 421; v. 36.

'Nominally it was the Grand-Duke that flung Conti over the Rhine; and delivered Teutschland from its plagues. After which fine feat, salvatory to the Cause of Liberty, and destructive to French influence, what is to prevent his election to the Kaisership? Friedrich complains aloud: "Conti has given it up; you drafted 15,000 from him (for imaginary uses in the Netherlands),—you have given it up, then! Was that our bargain?" "We have given it up," answers D'Argenson the War-Minister, writing to Valori; "but"—And supplies, instead of performance according to the laws of fact, eloquent logic; very superfluous to Friedrich and the said laws!—Valori, and the French Minister at Dresden, had again been trying to stir-up the Polish Majesty to stand for Kaiser; but of course that enterprise, eager as the Polish Majesty might be for such a dignity, had now to collapse, and become totally helpless. A new offer of Friedrich's to coöperate had been refused by Brühl, with a brevity, a decisiveness—"Thinks me finished (*aux abois*)," says Friedrich; "and not worth giving terms to, on surrendering!" The foolish little creature; insolent in the wrong quarter!'[1]

The German Burden, then,—which surely was mutual, at lowest, and lately was French altogether,—the French have thrown it off; the French have dropped their end of the *bearing-poles* (so to speak), and left Friedrich by himself, to stand or stagger, under the beweltered broken harness-gear and intolerable weight! That is one's payment for cutting the rope from their neck last year!—Long since, while the present Campaign was being prepared for, under such financial pressures, Friedrich had bethought him, 'The French might at least give me money, if they can nothing else?'—and he had one day penned a Letter with that object; but had thrown it into his desk again, 'No; not till the very last extremity, that!' Friedrich did at last despatch the unpleasant missive: 'Service done you in Elsass, let us say little of it; but the repayment has been zero hitherto: your Bavarian expenses (poor Kaiser gone, and Peace of Füssen come!) are now ended:—A round sum, say of 600,000*l.*, is becoming indispensable here, if we are to keep on our feet at all!' Herr Ranke, who has seen the Most Christian King's response (though in a capricious way), finds

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 128.

'three or four successive redactions' of the difficult passage; all painfully meaning, 'Impossible, alas!'—painfully adding, 'We will try, however!' And, after due cunctations, Friedrich waiting silent the while,—Louis, Most Christian King, who had failed in so many things towards Friedrich, does empower Valori To offer him a subsidy of 500,000 livres a month, till we see farther. Twenty thousand pounds a month; he hopes this will suffice, being himself run terribly low. Friedrich's feeling is to be guessed: Such a dole might answer to a Landgraf of Hessen-Darmstadt; but to me is not in the least suitable';—and flatly refuses it; *fièrement*, says Valori.[1]

*Mon gros Valori*, who could not himself help all this, poor soul, 'falls now into complete disgrace'; waits daily upon Friedrich at the giving-out of the parole, 'but frequently his Majesty does not speak to me at all.' Hardly looks at me, or only looks as if I had suddenly become Zero Incarnate. It is now in these days, I suppose, that Friedrich writes about the 'Scamander Battle' (of Fontenoy), and 'Capture of Pekin,' by way of helping one to fight the Austrians according to Treaty. And has a touch of bitter sarcasm in uttering his complaints against such treatment,—the heart of him, I suppose, bitter enough. Most Christian King has felt this of the Scamander, Friedrich perceives; Louis's next letter testifies pique;—and of course we are farther from help, on that side, than ever. 'From the *Stände* of the Kur-Mark' (Brandenburg) 'Friedrich was offered a considerable subsidy instead; and joyfully accepted the same, "as a loan":'—paid it punctually back, too; and never, all his days, forgot it of those *Stände*.[2]

*Camp of Dieskau: Britannic Majesty makes Peace, for himself, with Friedrich; but cannot for Austria or Saxony*

About the middle of August, there are certain Saxon

[1] Ranke, iii. 235, 299 *n.* (not the least of *date* allowed us in either case); Valori, i. 240.

[2] Stenzel, iv. 255; Ranke, etc.

phenomena which awaken dread expectation in the world. Friedrich, watching, Argus-like, near and far, in his Chlum observatory, has noticed that Prince Karl is getting reinforced in Königsgrätz; 10,000 lately, 7,000 more coming;—and contrariwise that the Saxons seem to be straggling-off from him; ebbing away, corps after corps,—towards Saxony, can it be? There are whispers of 'Bavarian auxiliaries' being hired for them, too. And little Brühl's late insolence; Brühl's evident belief that 'we are finished (*aux abois*)'? Putting all this together, Friedrich judges,—with an indignation very natural,—that there is again some insidious Saxon mischief, most likely an attack on Brandenburg, in the wind. Friedrich orders the Old Dessauer, 'March into them, delay no longer!' and publishes a clangorously indignant Manifesto (evidently his own writing, and coming from the heart):[1] 'How they have, *not* bound by their Austrian Treaty, wantonly invaded our Silesia; have, since and before, in spite of our forbearance, done so many things:—and, in fact, have finally exhausted our patience; and are forcing us to seek redress and safety by the natural methods,' which they will see how they like!—

Old Leopold advances straightway, as bidden, direct for the Saxon frontier. To whom Friedrich shoots-off detachments,—Prince Dietrich, with so many thousands, to reinforce Papa; then General Gessler with so many,—till Papa is 30,000 odd; and could eat Saxony at a mouthful; nothing whatever being yet ready there on Brühl's part, though he has such immense things in the wind!—Nevertheless Friedrich again paused; did not yet strike. The Saxon question has Russian bugbears, no end of complications. His Britannic Majesty, now at Hanover, and his prudent Harrington with him, are in the act of labouring, with all earnestness, for a general Agreement with Friedrich. Without farther bitterness, embroilment and bloodshed: how much preferable for Friedrich! Old Dessauer, therefore, pauses: 'Camp of Dieskau,' which

[1] In Adelung, v. 64-71 (no date; 'middle of August,' say the Books).

2d Aug. 1745]
we have often heard of, close on the Saxon Border; stands there, looking over, as with sword drawn, 30,000 good swords, —but no stroke, not for almost three months more. In three months, wretched Brühl had not repented; but, on the contrary, had completed his preparations, and gone to work; —and the stroke did fall, as will be seen. That is Brühl's posture in the matter.[1]

To Britannic George, for a good while past, it has been manifest that the Pragmatic Sanction, in its original form, is an extinct object; that reconquest of Silesia, and suchlike, is melancholy moonshine; and that, in fact, towards fighting the French with effect, it is highly necessary to make peace with Friedrich of Prussia again. This once more is George's and his Harrington's fixed view. Friedrich's own wishes are known, or used to be, ever since the late Kaiser's death,— though latterly he has fallen silent, and even avoids the topic when offered (knowing his man)! Harrington has to apply formally to Friedrich's Minister at Hanover. 'Very well, if they are in earnest this time,' so Friedrich instructs his Minister: 'My terms are known to you; no change admissible in the terms;—do not speak with me on it farther: and, observe, within four weeks, the thing finished, or else broken-off!'[2] And in this sense they are labouring incessantly, with Austria, with Saxony,—without the least success;—and Excellency Robinson has again a panting uncomfortable time. Here is a scene Robinson transacts at Vienna, which gives us a curious face-to-face glimpse of her Hungarian Majesty, while Friedrich is in his Camp at Chlum.

### *Schönbrunn, 2d August* 1745, *Robinson has Audience of her Hungarian Majesty*

Robinson, in a copious sonorous speech (rather apt to be copious, and to fall into the Parliamentary *canto-fermo*), sets forth how extremely ill we Allies are faring on the French hand; nothing done upon Silesia either; a hopeless matter that,—is it not, your Majesty? And your

[1] Ranke, iii. 231, 314.

[2] *Ibid.* iii. 277, 281.

[2d Aug. 1745

Majesty's forces all lying there, in mere dead-lock; and we in such need of them! "Peace with Prussia is indispensable."—To which her Majesty listened, in statuesque silence mostly; 'never saw her so reserved before, my Lord.' * *

*Robinson.* * * "Madam, the Dutch will be obliged to accept Neutrality" (and plump-down again, after such hoisting)!

*Queen.* 'Well, and if they did, they? "It would be easier to accommodate with France itself, and so finish the whole matter, than with Prussia." My Army could not get to the Netherlands this season. No General of mine would undertake conducting it at this day of the year. Peace with Prussia, what good could it do at present?'

*Robinson.* "England has already found, for subsidies, this year, 1,178,753*l.* Cannot go on at that rate. Peace with Prussia is one of the returns the English Nation expects for all it has done."

*Queen.* 'I must have Silesia again; without Silesia the Kaiserhood were an empty title. "Or would you have us administer it under the guardiancy of Prussia?" * *

*Robinson.* 'In Bohemia itself things don't look well; nothing done on Friedrich: your Saxons seem to be quarrelling with you, and going home.'

*Queen.* 'Prince Karl is himself capable of fighting the Prussians again. Till that, do not speak to me of Peace! Grant me only till October!'

*Robinson.* 'Prussia will help the Grand-Duke to Kaisership.'

*Queen.* 'The Grand-Duke is not so ambitious of an empty honour as to engage in it under the tutelage of Prussia. Consider farther: the Imperial dignity, is it compatible with the fatal deprivation of Silesia? "One other battle, I say! Good God, give me only till the month of October!"

*Robinson.* 'A battle, Madam, if won, won't reconquer Silesia; if lost, your Majesty is ruined at home.'

*Queen.* "*Dussé-je conclure avec lui le lendemain, je lui livrerais bataille ce soir* (Had I to agree with him tomorrow, I would try him in a battle this evening)!"[1]

Her Majesty is not to be hindered; deaf to Robinson, to her Britannic George who pays the money. 'Cruel man, is that what you call keeping the Pragmatic Sanction; dismembering me of Province after Province, now in Germany, then in Italy, on pretext of necessity? Has not England money,

[1] Robinson's Despatch, 4th August 1745. Ranke, iii. 287; Raumer, pp. 161, 162.

26th Aug. 1745]
then? Does not England love the Cause of Liberty? Give me till October!' Her Majesty did take till October, and later, as we shall see; poor George not able to hinder, by power of the purse or otherwise: who can hinder high females, or low, when they get into their humours? Much of this Austrian obstinacy, think impartial persons, was of female nature. We shall see what profit her Majesty made by taking till October.

As for George, the time being run, and her Majesty and Saxony unpersuadable, he determined to accept Friedrich's terms himself, in hope of gradually bringing the others to do it. August 26th, at Hanover, there is signed a *Convention of Hanover* between Friedrich and him: 'Peace on the old Breslau-Berlin terms,—precisely the same terms, but Britannic Majesty to have them guaranteed by All the Powers, on the General Peace coming,—so that there be no snake-procedure henceforth.' Silesia Friedrich's without fail, dear Hanover unmolested even by a thought of Friedrich's;—and her Hungarian Majesty to be invited, nay, urged by every feasible method, to accede.[1] Which done, Britannic Majesty,—for there has hung itself out, in the Scotch Highlands, the other day ('Glenfinlas, August 12th'), a certain Standard '*Tandem Triumphans*,' and unpleasant things are imminent!—hurries home at his best pace, and has his hands full there, for some time. On Austria, on Saxony, he could not prevail: 'By no manner of means!' answered they; and went their own road, —jingling his Britannic subsidies in their pocket; regardless of the once Supreme Jove, who is sunk now to a very different figure on the German boards.

Friedrich's outlook is very bad: such a War to go on, and not even finance to do it with. His intimates, his Rothenburg one time, have 'found him sunk in gloomy thought.' But he wears a bright face usually. No wavering or doubting

[1] Adelung, v. 75; is 'in Rousset, xix. 441'; in etc. etc.

in him, his mind made-up; which is a great help that way. Friedrich indicates, and has indicated everywhere, for many months, that Peace, precisely on the old footing, is all he wants: 'The Kaiser being dead, whom I took-up arms to defend, what farther object is there?' says he. 'Renounce Silesia, more honestly than last time; engage to have it guaranteed by everybody at the General Peace (or perhaps Hohenfriedberg will help to guarantee it),—and I march home!' My money is running-down, privately thinks he; guarantee Silesia, and I shall be glad to go. If not, I must raise money somehow; melt the big silver balustrades at Berlin, borrow from the *Stände*, or do something; and, in fact, must stand here, unless Silesia is guaranteed, and struggle till I die.

That latter withal is still privately Friedrich's thought. Under his light air, he carries unspoken that grimly-clear determination, at all times, now and henceforth; and it is an immense help to the guidance of him. An indispensable, indeed. No king or man, attempting anything considerable in this world, need expect to achieve it except, tacitly, on those same terms, 'I will achieve it or die!' For the world, in spite of rumours to the contrary, is always much of a bedlam to the sanity (so far as he may have any) of every individual man. A strict place, moreover; its very bedlamisms flowing by law, as do alike the sudden mud-deluges, and the steady Atlantic tides, and all things whatsoever: a world inexorable, truly, as gravitation itself;—and it will behove you to front it in a similar humour, as the tacit basis for whatever wise plans you lay. In Friedrich, from the first entrance of him on the stage of things, we have had to recognise this prime quality, in a fine tacit form, to a complete degree; and till his last exit, we shall never find it wanting. Tacit enough, unconscious almost, not given to articulate itself at all;—and if there be less of piety than we could wish in the silence of it, there is at least no play-actor mendacity, or cant of devoutness, to poison the high worth of it. No braver

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little figure stands on the Earth at that epoch. Ready, at the due season, with his mind silently made-up;—able to answer diplomatic Robinsons, Bartensteins and the very Destinies when they apply. If you will withdraw your snakish notions, will guarantee Silesia, will give him back his old Treaty of Berlin in an irrefragable shape, he will march home; if not, he will never march home, but be carried thither dead rather. That is his intention, if the gods permit.

*Grand-Duke Franz is elected Kaiser* (13th September 1745); *Friedrich, the Season and Forage being done, makes for Silesia*

There occurred at Frankfurt,—the clear majority, seven of the nine Electors, Bavaria itself (nay, Bohemia this time, 'distaff' or not), and all the others but Friedrich and Kur-Pfalz, being so disposed or so disposable, Traun being master of the ground,—no difficulty about electing Grand-Duke Franz Stephan of Tuscany, Joint-King of Bohemia, to be Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich. Friedrich's envoy protested;—as did Kur-Pfalz's, with still more vehemence, and then withdrew to Hanau: the other Seven voted September 13th, 1745: and it was done. A new Kaiser, Franz Stephan, or Franz I.,—with our blessing on him, if that can avail much. But I fear it cannot. Upon such mendacious Empty-Case of Kaiserhood, without even money to feed itself, not to speak of governing, of defending and coercing; upon such entities the blessings of man avail little; the gods, having warned them to go, do not bless them for staying!—However, tar-barrels burn, the fountains play (wine in some of them, I hope); Franz is to be crowned in a fortnight hence, with extraordinary magnificence. At this last part of it Maria Theresa will, in her own high person, attend; and proceeds accordingly towards Frankfurt, in the end of September (say the old Books), so soon as the Election is over.

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Hungarian Majesty's bearing was not popular there, according to Friedrich,—who always admires her after a sort, and always speaks of her like a king and gentleman:—but the High Lady, it is intimated, felt somewhat too well that she was high. Not sorry to have it known, under the due veils, that her Kaiser-Husband is but of a mimetic nature; that it is she who has the real power; and that indeed she is in a victorious posture at present. Very high in her carriage towards the Princes of the Reich, and their privileges:—poor Kur-Pfalz's notary, or herald, coming to protest (I think, it was the second time) about something, she quite disregarded his tabards, pasteboards, or whatever they were, and clapt him in prison. The thing was commented upon; but Kur-Pfalz got no redress. Need we repeat,—lazy readers having so often met him, and forgotten him again,—this is a new younger Kur-Pfalz: Karl Theodor, this one; not Friedrich Wilhelm's old Friend, but his Successor, of the Sulzbach line; of whom, after thirty years or so, we may again hear. He can complain about his violated tabard; will get his notary out of jail again, but no redress.

Highish even towards her friends, this 'Empress-Queen' (*Kaiserin-Königin*, such her new title), and has a kind of 'Thank-you-for-Nothing' air towards them. Prussian Majesty, she said, had unquestionable talents; but, oh, what a character! Too much levity, she said, by far; heterodox too, in the extreme; a *böser Mann*;—and what a neighbour has he been! As to Silesia, she was heard to say, she would as soon part with her petticoat as part with it.[1]—So that there is not the least prospect of peace here? 'None,' answer Friedrich's emissaries, whom he had empowered to hint the thing. Which is heavy news to Friedrich.

Early in August, not long after that Audience of Robinson's, her Majesty, after repeated written messages to Prince Karl, urging him to go into fight again or attempt something, had sent two high messengers: Prince Lobkowitz,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 126, 128.

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Duke d'Ahremberg, high dignitaries from Court, have come to Königsgrätz with the latest urgencies, the newest ideas; and would fain help Prince Karl to attempt something. Daily they used to come-out upon a little height, in view of Friedrich's tent, and gaze-in upon him, and round all Nature, 'with big tubes,' he says, 'as if they had been astronomers'; but never attempted anything. We remember D'Ahremberg, and what part he has played, from the Dettingen times and onward. 'A debauched old fellow,' says Friedrich; 'gone all to hebetude by his labours in that line; agrees always with the last speaker.' Prince Karl seems to have little stomach himself; and does not see his way into (or across) another Battle. Lobkowitz, again, is always saying: 'Try something! We are now stronger than they, by their detachings, by our reinforcings' (indeed, about twice their number, regular and irregular), though most of the Saxons are gone home. After much gazing through their tubes, the Austrians (August 23d) do make a small shift of place, insignificant otherwise; the Prussians, next day, do the like, in consequence; quit Chlum, burning their huts; post themselves a little farther up the Elbe,—their left at a place called Jaromirz, embouchure of the Aupa into Elbe,[1]—and are again unattackable.

The worst fact is the multitude of Pandours, more and more infesting our provision-roads; and that horse-forage itself is, at last, running low. Detachments lie all duly round to right and left, to secure our communications with Silesia, especially to left, out of Glatz, where runs one of the chief roads we have. But the service is becoming daily more difficult. For example:

'*Neustadt, 8th September.* In that left-hand quarter, coming-out of Glatz at a little Bohemian Town called Neustadt, the Prussian Commander, Tauenzien by name, was repeatedly assaulted; and from September 8th, had to stand actual siege, gallantly repulsing a full 10,000 with their big artillery, though his walls were all breached, for

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 129.

about a week, till Friedrich sent him relief. Prince Lobkowitz, our old anti-Belleisle friend, who is always of forward fiery humour, had set them on this enterprise; which has turned out fruitless. The King is much satisfied with Tauenzien;[1] of whom we shall hear again. Who indeed becomes notable to us, were it only for getting one Lessing as secretary, by and by: Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, whose fame has since gone into all countries; the man having been appointed a "Secretary" to the very Destinies, in some sort; that is to say, a Writer of Books which have turned-out to have truth in them! Tauenzien, a grimmish aquiline kind of man, of no superfluous words, has distinguished himself for the present by defending Neustadt, which the Austrians fully counted to get hold of.'

Let us give another little scene; preparatory to quitting this Country, as it is evident the King and we will soon have to do; Country being quite eaten-out, Pandours getting ever rifer, and the Season done:

*Jaromirz, 'early in September'* 1745. 'Jaromirz is a .ttle Bohemian Town on the Aupa, or between the Aupa and Metau branches of the Upper Elbe; four or five miles north of Semonitz, where Friedrich's quarter now is. Valori, so seldom spoken to, is lodged in a suburb there: "Had not you better go into the town itself?" his Majesty did once say; but Valori, dreading nothing, lodged on,—"Landlord a Burgher whom I thought respectable." Respectable, yes, he; but his son had been dealing with Franquini the Pandour, and had sold Valori, —night appointed, measures all taken; a miracle if Valori escape. Franquini, chief of 30,000 Pandours, has come in person to superintend this important capture; and lies hidden, with a strong party, in the woods to rearward. Prussians about 200, scattered in posts, occupy the hedges in front, for guard of the ovens; to rear, Jaromirz being wholly ours, there is no suspicion.

'In the dead of the night, Franquini emerges from the woods; sends forward a party of sixty, under the young Judas; who, by methods suitable, gets them stealthily conducted into Papa's Barn, which looks across a courtyard into Valori's very windows. From the Barn it is easy, on paws of velvet, to get into the House, if you have a Judas to open it. Which you have:—bolts all drawn for you, and even beams ready for barricading if you be meddled with. "Up stairs is his Excellency asleep; Excellency's room is—to right, do you remember; or to left"—"Pshaw, we shall find it!" The Pandours mount; find a bedroom, break it open,—some fifteen or sixteen of them, and one who

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 132.

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knows a little French;—come crowding forward: to the horror and terror of the poor inhabitant. "*Que voulez-vous donc?*" "His Excellency Valori!" "Well, no violence; I am your prisoner: let me dress!" answers the supposed Excellency,—and contrives to secrete portfolios, and tear or make away with papers. And is marched-off, under a select guard, who leave the rest to do the pillage. And was not Valori at all; was Valori's Secretary, one D'Arget, who had called himself Valori on this dangerous occasion! Valori sat quaking behind his partition; not till the Pandours began plundering the stables did the Prussian sentry catch sound of them, and plunge-in.'

Friedrich had his amusement out of this adventure; liked D'Arget, the clever Secretary; got D'Arget to himself before long, as will be seen;—and, in quieter times, dashed-off a considerable Explosion of Rhyme, called *Le Palladion* (Valori as Prussia's 'Palladium,' with Devils attempting to steal him, and the like), which was once thought an exquisite Burlesque, —Kings coveting a sight of it, in vain,—but is now wearisome enough to every reader.[1]—Let us attend his Majesty's exit from Bohemia.

## CHAPTER XII

### BATTLE OF SOHR

THE famed beautiful Elbe River rises in romantic chasms, terrible to the picturesque beholder, at the roots of the Riesengebirge; overlooked by the Hohe-Kamms, and highest summits of that chain. 'Out of eleven wells,' says gentle Dulness, '*Eilf* or *Elf Quellen*, whence its name, Elbe for *Elf*.' Sure enough, it starts-out of various wells;[2] rushes-out

[1] Valori, i. 242; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 130: for the Fact. Exquisite Burlesque, *Palladion* itself, is in *Œuvres*, xi. 192-271 (see *ibid.* 139): a bad copy of that very bad Original, *Jeanne d'Arc*,—the only thing now good in it, Friedrich's polite yet positive refusal to gratify King Louis and his Pompadour with a sight of it (see *ibid. Preface*, x.-xiv., Friedrich's Letter to Louis; date of request and of refusal, March 1750).

[2] Description, in Zöllner, *Briefe über Schlesien*, ii. 305; in etc. etc.

like a great peacock's or pasha's tail, from the roots of the Giant Mountains thereabouts; and hurries southward,—or even rather eastward, at first; for (except the Iser to westward, which does not fall-in for a great while) its chief branches come from the eastern side: Aupa, Metau, Adler, the drainings of Glatz, and of that rugged Country where Friedrich has been camping and manœuvring all summer. On the whole, its course is southward for the first seventy or eighty miles, washing Jaromirz, Königshof, Königsgrätz, down to Pardubitz: at Pardubitz it turns abruptly westward, and holds on so, bending even northward, by hill and plain, through the rest of its five or six hundred miles.

Its first considerable branch, on that eastern or left bank, is the Aupa, which rises in the Pass of Schatzlar (great struggling there, for convoys, just now); goes next by Trautenau, which has lately been burnt; and joins the Elbe at Jaromirz, where Valori was stolen, or nearly so, from under the Prussian left wing. The Aupa runs nearly straight south; the Elbe, till meeting it, has run rather south-east; but after joining they go south together, augmented by the Metau, by the Adler, down to Pardubitz, where the final turn to west occurs. Jaromirz, which lies in the very angle of Elbe and Aupa, is the left wing of Friedrich's Camp; main body of the Camp lies on the other side of the Elbe, but of course has bridges (as at Smirzitz, where that straw sentry did his pranks lately); bridges are indispensable, part of our provision coming always by that *Bohemian* Neustadt, from the north-east quarter out of Silesia; though the main course of our meal (and much fighting for it) is direct from the north, by the Pass of Schatzlar,—'Chaslard,' as poor Valori calls it.

Thus Friedrich lay, when Valori escaped being stolen: when Tauenzien was assailed by the 10,000 Pandours with siege artillery, and stood inexpugnable in the breach till Friedrich relieved him. Those Pandours 'had cut-away his water, for the last two days'; so that, except for speedy relief, all valour had been in vain. Water being gone, not

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recoverable without difficulties, Neustadt was abandoned (September 16th, as I guess);—one of our main Silesian roads for meal has ceased. We have now only Schatzlar to depend on; where Franquini,—lying westward among the glens of the Upper Elbe, and possessed of abundant talent in the Tolpatch way (witness Valori's narrow miss lately),—gives us trouble enough. Friedrich determines to move towards Schatzlar. Homewards, in fact; eating the Country well as he goes.

Saturday 18th September, Friedrich crosses the Elbe at Jaromirz. Entirely unopposed; the Austrians were all busy firing *feu-de-joie* for the Election of their Grand-Duke: Election done five days ago at Frankfurt, and the news just come. So they crackle about, and deliver rolling fire, at a great rate; proud to be '*Imperial* Army' henceforth, as if that could do much for them. There was also vast dining, for three days, among the high heads, and a great deal of wine spent. That probably would have been the chance to undertake something upon them, better than crossing the Elbe, says Friedrich looking back. But he did not think of it in time; took second-best in place of best.

He is now, therefore, over into that Triangular piece of Country between Elbe and Aupa (if readers will consult their Map); * in that triangle, his subsequent notable operations all lie. He here purposes to move northward, by degrees,—through Trautenau, Schatzlar, and home; well eating this bit of Country too, the last uneaten bit, as he goes. This well eaten, there will be no harbour anywhere for Invasion, through the Winter coming. One of my old Notes says of it, in the topographic point of view:

'It is a triangular patch of Country, which has lain asleep since the Creation of the World; traversed only by Boii (*Boi-heim-ers*, Bohemians), Czechs and other such populations, in Human History; but which Friedrich has been fated to make rather notable to the Moderns henceforth. Let me recommend it to the picturesque tourist, especially to the military

* Page 156.

one. Lovers of rocky precipices, quagmires, brawling torrents and the unadulterated ruggedness of Nature, will find scope there; and it was the scene of a distinguished passage of arms, with notable display of human dexterity and swift presence of mind. For the rest, one of the wildest, and perhaps (except to the picturesque tourist) most unpleasant regions in the world. Wild stony upland; topmost Upland, we may say, of Europe in general, or portion of such Upland; for the rain-storms hereabouts run several roads,—into the German Ocean and Atlantic by the Elbe, into the Baltic by the Oder, into the Black Sea by the Donau;—and it is the waste Outfield whither you rise, by long weeks-journeys, from many sides.

'Much of it, towards the angle of Elbe and Aupa, is occupied by a huge waste Wood, called "Kingdom Forest" (*Königreich Sylva* or *Wald*, peculium of Old Czech Majesties, I fancy); may be sixty square miles in area, the longer side of which lies along the Elbe. A Country of rocky defiles; lowish hills chaotically shoved together, not wanting their brooks and quagmires, strait labyrinthic passages; shaggy with wild wood. Some poor Hamlets here and there, probably the sleepiest in Nature, are scattered about; there may be patches ploughable for rye' (modern Tourist says snappishly, There are many such; whole region now drained; reminded me of Yorkshire Highlands, with the Western Sun gilding it, that fine afternoon!)—'ploughable for rye, buckwheat; boggy grass to be gathered in summer; charcoaling to do; pigs at least are presumable, among these straggling outposts of humanity in their obscure Hamlets: poor ploughing, moiling creatures, they little thought of becoming notable so soon! None of the Books (all intent on mere soldiering) take the least notice of them; not at the pains to spell their Hamlets right: no more notice than if they also had been stocks and moss-grown stones. Nevertheless, there they did evidently live, for thousands of years past, in a dim manner;—and are much terrified to have become the seat of war, all on a sudden. Their poor Hamlets, Sohr, Staudentz, Prausnitz, Burgersdorf and others still send up a faint smoke; and have in them, languidly, the live-coal of mysterious human existence, in those woods,—to judge by the last maps that have come out. A thing worth considering by the passing tourist, military or other.'

It is in this Kingdom Forest (which he calls *Royaume de Silva*, instead of *Sylva de Royaume*) that Friedrich now marches; keeping the body of the Forest well on his left, and skirting the southern and eastern sides of it. Rough marching for his Majesty; painfully infested by Nadastian Tolpatches; who run-out on him from ambushes, and need

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to be scourged; one ambush in particular, at a place called Liebenthal (second day's march, and near the end of it),—where our Prussian Hussars, winding like fiery dragons on the dangerous precipices, gave them better than they brought, and completely quenched their appetite for that day. After Liebenthal, the march soon ends; three miles farther on, at the dim wold-hamlet of Staudentz: here a camp is pitched; here, till the Country is well eaten-out, or till something else occur, we propose to tarry for a time.

Horse-forage abounds here; but there is no getting of it without disturbance from those dogs; you must fight for every truss of grass: if a meal-train is coming, as there does every five days, you have to detach 8,000 foot and 3,000 horse to help it safe in. A fretting fatiguing time for regular troops. Our bakery is at Trautenau,—where Valori is now lodging. The Tolpatchery, unable to take Trautenau, set fire to it, though it is their own town, their own Queen's town: thatchy Trautenau, wooden too in the upper stories of it, takes greedily to the fire; goes all aloft in flame, and then lies black. A scandalous transaction, thinks Friedrich. The Prussian corn lay nearly all in cellars; little got, even of the Prussians, by such an atrocity: and your own poor fellow-subjects, where are they? Valori was burnt-out here; again exploded from his quarters, poor man;—seems to have thought it a mere fire in his own lodging, and that he was an unfortunate diplomatist. Happily he got notice (*privatissime*, for no officer dare whisper in such cases) that there is an armed party setting-out for Silesia, to guard meal that is coming: Valori yokes himself to this armed party, and gets safe over the Hills with it,—then swift, by extra post, to Breslau and to civilised (partially civilised) accommodation, for a little rest after these hustlings and tossings.

Friedrich had lain at Staudentz, in this manner, bickering continually for his forage, and eating the Country, for about ten days: and now, as the latter process is well on, and the

season drawing to a close, he determines on a shift northward. Thursday 30th September next, let there be one other grand forage, the final one in this eaten tract, then northward to fresh grounds. That, it appears, was the design. But, on Wednesday, there came-in an Austrian deserter; who informs us that Prince Karl is not now in Königsgrätz, but in motion up the Elbe; already some fifty miles up; past Jaromirz; his rear at Königshof, his van at Arnau,—on a level with burnt Trautenau, and farther north than we ourselves are. This is important news. 'Intending to block us out from Schatzlar? Hmh!' Single scouts, or small parties, cannot live in this Kingdom Wood, swarming with Pandours: Friedrich sends out a Colonel Katzler, with 500 light horse, to investigate a little. Katzler pushes forward, on such lane or forest road-track as there is, towards Königshof; beats back small hussar parties;—comes, in about an hour's space, not upon hussars merely, but upon dense masses of heavy horse winding through the forest lanes; and, with that imperfect intelligence, is obliged to return. The deserter spake truth, apparently; and that is all we can know. Forage scheme is given up; the order is, 'Baggage packed, and *march* tomorrow morning at ten.' Long before ten, there had great things befallen on the morrow!—Try to understand this Note a little:

'The Camp of Staudentz,—which two persons (the King, and General Stille, a more careful reporter, who also was an eyewitness) have done their best to describe,—will, after all efforts, and an Ordnance Map to help, remain considerably unintelligible to the reader; as is too usual in such cases. A block of high-lying ground; Friedrich's Camp on it, perhaps two miles long, looks to the south; small Village of Staudentz in front; hollow beyond that, and second small Village, Deutsch Prausnitz, hanging on the opposite slope, with shaggy heights beyond, and the Kingdom Forest there beginning: on the left, defiles, brooks and strait country, leading towards the small town of Eypel: that is our left and front aspect, a hollow well isolating us on those sides. Hollow continues all along the front; hollow definite on our side of it, and forming a tolerable defence:—though again, I perceive, to rightward at no great distance, there rise High Grounds which considerably over-

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hang us.' A thing to be marked! 'These we could not occupy, for want of men; but only maintain vedettes upon them. Over these Heights, a mile or two westward of this hollow of ours, runs the big winding hollow called Georgengrund (*George's bottom*), which winds up and down in that Kingdom Forest and offers a road from Königshof to Trautenau, among other courses it takes.

'From the crown of those Heights on our right flank here, looking to the west, you might discern (perhaps three miles off, from one of the sheltering nooks on the hither side of that Georgengrund), rising faintly visible over knolls and dingles, the smoke of a little Forest Village. That Village is Sohr; notable ever since, beyond others, in the Kingdom Wood. Sohr, like the other Villages, has its lane-roads; its road to Trautenau, to Königshof, no doubt; but much nearer you, on our eastern slope of the Heights, and far hitherward of Sohr, which is on the western, goes the great road' (what is now the great road) 'from Königshof to Trautenau, well visible from Friedrich's Camp, though still at some distance from it. Could these Heights between us and Sohr, which lie beyond the great road, be occupied, we were well secured; isolated on the right too, as on the other sides, from Kingdom Forest and its ambushes. "Should have been done," admits Friedrich; "but then, as it is, there are not troops enough:" with 18,000 men you cannot do everything!'

Here, however, is the important point. In Sohr, this night, 29th September, in a most private manner, the Austrians, 30,000 of them and more, have come gliding through the woods, without even their pipe lit, and with thick veil of hussars ahead! Outposts of theirs lie squatted in the bushes behind Deutsch Prausnitz, hardly 500 yards from Friedrich's Camp. And eastward, leftward of him, in the defiles about Eypel, lie Nadasti and Ruffian Trenck, with ten or twelve thousand, who are to take him in rear. His 'Camp of Staudentz' will be at a fine pass tomorrow morning. The Austrian Gentlemen had found, last week, a certain bare Height in the Forest (Height still known), from which they could use their astronomer tubes day after day;[1] and now they are about attempting something!

Thursday morning, very early, 30th September 1745, Friedrich was in his tent, busy with generals and march-

[1] Orlich, ii. 225.

routes,—when a rapid orderly comes in, from that Vedette, or strong Piquet, on the Heights to our right: 'Austrians visibly moving, in quantity, near by!' and before he has done answering, the officer himself arrives: 'Regular Cavalry in great force; long dust-cloud in Kingdom Forest, in the gray dawn; and, so far as we can judge, it is their Army coming on.' Here is news for a poor man, in the raw of a September morning, by way of breakfast to him! 'To arms!' is, of course, Friedrich's instant order; and he himself gallops to the Piquet on the Heights, glass in hand. 'Austrian Army sure enough, thirty to thirty-five thousand of them, we only eighteen.[1] Coming to take us on the right flank here; to attack our Camp by surprise: will crush us northward through the defiles, and trample us down in detail? Hmh! To run for it, will never do. We must fight for it, and even attack *them*, as our way is, though on such terms. Quick, a plan!' The head of Friedrich is a bank you cannot easily break by coming on it for plans: such a creature for impromptu plans, and unexpected dashes swift as the panther's, I have hardly known,—especially when you squeeze him into a corner, and fancy he is over with it! Friedrich gallops down, with his plan clear enough; and already the Austrians, horse and foot, are deploying upon those Heights he has quitted; Fifty Squadrons of Horse for left wing to them, and a battery of Twenty-eight big Guns is establishing itself where Friedrich's Piquet lately stood.

Friedrich's right flank has to become his front, and face those formidable Austrian Heights and Batteries; and this with more than Prussian velocity, and under the play of those twenty-eight big guns, throwing case-shot (*grénades royales*) and so forth, all the while. To Valori, when he heard of the thing, it is inconceivable how mortal troops could accomplish such a movement; Friedrich himself praises it, as a thing honourably well done. Took about half an hour; case-shot

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 139.

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raining all the while; soldiers honourably never-minding: no flurry, though a speed like that of spinning-tops. And here we at length are, Staudentz now to rear of us, behind our centre a good space; Burgersdorf in front of us to right, our left reaching to Prausnitz: Austrian lines, three deep of them, on the opposite Height; we one line only, which matches them in length.

They, that left wing of horse, should have thundered-down on us, attacking us, not waiting our attack, thinks Friedrich; but they have not done it. They stand on their height there, will perhaps fire carbines, as their wont is. 'You, Buddenbrock, go into them with your Cuirassiers!' Buddenbrock and the Cuirassiers, though it is uphill, go into them at a furious rate; meet no countercharge, mere sputter of carbines; —tumble them to mad wreck, back upon their second line, back upon their third: absurdly crowded there on their narrow height, no room to manœuvre; so that they plunge, fifty squadrons of them, wholly into the Georgengrund rearward, into the Kingdom Wood, and never come on again at all. Buddenbrock has done his job right well.

Seeing which, our Infantry of the right wing, which stood next to Buddenbrock, made impetuous charge uphill, emulous to capture that Battery of Twenty-eight; but found it, for some time, a terrible attempt. These Heights are not to be called 'hills,' still less 'mountains' (as in some careless Books); but it is a stiff climb at double-quick, with twenty-eight big guns playing in the face of you. Storms of case-shot shear away this Infantry, are quenching its noble fury in despair; Infantry visibly recoiling, when our sole Three Regiments of Reserve hurry up to support. Round these all rallies; rushes desperately on, and takes the Battery,— of course, sending the Austrian left wing rapidly adrift, on loss of the same.

This, I consider, is the crisis of the Fight; the back of the Austrian enterprise is already broken, by this sad winging of it on the left. But it resists still; comes down again,—the

*reserve* of their left wing seen rapidly making for Burgersdorf, intending an attack there; which we oppose with vigour, setting Burgersdorf on fire for temporary screen; and drive the Austrian reserve rapidly to rearward again. But there is rally after rally of them. They rank again on every new height, and dispute there; loath to be driven into Kingdom Wood, after such a flourish of arms. One height, 'bushy steep height,' the light-limbed valiant Prince, little Ferdinand of Brunswick, had the charge of attacking; and he did it with his usual impetus and irresistibility:—and, strangely enough, the defender of it chanced to be that Brother of his, Prince Ludwig, with whom he had the little Interview lately. Prince Ludwig got a wound, as well as lost his height. The third Brother, poor Prince Albrecht, who is also here, as volunteer apprentice, on the Prussian side, gets killed. There will never be another Interview, for all three, between the Camps! Strange times for those poor Princes, who have to seek soldiering for their existence.

Meanwhile the Cavalry of Buddenbrock, that is to say of the right wing, having now no work in that quarter, is despatched to reinforce the left wing, which has stood hitherto apart on its own ground; not attacked or attacking,—a left wing *refused*, as the soldiers style it. Reinforced by Buddenbrock, this left wing of horse does now also storm forward; —'near the Village of Prausnitz' (Prausnitz a little way to rear of it), thereabouts, is the scene of its feat. Feat done in such fashion that the Austrians opposite will not stand the charge at all; but gurgle about in a chaotic manner; then gallop fairly into Kingdom Wood, without stroke struck; and disappear, as their fellows had done. Whereupon the Prussian horse breaks-in upon the adjoining Infantry of that flank (Austrian right flank, left bare in this manner); champs it also into chaotic whirlpools; cuts-away an outskirt of near 2,000 prisoners, and sets the rest running. This seems to have been pretty much the *coup-de-grâce* of the Fight; and to have brought the Austrian dispute to finis. From the

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first, they had rallied on the heights; had struggled and disputed. Two general rallies they made, and various partial, but none had any success. They were driven on, bayonet in back, as the phrase is: with this sad slap on their right, added to that old one on their left, what can they now do but ebb rapidly; pour in cataracts into Kingdom Wood, and disappear there?[1]

Prince Karl's scheme was good, says Friedrich; but it was ill executed. He never should have let us form; his first grand fault was that he waited to be attacked, instead of attacking. Parts of his scheme were never executed at all. Duke d'Ahremberg, for instance, it is said, had so dim a notion of the ground, that he drew-up some miles off, with his *back* to the Prussians. Such is the rumour,—perhaps only a rumour, in mockery of the hebetated old gentleman fallen unlucky? On the other hand, that Nadasti made a failure which proved important, is indubitable. Nadasti, with some thousands of Tolpatchery, was at Liebenthal, four miles to south-east of the action; Ruffian Trenck lay behind Eypel, perhaps as far to east of it: Trenck and Nadasti were to rendezvous, to unite, and attack the Prussian Camp on its rear,—'Camp,' so ran the order, for it was understood the Prussians would all be there, we others attacking it in front and both flanks;—which turned out otherwise, not for Nadasti alone!

Nadasti came to his rendezvous in time; Ruffian Trenck did not: Nadasti grew tired of waiting for Trenck, and attacked the Camp by himself:—Camp, but not any men; Camp being now empty, and the men all fighting, ranked at right angles to it, furlongs and miles away. Nadasti made a rare hand of the Camp; plundered everything, took all the King's Camp-furniture, ready money, favourite dog Biche—likewise poor Eichel his Secretary, who, however, tore the papers first. Tolpatchery exultingly gutted the Camp; and at last set fire

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 135-143; Stille, pp. 144-163; Orlich, ii. 227-243; *Feldzüge*, i. 357-363-374.

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to it,—burnt even some eight or ten poor Prussian sick, and also 'some women whom they caught. We found the limbs of these poor men and women lying about,' reports old General Lehwald; who knew about it. A doggery well worthy of the gallows, think Lehwald and I. 'Couldn't help it; ferocity of wild men,' says Nadasti. 'Well; but why not attack, then, with your ferocity?' Confused Court-martial put those questions, at Vienna subsequently; and Ruffian Trenck, some say, got injustice, Nadasti shuffling things upon him; for which one cares almost nothing. Lehwald, lying at Trautenau, had heard the firing at sunrise; and instantly marched to help: he only arrived to give Nadasti a slash or two, and was too late for the Fight. One Schlichtling, on guard with a weak party, saved what was in the right wing of the Camp,—small thanks to him, the Main Fight being so near: Friedrich's opinion is, an Officer, in Schlichtling's place, ought to have done more, and not have been so helpless.

This was the Battle of Sohr; so called because the Austrians had begun there, and the Prussians ended there. The Prussian pursuit drew bridle at that Village; unsafe to prosecute Austrians farther, now in the deeps of Kingdom Forest. The Battle has lasted five hours. It must be now getting towards noon; and time for breakfast,—if indeed any were to be had; but that is next to impossible, Nadasti having been so busy. Not without extreme difficulty is a manchet of bread, with or without a drop of wine, procured for the King's Majesty this day. Many a tired hero will have nothing but tobacco, with spring-water, to fall back upon. Never mind! says the King, says everybody. After all, it is a cheap price to pay for missing an attack from Pandours in the rear, while such crisis went on ahead.

Lying *Cousin* Trenck, of the Lifeguard, who is now in Glatz, gives vivid eye-witness particulars of these things, time of the morning and so on; says expressly he was there,

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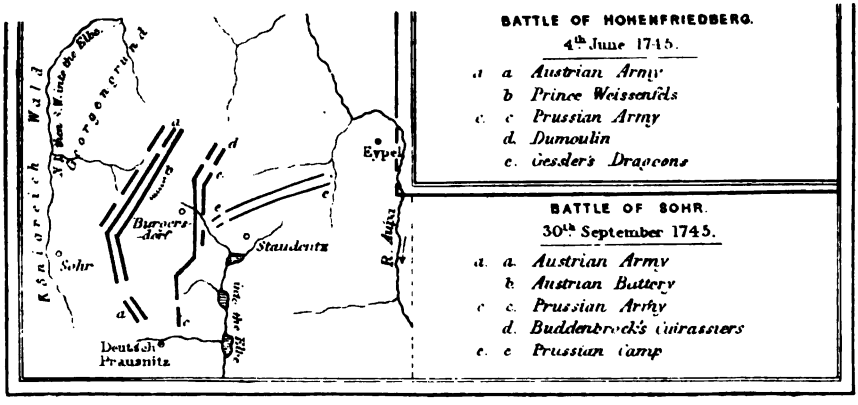

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and what he did there,[1]—though in Glatz under lock and key, three good months before. 'How could I help mistakes,' said he afterwards, when people objected to this and that in his blusterous mendacity of a Book: 'I had nothing but my poor agitated memory to trust to!' A man's memory, when it gets the length of remembering that he was in the Battle of Sohr while bodily absent, ought it not to—in fact, to strike work; to *still* its agitations altogether, and call halt? Trenck, some months after, got clambered out of Glatz, by sewers, or I forget how; and leaped, or dropped, from some parapet into the River Neisse,—sinking to the loins in tough mud, so that he could not stir farther. 'Fouquet let me stand there half a day, before he would pick me out again.' Rigorous Fouquet, human mercy forbidding, could not let him stand there in permanence,—as we, better circumstanced, may with advantage try to do, in time coming!

Friedrich lay at Sohr five days; partly for the honour of the thing, partly to eat-out the Country to perfection. Prince Karl, from Königshof, soon fell back to Königsgrätz; and lay motionless there, nothing but his Tolpatcheries astir. Sohr Country all eaten, Friedrich, in the due Divisions, marched northward. Through Trautenau, Schatzlar, his own Division, which was the main one;—and, fencing-off the Tolpatches successfully with trouble, brings all his men into Silesia again. A good job of work behind them, surely! Cantons them to right and left of Landshut, about Rohnstock and Hohenfriedberg, hamlets known so well; and leaving the Young Dessauer to command, drives for Berlin (30th October), —rapidly, as his wont is. Prince Karl has split-up his force at Königsgrätz; means, one cannot doubt, to go into winter-quarters. If he think of invading, across that eaten Country and those bad Mountains,—well, our troops can all be got together in six-hours time.

[1] Frédéric Baron de Trenck, *Mémoires, traduits par lui-même* (Strasburg and Paris, 1789), i. 74-79.

At Trautenau, a week after Sohr, Friedrich had at last received the English ratification of that Convention of Hanover, signed 26th August, almost a month ago; not ratified till September 22d. About which there had latterly been some anxiety, lest his Britannic Majesty himself might have broken-off from it. With Austria, with Saxony, Britannic Majesty has been entirely unsuccessful:—'May not Sohr, perhaps, be a fresh persuasive?' hopes Friedrich;—but as to Britannic Majesty's breaking-off, his thoughts are far from that, if we knew! Poor Majesty: not long since, Supreme Jove of Germany; and now—is like to be swallowed in ragamuffin street-riots; not a thunderbolt within clutch of him (thunderbolts all sticking in the mud of the Netherlands, far off), and not a constable's staff of the least efficacy! Consider these dates in combination. Battle of Sohr was on *Thursday September 30th*:

'*Sunday* preceding, *September 26th*, was such a Lord's-Day in the City of Edinburgh, as had not been seen there,—not since Jenny Geddes's stool went flying at the Bishop's head, above a hundred years before. Big alarm-bell bursting-out in the middle of divine service; emptying all the Churches ("Highland rebels just at hand!")—into General Meeting of the Inhabitants, into Chaos come again, for the next forty hours. Till, in the gaunt midnight, Tuesday 2 A.M., Lochiel with about 1,000 Camerons, waiting slight opportunity, crushed-in through the Netherbow Port; and'—And, about noon of that day, a poor friend of ours, loitering expectant in the road that leads by St. Anthony's Well, saw making entry into paternal Holyrood,—the Young Pretender, in person, who is just being proclaimed Prince of Wales, up in the High-street yonder! 'A tall slender young man, about five feet ten inches high; of a ruddy complexion, high-nosed, large rolling brown eyes; long-visaged, red-haired, but at that time wore a pale periwig. He was in a Highland habit' (coat); 'over the shoulder a blue sash wrought with gold; red velvet breeches; a green velvet bonnet, with white cockade on it and a gold lace. His speech seemed very like that of an Irishman; very sly' (how did you know, my poor friend?);—'spoke often to O'Sullivan' (thought to be a person of some counsel; had been tutor to Maillebois's Boys, had even tried some irregular fighting under Maillebois)—'to O'Sullivan and'[1] * * * And on Saturday, in short, came *Prestonpans*. Enough of

[1] Henderson, *Highland Rebellion*, p. 14.

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such a Supreme Jove; good for us here as a time-table chiefly, or marker of dates!

Sunday 3d October, King's Adjutant, Captain Möllendorf, a young Officer deservedly in favour, arrives at Berlin with the joyful tidings of this Sohr business ('Prausnitz' we then called it): to the joy of all Prussians, especially of a Queen Mother, for whom there is a Letter in pencil. After brief congratulation, Möllendorf rushes on; having next to give the Old Dessauer notice of it in his Camp at Dieskau, in the Halle neighbourhood. Möllendorf appears in Halle suddenly next morning, Monday, about ten o'clock, sixteen postillions trumpeting, and at their swiftest trot, in front of him;—shooting, like a melodious morning-star, across the rusty old city, in this manner,—to Dieskau Camp, where he gives the Old Dessauer his good news. Excellent Victory indeed; sharp striking, swift self-help on our part. Halle and the Camp have enough to think of, for this day and the next. Whither Möllendorf went next, we will not ask: perhaps to Brunswick and other consanguineous places?—Certain it is,

'On Wednesday the 6th, about two in the afternoon, the Old Dessauer has his whole Army drawn-out there, with green sprigs in their hats, at Dieskau, close upon the Saxon Frontier; and, after swashing and manœuvring about in the highest military style of art, ranks them all in line, or two suitable lines, 30,000 of them; and then, with clangorous outburst of trumpet, kettledrum and all manner of field-music, fires-off his united artillery a first time; almost shaking the very hills by such a thunderous peal, in the still afternoon. And mark, close fitted into the artillery peal, commences a rolling fire, like a peal spread-out in threads, sparkling strangely to eye and ear; from right to left, long spears of fire and sharp strokes of sound, darting aloft, successive, simultaneous, winding for the space of miles, then back by the rear line, and home to the starting-point: very grand indeed. Again, and also again, the artillery peal, and rolling small-arms fitted into it, is repeated; a second and a third time, kettledrums and trumpets doing what they can. That was the Old Dessauer's bonfiring (what is called *feu-de-joie*), for the Victory of Sohr; audible almost at Leipzig, if the wind were westerly. Overpowering to the human mind; at least, to the old Newspaper reporter of that day. But what was strangest in the business,' continues

he '(*das Curieuseste dabey*), was that the Saxon Uhlans, lying about in the villages across the Border, were out in the fields, watching the sight, hardly 300 yards off, from beginning to end; and little dreamed that his High-Princely Serenity,' blue of face and dreadful in war, 'was quite close to them, on the Height called Bornhöck; condescending to "take all this into High-Serene Eye-shine there; and, by having a white flag waved, deigning to give signal for the discharges of the artillery."'[1]

By this the reader may know that the Old Dessauer is alive, ready for action if called on; and Brühl ought to comprehend better how riskish his game with edge-tools is. Brühl is not now in an unprepared state:—here are Uhlans at one's elbow looking on. Rutowski's Uhlans; who lies encamped, not far off, in good force, posted among morasses; strongly entrenched, and with schemes in his head, and in Brühl's, of an aggressive, thrice-secret and very surprising nature! I remark only that, in Heidelberg Country, victorious old Traun is putting his people into winter-quarters; himself about to vanish from this History,[2]—and has detached General Grüne with 10,000 men; who left Heidelberg October 9th, on a mysterious errand, heeded by nobody; and will turn-up in the next Chapter.

## CHAPTER XIII

### SAXONY AND AUSTRIA MAKE A SURPRISING LAST ATTEMPT

After this strenuous and victorious Campaign, which has astonished all public men, especially all Pragmatic Gazetteers, and with which all Europe is disharmoniously ringing, Friedrich is hopeful there will be Peace, through England;—cannot doubt, at least, but the Austrians have had enough for one

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1124.

[2] Went to *Siebenbürgen* (Transylvania) as Governor; died there February 1748, age seventy-one (*Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 56 *n.*).

year;—and looks forward to certain months, if not of rest, yet of another kind of activity. Negotiation, Peace through England, if possible; that is the high prize: and in the other case, or in any case, readiness for next Campaign;—which with the treasury exhausted, and no honourable subsidy from France, is a difficult problem.

That was Friedrich's, and everybody's, program of affairs for the months coming: but in that Friedrich and everybody found themselves greatly mistaken. Brühl and the Austrians had decided otherwise. 'Open mousetrap,' at Striegau; claws of the sleeping cat, at Sohr: these were sad experiences; ill to bear, with the Sea-Powers grumbling on you, and the world sniffing its pity on you;—but are not conclusive, are only provoking and even maddening, to the sanguine mind. Two sad failures; but let us try another time. 'A tricky man; cunning enough, your King of Prussia!' thinks Brühl, with a fellness of humour against Friedrich which is little conceivable to us now: 'Cunning enough. But it is possible cunning may be surpassed by deeper cunning!'—and decides, Bartenstein and an indignant Empress-Queen assenting eagerly, That there shall, in the profoundest secrecy till it break out, be a third, and much fiercer trial, this Winter yet. The Brühl-Bartenstein plan (owing mainly to the Russian Bugbear which hung over it, protective, but with whims of its own) underwent changes, successive redactions or editions; which the reader would grudge to hear explained to him.[1] Of the final or acted edition, some loose notion, sufficient for our purpose, may be collected from the following fractions of Notes: *

*November 17th (Interior of Germany).* * * 'Feldmarschall-Lieutenant von Grüne, a General of mark, detached by Traun not long since, from the Rhine Country, with a force of 10,000 men, why is he marching

[1] Account of them in Orlich, ii. 273-278 (from various *Rutowski* Papers); and from the contemporary satirical Pamphlet, '*Mondscheinwürfe*, Mirrorcastings of Moonshine, by *Zebedäus* Cuckoo, beaten Captain of a beaten Army.'

* See Map (Two First Silesian Wars), end of vol. iv.

about: first to Baireuth Country, "at Hof, November 9th," as if for Bohemia; then north, to Gera ("lies at Gera till the 17th"), as if for Saxony Proper? Prince Karl, you would certainly say, has gone into winter-quarters; about Königsgrätz, and farther on? Gone or going, sure enough, is Prince Karl, into the convenient Bohemian districts,—uncertain which particular districts; at least the Young Dessauer, watching him from the Silesian side, is uncertain which. Better be vigilant, Prince Leopold!—Grüne, lying at Gera yonder, is not intending for Prince Karl, then? No, not thither. Then perhaps towards Saxony, to reinforce the Saxons? Or somewhither to find fat winter-quarters: who knows? Indeed, who cares particularly, for such inconsiderable Grüne and his 10,000!—

'The Saxons quitted their inexpugnable Camp towards Halle, some time ago; went into cantonments farther inland;—the Old Dessauer (middle of October) having done the like, and gone home: his force lies rather scattered, for convenience of food and forage. From the Silesian side, again, Prince Leopold, whose head-quarters are about Striegau, intimates, That he cannot yet say, with certainty, what districts Prince Karl will occupy for winter-quarters in Bohemia. Prince Karl is vaguely roving about; detaching Pandours to the Silesian Mountains, as if for checking our victorious Nassau there;—always rather creeping northward; skirting Western Silesia with his main force; 30,000 or better, with Lobkowitz and Nadasti ahead. Meaning what? Be vigilant, my young friend.

'The private fact is, Prince Karl does not mean to go into winter-quarters at all. In private fact, Prince Karl is one of Three mysterious Elements or Currents, sent on a far errand: Grüne is another: Rutowski's Saxon Camp (now become Cantonment) is a third. Three Currents instinct with fire and destruction, but as yet quite opaque; which have been launched,—whitherward thinks the reader? On Berlin itself, and the Mark of Brandenburg; there to collide, and ignite in a marvellous manner. There is their meeting-point: there shall they, on a sudden, smite one another into flame; and the destruction blaze, fiery enough, round Friedrich and his own Brandenburg homesteads there!—

'It is a grand scheme; scheme at least on a grand scale. For the *legs* of it, Grüne's march and Prince Karl's, are about 500 miles long! Plan due chiefly, they say, to the yellow rage of Brühl; aided by the contrivance of Rutowski, and the counsel of Austrian military men. For there is much consulting about it, and redacting of it; Polish Majesty himself very busy. To Brühl's yellow rage it is highly solacing and hopeful. "Rutowski, lying close in his Cantonments, and then suddenly springing-out, will overwhelm the Old Dessauer, who lies wide;—can do it, surely; and Grüne is there to help if necessary. Dessauer blown to

pieces, Grüne with Rutowski combined, push-in upon Brandenburg,—Grüne himself upon Berlin,—from the west and south, nobody expecting him. Prince Karl, not taking into winter-quarters in Bohemia, as they idly think; but falling down the Valley of the Bober, or Bober and Queiss, into the Lausitz (to Görlitz, Guben, where we have Magazines for him), comes upon it from the south-east,—nobody expecting any of them. Three simultaneous Armies hurled on the head of your Friedrich; combustible deluges flowing towards him, as from the ends of Germany; so opaque, silent, yet of fire wholly: will not that surprise him!" thinks Brühl. These are the schemes of the little man.'

Brühl, having constituted himself rival to Friedrich, and fallen into pale or yellow rage by the course things took, this Plan is naturally his chief joy, or crown of joys; a bubbling well of solace to him in his parched condition. He should, obviously, have kept it secret; thrice-secret, the little fool;—but a poor parched man is not always master of his private bubbling wells in that kind! Wolfstierna is Swedish Envoy at Dresden; Rudenskjöld, Swedish Envoy at Berlin, has run over to see him in the dim November days. Swedes, since Ulrique's marriage, are friendly to Prussia. Brühl has these two men to dinner; talks with them, over his wine, about Friedrich's insulting usage of him, among other topics. 'Insulting; how, your Excellency?' asks Rudenskjöld, privately a friend of Friedrich. Brühl explains, with voice quivering, those cuts in the Friedrich manifesto of August last, and other griefs suffered; the two Swedes soothing him with what oil they have ready. 'No matter!' hints Brühl; and proceeds from hint to hint, till the two Swedes are fully aware of the grand scheme: Grüne, Prince Karl; and how Destruction, with legs 500 miles long, is steadily advancing to assuage one with just revenge. 'Right, your Excellency!'—only that Rudenskjöld proceeds to Berlin; and there straightway ('8th November') punctually makes Friedrich also aware.[1] Foolish Brühl: a man that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.

[1] Stenzel, iv. 262; Ranke, iii. 317-323; Friedrich's own narrative of it, *Œuvres*, iii. 148.

*Friedrich goes-out to meet his Three-legged Monster; cuts one Leg of it in two* (Fight of Hennersdorf, 23d November 1745)

Friedrich, having heard the secret, gazes into it with horror and astonishment: 'What a time I have! This is not living; this is being killed a thousand times a day!'[1]—with horror and astonishment; but also with what most luminous flash of eyesight is in him; compares it with Prince Karl's enigmatic motions, Grüne's open ones and the other phenomena;—perceives that it is an indisputable fact, and a thrice-formidable; requiring to be instantly dealt with by the party interested! Whereupon, after hearty thanks to Rudenskjöld, there occur these rapidly successive phases of activity, which we study to take-up in a curt form.

*First* (probably 9th or 10th November), there is Council held with Minister Podewils and the Old Dessauer; Council from which comes little benefit, or none. Podewils and Old Leopold stare incredulous; cannot be made to believe such a thing. 'Impossible any Saxon minister or man would voluntarily bring the theatre of war into his own Country, in this manner!' thinks the Old Dessauer, and persists to think,—on what obstinate ground Friedrich never knew. To which Podewils, 'who has properties in the Lausitz, and would so fain think them safe,' obstinately, though more covertly, adheres. 'Impossible!' urge both these Councillors; and Friedrich cannot even make them believe it. Believe it; and, alas, believing it is not the whole problem!

Happily Friedrich has the privilege of ordering, with or without their belief. 'You, Podewils, announce the matter to foreign Courts. You, Serene Highness of Anhalt, at your swiftest, collect yonder, and encamp again. Your eye well on Grüne and Rutowski; and the instant I give you signal—!

[1] Ranke (iii. 321 *n.*): *to* whom said, we are not told.

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I am for Silesia, to look-after Prince Karl, the other long leg of this Business.' Old Leopold, according to Friedrich's account, is visibly glad of such opportunity to fight again before he die: and yet, for no reason except some senile jealousy, is not content with these arrangements; perversely objects to this and that. At length the King says,—think of this hard word, and of the eyes that accompany it!—'When your Highness gets Armies of your own, you will order them according to your mind; at present, it must be according to mine.' On, then; and not a moment lost; for of all things we must be swift!

Old Leopold goes accordingly. Friedrich himself goes in a week hence. Orders, correspondences from Podewils and the rest, are flying right and left;—to Young Leopold in Silesia, first of all. Young Leopold draws-out his forces towards the Silesian-Lausitz border, where Prince Karl's intentions are now becoming visible. And,—here is the *second* phase notable,—

'On Monday 15th,[1] at 7 A.M.,' Friedrich rushes off, by Crossen, full speed for Liegnitz; 'with Rothenburg, with the Prince of Prussia and Ferdinand of Brunswick accompanying.' With what thoughts,—though, in his face, you can read nothing; all Berlin being already in such tremor! Friedrich is in Liegnitz next day; and after needful preliminaries there, does, on the Thursday following, 'at Nieder-Adelsdorf,' not far off, take actual command of Prince Leopold's Army, which had lain encamped for some days, waiting him. And now with such force in hand,—35,000, soldiers every man of them, and freshened by a month's rest,—one will endeavour to do some good upon Prince Karl. Probably sooner than Prince Karl supposes. For there is great velocity in this young King; a panther-like suddenness of spring in him: cunning, too, as any Felis of them; and with claws like the Felis Leo on occasion. Here follows the brief Campaign that ensued, which I strive greatly to abridge.

[1] '18th,' *Feldzüge*, i. 402 (see Rödenbeck, i 122).

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Prince Karl's intentions towards Frankfurt-on-Oder Country, through the Lausitz, are now becoming practically manifest. There is a Magazine for him at Guben, within thirty miles of Frankfurt; arrangements getting ready all the way. A winter march of 150 miles;—but what, say the spies, is to hinder? Prince Karl dreams not that Friedrich is on the ground, or that anybody is aware. Which notion Friedrich finds that it will be extremely suitable to maintain in Prince Karl. Friedrich is now at Adelsdorf, some thirty miles eastward of the Lausitz Border, perhaps forty or more from the route Prince Karl will follow through that Province.

'It is a high-lying irregularly hilly Country; hilly, not mountainous. Various streams rise out of it that have a long course,—among others, the Spree, which washes Berlin;—especially three Valleys cross it, three Rivers with their Valleys: Bober, Queiss, Neisse (the *third* Neisse we have come upon); all running northward, pretty much parallel, though all branches of the Oder. This is Neisse *Third*, we say; not the Neisse of Neisse City, which we used to know at the north base of the Giant Mountains, nor the Roaring Neisse, which we have seen at Hohenfriedberg; but a third'—(and the *fourth* and last, 'Black Neisse,' thank Heaven, is an upper branch of this, and we have, and shall have, nothing to do with it!)—'third Neisse, which we may call the Lausitz Neisse. On which, near the head of it, there is a fine old spinning, linen-weaving Town called Zittau,—where, to make it memorable, one Tourist has read, on the Townhouse, an Inscription worth repeating: "*Bene facere et male audire regium est*, To do good and have evil said of you, is a kingly thing." Other Towns, as Görlitz, and seventy miles farther the above-said Guben, lie on this same Neisse,—shall we add that Herrnhuth stands near the head of it? The wondrous Town of Herrnhuth (*Lord's-Keeping*), founded by Count Zinzendorf, twenty years before those dates;[1] where are a kind of German Methodist-Quakers to this day, who have become very celebrated in the interim. An opulent enough, most silent, strictly regular, strange little Town. The women are in uniform; wives, maids, widows, each their form of dress. Missionaries, speaking flabby English, who have been in the West Indies or are going thither, seem to abound in the place; male population otherwise, I should think, must be mainly doing trade elsewhere; nothing but prayers, preachings, charitable boarding-schooling and the like, appeared

[1] 'In 1722, the first tree felled' (*Lives* of Zinzendorf).

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to be going on. Herrnhuth is "a Sabbath Petrified; Calvinistic Sabbath done into Stone," as one of my companions called it.'[1]

Herrnhuth, of which all Englishmen have heard, stands near the head of this our third Neisse; as does Zittau, a few miles higher up. I can do nothing more to give it mark for them. Bober Valley, then Queiss Valley, which run parallel though they join at last, and become Bober wholly before getting into the Oder,—these two Valleys and Rivers lie in Friedrich's own Territory; and are between him and the Lausitz, Queiss River being the boundary of Silesia and the Lausitz here. It is down the Neisse that Prince Karl means to march. There are Saxons already gathering about Zittau; and down as far as Guben they are making Magazines and arrangements,—for it is all their own Country in those years, though most of it is Prussia's now. Prince Karl's march will go parallel to the Bober and the Queiss; separated from the Queiss in this part by an undulating Hill-tract of twenty miles or more.

Friedrich has had somewhat to settle for the Southern Frontier of Silesia withal, which new doggeries of Pandours are invading,—to lie ready for Prince Karl on his return thither, whose grand meaning all this while (as Friedrich well knows), is 'Silesia in the lump' again, had he once cut us off from Brandenburg and our supplies! General Nassau, far eastward, who is doing exploits in Moravia itself,—him Friedrich has ordered homeward, westward to his own side of the Mountains, to attend these new Pandour gentlemen; Winterfeld he has called home, out of those Southern mountains, as likely to be usefuler here on this Western frontier. Winterfeld arrived in Camp the same day with Friedrich; and is sent forward with a body of 3,000 light troops, to keep watch about the Lausitz Frontier and the River Queiss; 'careful not to quit our own side of that stream,'—as we mean to hoodwink Prince Karl, if we can!

Friedrich lies strictly within his own borders, for a day or two; till Prince Karl march, till his own arrangements are complete. Friedrich himself keeps the Bober, Winterfeld the Queiss; 'all pass freely out of the Lausitz; none are allowed to cross into it: thereby we hear notice of Prince Karl, he none of us.' Perfectly quiescent, we, poor creatures,

[1] Tourist's Note (Autumn 1852).

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and aware of nothing! Thus, too, Friedrich,—in spite of his warlike Manifesto, which the Saxons are on the eve of answering with a formal Declaration of War,—affects great rigour in considering the Saxons as not yet at war with him: respects their frontier, Winterfeld even punishes hussars 'for trespassing on Lausitz ground.' Friedrich also affects to have roads repaired, which he by no means intends to travel:—the whole with a view of lulling Prince Karl; of keeping the mousetrap open, as he had done in the Striegau case. It succeeded again, quite as conspicuously, and at less expense.

Prince Karl,—whose Tolpatch doggery Winterfeld will not allow to pass the Queiss, and to whom no traveller or tidings can come from beyond that River,—discerns only, on the farther shore of it, Winterfeld with his 3,000 light troops. Behind these, he discerns either nothing, or nothing immediately momentous; but contentedly supposes that this, the superficies of things, is all the solid-content they have. Prince Karl gets under way, therefore, nothing doubting; with his Saxons as vanguard. Down the Neisse Valley, on the right or Queissward side of it: Saturday 20th November, is his first march in Lusatian territory. He lies that night spread-out in three Villages, Schönberg, Schönbrunn, Kieslingswalde;[1] some ten miles long; parallel to the Neisse River, and about four miles from it, east or Queissward of it. Karl himself is rear, at Schönberg; fierce Lobkowitz is centre; the Saxons are vanguard, 6,000 in all, posted in Villages, which again are some ten or twelve miles ahead of Prince Karl's forces; the Queiss on their right hand, and the Naumburg Bridge of Queiss, where Winterfeld now is, about fifteen miles to east. Their Uhlans circulate through the intervening space (were much patrolling needed, in such quiet circumstances), and maintain the due communication. There lies Prince Karl, on Saturday night 20th November 1745;

[1] *Feldzüge*, i. 407 (Bericht von der Action bey Katholisch-Hennersdorf, etc.).

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an Army of perhaps 40,000, dangerously straggling-out above twenty miles long; and appears to see no difficulty ahead. The Saxons, I think, are to continue where they are; guarding the flank, while the Prince and Lobkowitz push forward, closer by Neisse River. In four marches more, they can be in Brandenburg, with Guben and their Magazines at hand.

Seeing which state of matters, Winterfeld gives Friedrich notice of it; and that he, Winterfeld, thinks the moment is come. 'Pontoons to Naumburg, then!' orders Friedrich. Winterfeld, at the proper moment, is to form a Bridge there. One permanent Bridge there already is; and two fords, one above it, one below: with a second Bridge, there will be roadway for four columns, and a swift transit when needful. Sunday 21st, Friedrich quits the Bober, diligently towards Naumburg; marches Sunday, Monday; Tuesday 23d, about eleven A.M., begins to arrive there; Winterfeld and passages all ready. Forward, then, and let us drive-in upon Prince Karl; and either cut him in two, or force him to fight us; he little thinks where or on what terms. Sure enough, in the worst place we can choose for him! Friedrich begins crossing in four columns at one P.M.; crosses continuously for four hours; unopposed, except some skirmishing of Uhlans, while his Cavalry is riding the Fords to right and left; Uhlans were driven back swiftly, so soon as the Cavalry got over. At five in the evening, he has got entirely across, 35,000 horse and foot: Ziethen is chasing the Uhlans at full speed: who at least will show us the way,—for by this time a mist has begun falling, and the brief daylight is done.

Friedrich himself, without waiting for the rear of his force, and some while before this mist fell (as I judge), is pushing forward, 'a miller lad for his guide,' across to Hennersdorf,—Katholisch-Hennersdorf, a long straggling Village, eight or ten miles off, and itself two miles long,—where he understands the Saxons are. Miller lad guides us, over height and hollow, with his best skill, at a brisk pace;—through one hollow, where he has known the cattle pasture in summer

time; but which proves impassable, and mere quagmire, at this season. No getting through it, you unfortunate miller lad (*garçon de meunier*). Nevertheless, we did find passage through the skirts of it: nay, this quagmire proved the luck of us; for the enemy, trusting to it, had no outguard there, never expecting us on that side. So that the vanguard, Ziethen and rapid Hussars, made an excellent thing of it. Ziethen sends us word, That he has got into the body of Hennersdorf, —'found the Saxon Quartermaster quietly paying his men';—that he, Ziethen, is tolerably master of Hennersdorf, and will amuse the enemy till the other force come up.

Of course Friedrich now pushes on, double speed; detaches other force, horse and foot: which was lucky, says my informant; for the Ziethen Hussars, getting good plunder, had by no means demolished the Saxons; but had left them time to draw-up in firm order, with a hedge in front, a little west of the Village;—from which post, unassailable by Ziethen, they would have got safe off to the main body, with little but an affront and some loss of goods. The new force,—a rapid Katzler with light horse in the van, cuirassiers and foot rapidly following him,—sweeps past the long Village, 'through a thin wood and a defile'; finds the enemy firmly ranked as above said; cavalry their left, infantry on right, flanked by an impenetrable hedge; and at once strikes in. At once, Katzler does, on order given; but is far too weak. Charges, he; but is counter-charged, tumbled back; the Saxons, horse and foot, showing excellent fight. At length, more Prussian force coming up, cuirassiers charge them in front, dragoons in flank, hussars in rear; all attacking at once, and with a will; and the poor Saxon Cavalry is entirely cut to shreds.

And now there remains only the Infantry, perhaps about 1,000 men (if one must guess); who form a square; ply vigorously their field-pieces and their fire-arms; and cannot be broken by horse-charges. In fact, these Saxons made a fierce resistance;—till, before long, Prussian Infantry came up; and, with counter field-pieces and musketries, blasted

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gaps in them; upon which the Cavalry got admittance, and reduced the gallant fellows nearly wholly to annihilation either by death or capture. There are 914 Prisoners in this Action, 4 big guns, and I know not how many kettledrums, standards and the like,—all that were there, I suppose. The number of dead not given.[1] But, in brief, this Saxon Force is utterly cut to pieces; and only scattered twos and threes of it rush through the dark mist; scattering terror to this hand and that. The Prussians take their post at and round Hennersdorf that night;—bivouacking, though only in sack trousers, a blanket each man:—'We work hard, my men, and suffer all things for a day or two, that it may save much work afterwards,' said the King to them; and they cheerfully bivouacked.

This was the Action of Katholisch-Hennersdorf, fought on Tuesday 23d November 1745; and still celebrated in the Prussian Annals, and reckoned a brilliant passage of war. *Katholisch*-Hennersdorf, some ten miles south-west of Naumburg *on the Queiss* (for there are, to my knowledge, Twenty-five other Villages called Hennersdorf, and Three several Towns of Naumburg, and many Castles and Hamlets so named in dear Germany of the Nomenclatures):—Katholisch-Hennersdorf is the place, and Tuesday about dusk the time. A sharp brush of fighting; not great in quantity, but laid-in at the right moment, in the right place. Like the prick of a needle, duly sharp, into the spinal marrow of a gigantic object; totally ruinous to such object. Never, or rarely, in the Annals of War, was as much good got of so little fighting. You may, with labour and peril, plunge a hundred dirks into your boa-constrictor; hack him with axes, bray him with sledge-hammers; that is not uncommon: but the one true prick in the spinal marrow, and the Artist that can guide you well to that, he and it are the notable and beneficent phenomena.

[1] Orlich, ii. 291; *Feldzüge*, i. 400-413.

*Prince Karl, cut in two, tumbles home again double-quick*

Next morning, Wednesday 24th, the Prussians are early astir again; groping, on all manner of roads, to find what Prince Karl is doing, in a world all covered in thick mist. They can find nothing of him, but broken tumbrils, left baggage-wagons, rumour of universal marching hither and marching thither;—evidences of an Army fallen into universal St. Vitus's Dance; distractedly hurrying to and fro, not knowing whitherward for the moment, except that it must be homewards, homewards with velocity.

Prince Karl's farther movements are not worth particularising. Ordering and cross-ordering; march this way; no, back again: such a scene in that mist. Prince Karl is flowing homeward; confusedly deluging and gurgling southward, the best he can. Next afternoon, near Görlitz, and again one other time, he appears drawn-up, as if for fighting; but has himself no such thought; flies again, without a shot; leaves Görlitz to capitulate, that afternoon; all places to capitulate, or be evacuated. We hear he is for Zittau; Winterfeld with light horse hastens after him, gets sight of him on the Heights at Zittau yonder,[1] 'about two in the morning': but the Prince has not the least notion to fight. Prince leaves Zittau to capitulate,—quits silently the Heights of Zittau at two A.M. (Winterfeld, very lively in the rear of him, cutting-off his baggage);—and so tumbles, pellmell, through the Passes of Gabel, home to Bohemia again. Let us save this poor Note from the fire:

'On Saturday night, November 27th, the Prussians, pursuing Prince Karl, were cantoned in the Herrnhuth neighbourhood,—my informant's regiment in the Town of Herrnhuth itself.[2] Yes, there lay the Prussians over Sunday; and might hear some weighty expounder, if they liked. Considerably theological, many of these poor Prussian soldiers; carrying

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 157; Orlich, ii. 296.
[2] *Feldzüge*, i. ubi suprà.

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a Bible in their knapsack, and devout Psalms in the heart of them. Two-thirds of every regiment are *Landeskinder*, native Prussians; each regiment from a special canton,—generally rather religious men. The other third are recruits, gathered in the Free Towns of the Reich, or where they can be got; not distinguished by devotion these, we may fancy, only trained to the uttermost by Spartan drill.'

Before the week is done, that 'first leg' of the grand Enterprise (the Prince-Karl leg) is such a leg as we see. 'Silesia in the lump,'—fond dream again, what a dream! Old Dessauer getting signal, where now, too probably, is Saxony itself?—Ranking again at Aussig in Bohemia, Prince Karl—5,000 of his men lost, and all impetus and fire gone,—falls gently down the Elbe, to join Rutowski at least; and will reappear within four weeks, out of Saxon Switzerland, still rather in dismal humour.

The Prussian Troops, in four great Divisions, are cantoned in that Lausitz Country, now so quiet; in and about Bautzen, and three other Towns of the neighbourhood; to rest, and be ready for the Old Dessauer, when we hear of him. The 'Magazine at Guben in 138 wagons,' the Görlitz and other Magazines of Prince Karl in the due number of wagons, supply them with comfortable unexpected provender. Thus they lie cantoned; and have with despatch effectually settled their part of the problem. Question now is, How will it stand with the Old Dessauer and his part? Or, better still, Would not perhaps the Saxons, in this humiliated state, accept Peace, and finish the matter?

## CHAPTER XIV

### BATTLE OF KESSELSDORF

A 'CORRESPONDENCE' of a certain Excellency Villiers, English Minister at Dresden,—Sir Thomas Villiers, Grandfather of the present Earl of Clarendon,—was very famous in those weeks; and is still worth mention, as a trait of Friedrich's

procedure in this crisis. Friedrich, not intoxicated with his swift triumph over Prince Karl, but calculating the perils and the chances still ahead,—miserably off for money too,—admits to himself that not revenge or triumph, that Peace is the one thing needful to him. November 29th, Old Leopold is entering Saxony; and in the same hours, Podewils at Berlin, by order of Friedrich, writes to Villiers who is in Dresden, about Peace, about mediating for Peace: 'My King ready and desirous, now as at all times, for Peace; the terms of it known; terms not altered, not alterable, no bargaining or higgling needed or allowable. *Convention of Hanover*, let his Polish Majesty accede honestly to that, and all these miseries are ended.'[1]

Villiers starts instantly on this beneficent business; 'goes to Court, on it, that very night'; Villiers shows himself really diligent, reasonable, loyal; doing his very best now and afterwards; but has no success at all. Polish Majesty is obstinate,—I always think, in the way sheep are, when they feel themselves too much put upon;—and is deaf to everybody but Brühl. Brühl answers: 'Let his Prussian Majesty retire from our Territory;—what is he doing in the Lausitz just now! Retire from our Territory; *then* we will treat!" Brühl still refuses to be desperate of his bad game;—at any rate, Brühl's rage is yellower than ever. That very evening, while talking to Villiers, he has had preparations going on;—and next morning takes his Master, Polish Majesty August III., with some comfortable minimum of apparatus (cigar-boxes not forgotten), off to Prag, where they can be out of danger till the thing decide itself. Villiers follows to Prag; desists not from his eloquent Letters, and earnest persuasions at Prag; but begins to perceive that the means of persuading Brühl will be a much heavier kind of artillery.

[1] '*Correspondance du Roi avec Sir Thomas Villiers*;' commences, on Podewils's part, 28th November; on Friedrich's, 4th December; ends, on Villier's, 18th December; fourteen Pieces in all, four of them Friedrich's: Given in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 183-216 (see *ibid*, 158), and in many other Books.

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On the whole, negotiations have yet done little. Britannic George, though Purse-holder, what is his success here? As little is the Russian Bugbear persuasive on Friedrich himself. The Czarina of the Russias, a luxurious lady, of far more weight than insight, has just notified to him, with more emphasis than ever, That he shall not attack Saxony; that if he do, she with considerable vigour will attack him! That has always been a formidable puzzle for Friedrich: however, he reflects that the Russians never could draw sword, or be ready with their Army, in less than six months, probably not in twelve; and has answered, translating it into polite official terms: 'Fee-faw-fum, your Czarish Majesty! Question is not now of attacking, but of being myself attacked!'—and so is now running his risks with the Czarina.

Still worse was the result he got from Louis XV. Lately, 'for form's sake,' as he tells us, 'and not expecting anything,' he had (November 15th) made a new appeal to France: 'Ruin menacing your Most Christian Majesty's Ally, in this huge sudden crisis of invasive Austrian-Saxons; and for your Majesty's sake, may I not in some measure say?' To which Louis's Answer is also given. A very sickly, unpleasant Document; testifying to considerable pique against Friedrich; —Ranke says, it was a joint production, all the Ministers gradually contributing each his little pinch of irony to make it spicier, and Louis signing when it was enough;—very considerable pique against Friedrich; and something of the stupid sulkiness as of a fat bad boy, almost glad that the house is on fire, because it will burn his nimble younger brother, whom everybody calls so clever; 'Sorry indeed, Sir my Brother, most sorry:—and so you have actually signed that *Hanover Convention* with our worst enemy? France is far from having done so; France has done, and will do, great things. Our Royal heart grieves much at your situation; but is not alarmed; no, Your Majesty has such invention, vigour and ability, superior to any crisis, our clever younger Brother! And herewith we pray God to have you in his

holy keeping.' This is the purport of King Louis's Letter; —which Friedrich folds together again, looking up from perusal of it, we may fancy with what a glance of those eyes.[1]

He is getting instructed, this young King, as to alliances, grand combinations, French and other. His third Note to Villiers intimates, 'It being evident that his Polish Majesty will have nothing from us but fighting, we must try to give it him of the best kind we have.'[2] Yes, truly; it is the *ultimate* persuasive, that. Here, in condensed form, are the essential details of the course it went, in this instance:

General Grüne, on the road to Berlin, hearing of the rout at Hennersdorf, halted instantly,—hastened back to Saxony, to join Rutowski there, and stand on the defensive. Not now in that Halle-Frontier region (Rutowski has quitted that, and all the entrenchments and marshy impregnabilities there); not on that Halle Frontier, but hovering about in the interior, Rutowski and Grüne are in junction; gravitating towards Dresden;—expecting Prince Karl's advent; who ought to emerge from the Saxon Switzerland in few days, were he sharp; and again enable us to make a formidable figure. Be speedy, Old Dessauer: you must settle the Grüne-Rutowski account before that junction, not after it!

The Old Dessauer has been tolerably successful, and by no means thinks he has been losing time. November 29th, 'at three in the morning,' he stept-over into Saxony with its impregnable camps; drove Rutowski's rearguard, or remnant, out of the quagmires, canals and entrenchments, before daylight; drove it, that same evening, or before dawn of the morrow, out of Leipzig: has seized that Town,—lays heavy contribution on it, nearly 50,000*l.* (such our strait for finance), 'and be sure you take only substantial men as sureties!'[3]—and will, and does after a two-days rest, advance with decent celerity inwards; though 'One must first know exactly whither; one must have bread, and preparations and precautions; do all things solidly and in order,' thinks the Old Dessauer. Friedrich well knows the whither; and that Dresden itself is, or may be made, the place for falling-in with Rutowski. Friedrich is now himself ready to join, from the Bautzen region; the days and hours precious to him; and spurs the Old Dessauer with the

[1] Louis's Original, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 173, 174 (with a much more satirical paraphrase than the above), and Friedrich's Answer adjoined,—after the events had come.

[2] 'Bautzen, 11th December 1745' (*ubi supra*).

[3] Orlich, ii. 308.

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sharpest remonstrances. 'All solidly and in order, your Majesty!' answers the Old Dessauer: solid strong-boned old coach-horse, who has his own modes of trotting, having done many a heavy mile of it in his time; and whose skin, one hopes, is of the due thickness against undue spurring.

Old Dessauer wishes two things: bread to live upon; and a sure Bridge over the Elbe whereby Friedrich may join him. Old Dessauer makes for Torgau, far north, where is both an Elbe Bridge and a Magazine; which he takes; Torgau and pertinents now his. But it is far down the Elbe, far off from Bautzen and Friedrich: 'A nearer Bridge and rendezvous, your Highness! Meissen' (where they make the china, only fifty miles from me, and twenty from Dresden), 'let that be the Bridge, now that you have got victual. And speedy; for Heaven's sake, speedy!' Friedrich pushes-out General Lehwald from Bautzen, with 4,000 men, towards Meissen Bridge; Lehwald does not himself meddle with the Bridge, only fires shot across upon the Saxon party, till the Old Dessauer, on the other bank, come up;—and the Old Dessauer, impatience thinks, will never come. 'Three days in Torgau, yes, Your Majesty: I had bread to bake, and the very ovens had to be built.' A solid old roadster, with his own modes of trotting; needs thickness of skin.[1]

At long last, on Sunday 12th December, about two P.M., the Old Dessauer does appear; or General Gessler, his vanguard, does appear,—Gessler of the sixty-seven standards,—'always about an hour ahead.' Gessler has summoned Meissen; has not got it, is haggling with it about terms, when, towards sunset of the short day, Old Dessauer himself arrives. Whereupon the Saxon Commandant quits the Bridge (not much breaking it); and glides-off in the dark, clear out of Meissen, towards Dresden,—chased, but successfully defending himself.* 'Had he but stood-out for two days!' say the Saxons,—'Prince Karl had then been up, and much might have been different.' Well, Friedrich too would have been up, and it had most likely been the same on a larger scale. But the Saxon Commandant did not stand-out; he glided-off, safe; joined Rutowski and Grüne, who are lying about Wilsdruf, six or seven miles on the hither side of Dresden, and eagerly waiting for Prince Karl. 'Bridge and Town of Meissen are your Majesty's,' reports the Old Dessauer that night: upon which Friedrich instantly rises, hastening thitherward. Lehwald comes across Meissen Bridge, effects the desired junction; and all Monday the Old Dessauer defiles through Meissen town and territory; continually advances towards Dresden, the Saxons harassing the flanks of him a little,—nay, in one defile, being sharp

[1] Friedrich's Letters to Leopold, in Orlich, ii. 431, 435 (6th-10th December 1745).

* See Map (Two First Silesian Wars), at end of vol. iv.; and Plan, p. 180.

strenuous fellows, they threw his rear into some confusion; cut-off certain carts and prisoners, and the life of one brave General, Lieutenant-General Röel, who had charge there. 'Spurring one's trot into a gallop! This comes of your fast marching, of your spurring beyond the rules of war!' thinks Old Leopold; and Friedrich, who knows otherwise, is very angry for a moment.

But indeed the crisis is pressing. Prince Karl is across the Metal Mountains, nearing Dresden from the east; Friedrich strikes into march for the same point by Meissen, so soon as the Bridge is his. Old Leopold is advancing thither from the westward,—steadily hour by hour; Dresden City the fateful goal. There,—in these middle days of December 1745 (Highland Rebellion just whirling-back from Derby again, 'the London shops shut for one day'),—it is clear there will be a big and bloody game played before we are much older. Very sad indeed: but Count Brühl is not persuadable otherwise. By slumbering and sluggarding, over their money-tills and flesh-pots; trying to take evil for good, and to say, 'It will do,' when it will not do, respectable Nations come at last to be governed by Brühls; cannot help themselves;—and get their backs broken in consequence. Why not? Would you have a Nation live forever that is content to be governed by Brühls? The gods are wiser! —It is now the 13th; Old Dessauer tramping forward, hour by hour, towards Dresden and some field of Fate.

On Tuesday 14th, by break of day, Old Dessauer gets on march again; in four columns, in battle order; steady all day,—hard winter weather, ground crisp, and flecked with snow. The Pass at Neustadt, 'his cavalry went into it at full gallop'; but found nobody there. That night he encamps at a place called Röhrsdorf; which may be eight miles west-by-north from Dresden, as the crow flies; and ten or more, if you follow the highway round by Wilsdruf on your right. The real direct Highway from Meissen to Dresden is on the other side of the Elbe, and keeps by the River-bank, a fine level road; but on this western side, where Leopold now is, the road is inland, and goes with a bend. Leopold, of course, keeps command of this road; his columns are on both sides of it, River on their left at some miles distance; and incessantly expect to find Rutowski, drawn-out on favourable ground somewhere. The country is of fertile, but very broken character; intersected by many brooks, making obliquely towards the Elbe (obliquely, with a leaning Meissen-wards); country always mounting, till here about Röhrsdorf we seem to have almost reached the watershed, and the brooks make for the Elbe, leaning Dresden way. Good posts abound in such broken country, with its villages and brooks, with its thickets, hedges and patches of swamp. But Rutowski has not appeared anywhere, during this Tuesday.

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Our four columns, therefore, lie all night, under arms, about Röhrsdorf: and again by morrow's dawn are astir in the old order, crunching far and wide the frozen ground; and advance, charged to the muzzle with potential battle. Slightly upwards always, to the actual watershed of the country; leaving Wilsdruf a little to their right. Wilsdruf is hardly past, when see, from this broad tableland, top of the country: 'Yonder is Rutowski, at last;—and this new Wednesday will be a day!' Yonder, sure enough: drawn-out three or four miles long; with his right to the Elbe, his left to that intricate Village of Kesselsdorf; bristling with cannon; deep gullet and swampy brook in front of him: the strongest post a man could have chosen in those parts.

The Village of Kesselsdorf itself lies rather in a hollow; in the slight beginning, or uppermost extremity, of a little Valley or Dell, called the Tschonengrund,—which, with its quaggy brook of a Tschone, wends north-eastward into the Elbe, a course of four or five miles: a little Valley very deep for its length, and getting altogether chasmy and precipitous towards the Elbe-ward or lower end. Kesselsdorf itself, as we said, is mainly in a kind of hollow: between Old Leopold and Kesselsdorf the ground rather mounts; and there is perceptibly a flat knoll or rise at the head of it, where the Village begins. Some trees there, and abundance of cannon and grenadiers at this moment. It is the south-western or leftmost point of Rutowski's line; impregnable with its cannon-batteries and grenadiers. Rightward Rutowski extends in long lines, with the quaggy dell of Tschonengrund in front of him, parallel to him; Dell ever deepening as it goes. North-eastward, at the extreme right, or Elbe point of it, where Grüne and the Austrians stand, it has grown so chasmy, we judge that Grüne can neither advance nor be advanced upon: so we leave him standing there,—which he did all day, in a purely meditative posture. Rutowski numbers 35,000, now on this ground, with immensity of cannon; 32,000 we, with only the usual field-artillery, and such a Tschonengrund, with its half-frozen quagmires ahead. A ticklish case for the old man, as he grimly reconnoitres it, in the winter morning.

Grim Old Dessauer having reconnoitred, and rapidly considered, decides to try it,—what else?—will range himself on the west side of that Tschonengrund, horse and foot; two lines, wide as Rutowski opposite him; but means to direct his main and prime effort against Kesselsdorf, which is clearly the key of the position, if it can be taken. For which end the Old Dessauer lengthens himself out to rightward, so as to outflank Kesselsdorf;—neglecting Grüne (refusing Grüne, as the soldiers say):—'our horse of the right wing reached from the Wood called Lerchenbusch (*Larch-Bush*) rightward as far as Freyberg road; foot all between that Lerchenbusch and the big Birch-tree on the road to

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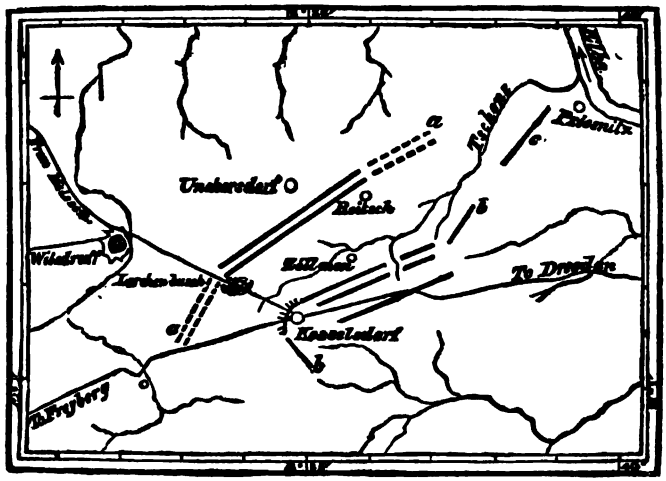
Wilsdruf; horse of the left wing, from there to Roitsch.'[1] It was about two P.M. before the old man got all his deployments completed; what corps of his, deploying this way or that, came within wind of Kesselsdorf, were saluted with cannon, thirty pieces or more, which are in battery, in three batteries, on the knoll there; but otherwise no fighting as yet. At two, the Old Dessauer is complete; he reverently doffs his hat, as had always been his wont, in prayer to God, before going in. A grim fervour of prayer is in his heart, doubtless; though the words as reported are not very regular or orthodox. '*O Herr Gott*, help me yet this once; let me not be disgraced in my old days! Or if thou wilt not help me, don't help those *Hundsvögte*' (damned Scoundrels, so to speak), 'but leave us to try it ourselves!' That is the Old Scandanavian of a




*a a.* Prussians. *b b.* Saxons. *c.* Grüne's Austrians.

Dessauer's prayer; a kind of *Godur* he too, Priest as well as Captain: Prayer mythically true as given; mythically, not otherwise.[2] Which done, he waves his hat once, 'On, in God's name!' and the storm is loose. Prussian right wing pushing grandly forward, bent in that manner, to take Kesselsdorf and its fire-throats in flank.

The Prussians tramp-on with the usual grim-browed resolution, foot in front, horse in rear; but they have a terrible problem at that Kesselsdorf, with its retrenched batteries, and numerous grenadiers fighting under cover. The very ground is sore against them; uphill, and the

[1] Stille (p. 181), who was present. See Plan above.

[2] Ranke, iii. 334 *n.*

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trampled snow wearing into a slide, so that you sprawl and stagger sadly. Thirty-one big guns, and about 9,000 small, pouring-out mere death on you, from that knoll-head. The Prussians stagger; cannot stand it; bend to rightwards, and get out of shot-range; cannot manage it this bout. Rally, reinforced; try it again. Again, with a will; but again there is not a way. The Prussians are again repulsed; fall back, down this slippery course, in more disorder than the first time. Had the Saxons stood still, steadily handling arms, how, on such terms, could the Prussians ever have managed it?

But at sight of this second repulse, the Saxon grenadiers, and especially one battalion of Austrians who were there (the only Austrians who fought this day), gave a shout 'Victory!'—and in the height of their enthusiasm, rushed-out, this Austrian battalion first and the Saxons after them, to charge these Prussians, and sweep the world clear of them. It was the ruin of their battle; a fatal hollahing before you are out of the wood. Old Leopold, quick as thought, noticing the thing, hurls cavalry on these victorious down-plunging grenadiers; slashes them asunder, into mere recoiling whirlpools of ruin; so that 'few of them got back unwounded'; and the Prussians storming-in along with them,—aided by ever new Prussians, from beyond the Tschonengrund even,—the place was at length carried; and the Saxon battle became hopeless.

For, their right being in such hurricane, the Prussians from the centre, as we hint, storm forward withal; will not be held-back by the Tschonengrund. They find the Tschonengrund quaggy in the extreme, 'brook frozen at the sides, but waist-deep of liquid mud in the centre'; cross it, nevertheless, towards the upper part of it,—young Moritz of Dessau leading the way, to help his old Father in extremity. They climb the opposite side,—quite slippery in places, but 'helping one another up';—no Saxons there till you get fairly atop, which was an oversight on the Saxon part. Fairly atop, Moritz is saluted by the Saxons with diligent musket-volleys; but Moritz also has musket-volleys in him, bayonet-charges in him; eager to help his old Papa at this hard pinch. Old Papa has the Saxons in flank; sends more and ever more other cavalry in on them; and in fact, the right wing altogether storms violently through Kesselsdorf, and sweeps it clean. Whole regiments of the Saxons are made prisoners; Röel's Light Horse we see there, taking standards; cutting violently in to avenge Röel's death, and the affront they had at Meissen lately. Furious Moritz on their front, from across the Tschonengrund; furious Röel (*ghost* of Röel) and others in their flank, through Kesselsdorf: no standing for the Saxons longer.

About nightfall,—their horse having made poorish fight, though the foot had stood to it like men,—they roll universally away. The Prussian

**left wing of horse are summoned through the Tschonengrund to chase: had there remained another hour of daylight, the Saxon Army had been one wide ruin. Hidden in darkness, the Saxon Army ebbed confusedly towards Dresden: with the loss of 6,000 prisoners and 3,000 killed and wounded: a completely beaten Army. It is the last battle the Saxons fought as a Nation,—or probably will fight. Battle called of Kesselsdorf: Wednesday 15th December 1745.**

Prince Karl had arrived at Dresden the night before; heard all this volleying and cannonading, from the distance; but did not see good to interfere at all. Too wide apart, some say; quartered at unreasonably distant villages, by some irrefragable ignorant War-clerk of Brühl's appointing,—fatal Brühl. Others say, his Highness had himself no mind; and made excuses that his troops were tired, disheartened by the two beatings lately,—what will become of us in case of a third or fourth! It is certain, Prince Karl did nothing. Nor has Grüne's corps, the right wing, done anything except meditate:—it stood there unattacked, unattacking; till deep in the dark night, when Rutowski remembered it, and sent it order to come home. One Austrian battalion, that of grenadiers on the knoll at Kesselsdorf, did actually fight;—and did begin that fatal outbreak, and quitting of the post there; 'which lost the Battle to us!' say the Saxons.

Had those grenadiers stood in their place, there is no Prussian but admits that it would have been a terrible business to take Kesselsdorf and its batteries. But they did not stand; they rushed-out, shouting 'Victory'; and lost us the battle. And that is the good we have got of the sublime Austrian Alliance; and that is the pass our grand scheme of Partitioning Prussia has come to? Fatal little Brühl of the three hundred and sixty-five clothes-suits; Valet fatally become divine in Valethood,—are not you costing your Country dear!

Old Dessauer, glorious in the last of his fields, lay on his arms all night in the posts about; three bullets through his roquelaure, no scratch of wound upon the old man. Young

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Moritz too 'had a bullet through his coat-skirt, and three horses shot under him; but no hurt, the Almighty's grace preserving him.'[1] This Moritz is the Third of the Brothers, age now thirty-three; and we shall hear considerably about him in times coming. A lean, tall, austere man; and, 'of all the Brothers, most resembled his Father in his ways.' Prince Dietrich is in Leipzig at present; looking to that contribution of 50,000*l.*; to that, and to other contributions and necessary matters;—and has done all his fighting (as it chanced), though he survived his Brothers many years. Old Papa will now get his discharge before long (quite suddenly, one morning, by paralytic stroke, 7th April 1747); and rest honourably with the Sons of Thor.[2]

## CHAPTER XV

### PEACE OF DRESDEN: FRIEDRICH DOES MARCH HOME

FRIEDRICH himself had got to Meissen, Tuesday 14th; no enemy on his road, or none to speak of. Friedrich was there, or not yet far across, all Wednesday; collecting himself, waiting, on the slip, for a signal from Old Leopold. Sound of cannon, up the Elbe Dresden-ward, is reported there to Friedrich, that afternoon: cannon, sure enough, notes Friedrich; and deep dim-rolling peals, as of volleying small-arms; 'the sky all on fire over there,' as the hoar-frosty evening fell. Old Leopold busy at it, seemingly. That is the glare of the Old Dessauer's countenance; who is giving voice, in that manner, to the earthly and the heavenly powers; conquering Peace for us, let us hope!

[1] *Feldzüge*, i. 434.

[2] Young Leopold, the successor, died 16th December 1751, age fifty-two; Dietrich (who had thereupon quitted soldiering to take charge of his Nephew left minor, and did not resume it), died 2d December 1769; Moritz (soldier to the last), 11th April 1760. See *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 43, 34, 38, 47.

Friedrich, as may be supposed, made his best speed next morning: 'All well!' say the messengers; all well, says Old Leopold, whom he meets at Wilsdruf, and welcomes with a joyful embrace; 'dismounting from his horse, at sight of Leopold, and advancing to meet him with doffed hat and open arms,'—and such words and treatments, that day, as made the old man's face visibly shine. 'Your Highness shall conduct me!' And the two made survey together of the actual Field of Kesselsdorf; strewn with the ghastly wrecks of battle,—many citizens of Dresden strolling about, or sorrowfully seeking for their lost ones among the wounded and dead. No hurt to these poor citizens, who dread none; help to them rather: such is Friedrich's mind,—concerning which, in the Anecdote-Books, there are Narratives (not worth giving) of a vapidly romantic character, credible though inexact.[1] Friedrich, who may well be profuse of thanks and praises, charms the Old Dessauer while they walk together; brave old man with his holed roquelaure. For certain, he has done the work there,—a great deal of work in his time! Joy looks through his old rough face, of gunpowder colour: the Herr Gott has not delivered him to those damned Scoundrels in the end of his days.—On the morrow, Friday, Leopold rolled grandly forward upon Dresden; Rutowski and Prince Karl vanishing into the Metal Mountains, by Pirna, for Bohemia, at sound of him,—as he had scarcely hoped they would.

On the Saturday evening, Dresden, capable of not the least defence, has opened all its gates, and Friedrich and the Prussians are in Dresden; Austrians and wrecked Saxons falling-back diligently towards the Metal Mountains for Bohemia, diligent to clear the road for him. Queen and Junior Princes are here; to whom, as to all men, Friedrich is courtesy itself; making personal visit to the Royalties, appointing guards of honour, sacred respect to the Royal

[1] For the *in*disputable part, see Orlich, ii. 343, 344; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 170.

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Houses; himself will lodge at the Princess Lubomirski's, a private mansion.

'That ferocious, false, ambitious King of Prussia'—Well, he is not to be ruined in open fight, on the contrary is ruinous there; nor by the cunningest ambuscades, and secret combinations, in field or cabinet: our overwhelming Winter Invasion of him—see where it has ended! Brühl and Polish Majesty,—the nocturnal sky all on fire in those parts, and loud general doomsday come,—are a much-illuminated pair of gentlemen.

From the time Meissen Bridge was lost, Prince Karl too showing himself so languid, even Brühl had discerned that the case was desperate. On the very day of Kesselsdorf,—not the day *before*, which would have been such a thrift to Brühl and others!—Friedrich had a Note from Villiers, signifying joyfully that his Polish Majesty would accept Peace. Thanks to his Polish Majesty:—and after Kesselsdorf, perhaps the Empress-Queen too will! Friedrich's offers are precisely what they were, what they have always been: 'Convention of Hanover; that, in all its parts; old Treaty of Breslau, to be guaranteed, to be actually kept. To me Silesia sure;—from you, Polish Majesty, one million crowns as damages for the trouble and cost this Triple Ambuscade of yours has given me; one million crowns, 150,000*l.* we will say; and all other requisitions to cease on the day of signature. These are my terms: accept these; then wholly, As you were, Empress-Queen and you, and all surviving creatures: and I march home within a week.' Villiers speeds rapidly from Prag, with the due olive-branch; with Count Harrach, experienced Austrian, and full powers. Harrach cannot believe his senses: 'Such the terms to be still granted, after all these beatings and rebeatings!'—then at last does believe, with stiff thankfulness and Austrian bows. The Negotiation need not occupy many hours.

'His Majesty of Prussia was far too hasty with this Peace,'

says Valori: 'he had taken a threap that he would have it finished before the Year was done':—in fact, he knows his own mind, *mon gros Valori*, and that is what few do. You shear-through no end of cobwebs with that fine implement, a wisely fixed resolution of your own. A Peace slow enough for Valori and the French: where could that be looked for? —Valori is at Berlin, in complete disgrace; his Most Christian King having behaved so like a Turk of late. Valori, horror-struck at such Peace, what shall he do to prevent it, to retard it? One effort at least. D'Arget his Secretary, stolen at Jaromirz, is safe back to him; ingenious, ingenuous D'Arget was always a favourite with Friedrich: despatch D'Arget to him. D'Arget is despatched; with reasons, with remonstrances, with considerations! D'Arget's Narrative is given: an ingenuous off-hand Piece;—poor little crevice, through which there is still to be had, singularly clear, and credible in every point, a direct glimpse of Friedrich's own thoughts, in that many-sounding Dresden,—so loud, that week, with dinner-parties, with operas, balls, Prussian war-drums, grand-parades and Peace-negotiations.

### *The Sieur D'Arget to Excellency Valori* (at Berlin)

'Dresden, 1745' (dateless otherwise, must be December, between 18th and 25th).

'Monseigneur,—I arrived yesterday at 7 P.M.; as I had the honour of forewarning you, by the word I wrote to the Abbé' (never mind what Abbé; another Valori-Clerk) 'from Sonnenwalde' (my halfway house between Berlin and this City). 'I went, first of all, to M. de Vaugrenand,' our Envoy here; 'who had the goodness to open himself to me on the Business now on hand. In my opinion, nothing can be added to the excellent considerations he has been urging on the King of Prussia and the Count de Podewils.

'At half-past 8, I went to his Prussian Majesty's; I found he was engaged with his Concert,'—lodges in the Lubomirski Palace, has his snatch of melody in the evening of such discordant days,—'and I could not see him till after half-past 9. I announced myself to M. Eichel; he was too overwhelmed with affairs to give me audience. I asked for Count Rothenburg; he was at cards with the Princess Lubomirski.

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At last, I did get to the King: who received me in the most agreeable way; but was just going to Supper; said he must put-off answering till tomorrow morning, morning of this day. M. de Vaugrenand had been so good as prepare me on the rumours of a Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. I went to M. Podewils; who said a great many kind things to me for you. I could only sketch-out the matter, at that time; and represented to Podewils the brilliant position of his Master, who had become Arbiter of the Peace of Europe; that the moment was come for making this Peace a General one, and that perhaps there would be room for repentance afterwards if the opportunity were slighted. He said, his Master's object was that same; and thus closed the conversation by general questions.

'This morning, I again presented myself at the King of Prussia's. I had to wait, and wait; in fine, it was not till half-past 5 in the evening that he returned, or gave me admittance; and I stayed with him till after 7,'—when Concert-time was at hand again. Listen to a remarkable Dialogue, of the Conquering Hero with a humble Friend whom he likes. 'His Majesty condescended (*a daigné*) to enter with me into all manner of details; and began by telling me,

'"That M. de Valori had done admirably not to come, himself, with that Letter from the King" (Most Christian, *our* King; Letter, the sickly Document above spoken of); "that there could not have been an Answer expected,—the Letter being almost of ironical strain; his Majesty" (Most Christian) "not giving him the least hope, but merely talking of his fine genius, and how that would extricate him from the perilous entanglement, and inspire him with a wise resolution in the matter! That he had, in effect, taken a resolution the wisest he could; and was making his Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. That he had felt all the dangers of the difficult situations he had been in,"—sheer destruction yawning all round him, in huge imminency, more than once, and no friend heeding;—"that, weary of playing always double-or-quits, he had determined to end it, and get into a state of tranquillity, which both himself and his People had such need of. That France could not, without difficulty, have remedied his mishaps; and that he saw by the King's Letter, there was not even the wish to do it. That his, Friedrich's, military career was completed,"—so far as *he* could foresee or decide! "That he would not again expose his Country to the Caprices of Fortune, whose past constancy to him was sufficiently astonishing to raise fears of a reverse (*hear!*). That his ambitions were fulfilled, in having compelled his Enemies to ask Peace from him in their own Capital, with the Chancellor of Bohemia" (Harrach, typifying fallen Austrian pride) "obliged to coöperate.

'"That he would always be attached to our King's interests, and set

all the value in the world on his friendship; but that he had not been sufficiently assisted to be content. That, observing henceforth an exact neutrality, he might be enabled to do offices of mediation; and to carry, to the one side and to the other, words of peace. That he offered himself for that object, and would be charmed to help in it; but that he was fixed to stop there. That in regard to the basis of General Peace, he had Two Ideas"—(which the reader can attend to, and see where they differed from the Event, and where not):—"One was, That France should keep Ypres, Furnes, Tournay" (which France did not), "giving-up the Netherlands otherwise, with Ostend, to the English" (to the English!), "in exchange for Cape Breton. The other was, To give-up more of our Conquests" (we gave them all up, and got only the glory, and our Codfishery, Cape Breton, back, the English being equally generous), "and bargain for liberty to reëstablish Dunkirk in its old condition" (not a word of your Dunkirk; there is your Cape Breton, and we also will go home with what glory there is,—not difficult to carry!). "But that it was by England we must make the overtures, without addressing ourselves to the Court of Vienna; and put it in his, Friedrich's, power to propose a receivable Project of Peace. That he well conceived the great point was the Queen of Spain" (Termagant and Jenkins's Ear; Termagant's Husband, still living, is a lappet of Termagant's self): "but that she must content herself with Parma and Piacenza for the Infant, Don Philip" (which the Termagant did); "and give back her hold of Savoy" (partial hold, of no use to her without the Passes) "to the King of Sardinia." And of the *Jenkins's-Ear* question, generous England will say nothing? Next to nothing; hopes a modicum of putty and diplomatic varnish may close that troublesome question,—which springs, meanwhile, in the centre of the world!—

'These kind condescensions of his Majesty emboldened me to represent to him the brilliant position he now held; and how noble it would be, after having been the Hero of Germany, to become, instead of one's own pacificator, the Pacificator of Europe. "I grant you," said he, "*mon cher* D'Arget; but it is too dangerous a part for playing. A reverse brings me to the edge of ruin: I know too well the mood of mind I was in, last time I left Berlin" (with that Three-legged Immensity of Atropos, *not* yet mown-down at Hennersdorf by a lucky cut), "ever to expose myself to it again! If luck had been against me there, I saw myself a Monarch without throne; and my subjects in the cruelest oppression. A bad game that: always, mere *Check to your King*; no other move;—I refer it to you, friend D'Arget:—in fine, I wish to be at peace."

'I represented to him that the House of Austria would never, with a tranquil eye, see his House in possession of Silesia. "Those that come after me," said he, "will do as they like; the Future is beyond man's reach. Those that come after will do as they can. I have acquired; it

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is theirs to preserve. I am not in alarm about the Austrians;—and this is my answer to what you have been saying about the weakness of my guarantees. They dread my Army; the luck that I have. I am sure of their sitting quiet for the dozen years or so which may remain to me of life;—quiet till I have, most likely, done with it. What! Are we never to have any good of our life, then (*Ne dois-je donc jamais jouir*)? There is more for me in the true greatness of labouring for the happiness of my subjects, than in the repose of Europe. I have put Saxony out of a condition to do hurt. She owes 14,775,000 crowns of debt" (two millions and a quarter sterling); and by the Defensive Alliance which I form with her, I provide myself" (but ask Brühl withal!) "a help against Austria. I would not henceforth attack a cat, except to defend myself." ('These are his very words,' adds D'Arget;—and well worth noting.) "Ambition (*gloire*) and my interests were the occasion of my first Campaigns. The late Kaiser's situation, and my zeal for France" (not to mention interests again), "gave rise to these second: and I have been fighting always since for my own hearths,—for my very existence, I might say! Once more, I know the state I had got into:—if I saw Prince Karl at the gates of Paris, I would not stir."—"And us at the gates of Vienna," answered I promptly, "with the same indifference?"—"Yes; and I swear it to you, D'Arget. In a word, I want to have some good of my life (*veux jouir*). What are we, poor human atoms, to get-up projects that cost so much blood? Let us live, and help to live."

'The rest of the conversation passed in general talk, about Literature, Theatres and such objects. My reasonings and objectings, on the great matter, I need not farther detail: by the frank discourse his Prussian Majesty was kind enough to go into, you may gather perhaps that my arguments were various, and not ill-chosen;—and it is too evident they have all been in vain.'—Your Excellency's (really in a very faithful way)—

D'ARGET.[1]

D'Arget, about a month after this, was taken into Friedrich's service; Valori consenting, whose occupation was now gone;—and we shall hear of D'Arget again. Take this small Note, as summary of him: 'D'Arget (18th January 1746) had some title, "Secretary at Orders (*Secrétaire des Commandements*)," bit of pension; and continued in the character of reader, or miscellaneous literary attendant and agent, very much liked by his Master, for six years coming. A man much heard of, during those years of office. March 1752, having lost his dear little Prussian Wife, and got into ill health and spirits, he retired on leave to Paris; and next year had to give-up the thought of returning;—though he still, and to

[1] Valori, i. 290-294 (no date, except 'Dresden, 1745,'—sleepy Editor feeling no want of any).

the end, continued loyally attached to his old Master, and more or less in correspondence with him. Had got, before long, *not* through Friedrich's influence at Paris, some small Appointment in the *Ecole Militaire* there. He is, of all the Frenchmen Friedrich had about him, with the exception of D'Argens alone, the most honest-hearted. The above Letter, lucid, innocent, modest, altogether rational and practical, is a fair specimen of D'Arget: add to it the prompt self-sacrifice (and in that fine silent way) at Jaromirz for Valori, and readers may conceive the man. He lived at Paris, in meagre but contented fashion, *Rue de l'Ecole Militaire*, till 1778;—and seems, of all the Ex-Prussian Frenchmen, to have known most about Friedrich; and to have never spoken any falsity against him. Duvernet, the "M * *" Biographer of *Voltaire*, frequented him a good deal; and any true notions, or glimmerings of such, that he has about Prussia, are probably ascribable to D'Arget.'[1]

The Treaty of Dresden can be read in Schöll, Flassan, Rousset, Adelung; but, except on compulsion, no creature will now read it,—nor did this Editor, even he, find it pay. Peace is made. Peace of Dresden is signed, Christmas Day 1745: 'To me Silesia, without farther treachery or trick; you, wholly as you were.' Europe at large, as Friedrich had done, sees 'the sky all on fire about Dresden.' The fierce big battles done against this man have, one and all of them, become big defeats. The strenuous machinations, high-built plans cunningly devised,—the utmost sum-total of what the Imperial and Royal Potencies can, for the life of them, do: behold, it has all tumbled-down here, in loud crash; the final peal of it at Kesselsdorf; and the consummation is flame and smoke, conspicuous over all the Nations. You will let him keep his own henceforth, then, will you? Silesia, which was *not* yours nor ever shall be? Silesia and no afterthought? The Saxons sign, the high Plenipotentiaries all; in the eyes of Villiers, I am told, were seen sublimely pious tears. Harrach, bowing with stiff, almost incredulous, gratitude, swears and signs;—hurries home to his Sovereign Lady, with Peace, and such a smile on his face; and on her Imperial Majesty's such a smile!—readers shall conceive it.

[1] See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. (p. xii. of *Preface* to the *D'Arget Correspondence* there).

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There are but Two new points in the Treaty of Dresden,—nay, properly there is but One point, about which posterity can have the least care or interest; for that other, concerning 'The Toll of Schidlo,' and settlement of haggles on the Navigation of the Elbe there, was not kept by the Saxons, but continued a haggle still: this One point is the Eleventh Article. Inconceivably small; but liable to turn-up on us again, in a memorable manner. That let us translate,—for M. de Voltaire's sake, and time coming! *Steuer* means Land-Tax; *Ober-Steuer-Einnahme* will be something like Royal Exchequer, therefore; and *Steuer-Schein* will be approximately equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Article Eleventh stipulates:

'All subjects and servants of his Majesty the King of Prussia who hold Bonds of the Saxon *Ober-Steuer-Einnahme* shall be paid in full, capital and interest, at the times, and to the amount, specified in said *Steuer-Scheine* or Bonds.' That is Article Eleventh.—'The Saxon Exchequer,' says an old Note on it, 'thanks to Brühl's extravagance, has been as good as bankrupt, paying with inconvertible paper, with *Scheine* (Things to be *Shown*), for some time past; which paper has accordingly sunk, let us say, 25 per cent below its nominal amount in gold. All Prussian subjects, who hold these Bonds, are to be paid in gold; Saxons, and others, will have to be content with paper till things come round again, if things ever do.' Yes;—and, by ill chance, the matter will attract M. de Voltaire's keen eye in the interim!

Friedrich stayed eight days in Dresden, the loud theme of Gazetteers and rumours; the admired of two classes, in all Countries: of the many who admire success, and also of the few who can understand what it is to deserve success. Among his own Countrymen, this last Winter has kindled all their admirations to the flaming pitch. Saved by him from imminent destruction; their enemies swept home as if by one invincible; nay, sent home in a kind of noble shame, conquered by generosity. These feelings, though not encouraged to speak, run very high. The Dresdeners in private society found him delightful; the high ladies especially: 'Could you have thought it; terrific Mars to become radiant Apollo in

this manner!' From considerable Collections of Anecdotes illustrating this fact, in a way now fallen vapid to us,—I select only the Introduction:

'Do readers recollect Friedrich's first visit to Dresden' (in 1728), seventeen years ago; and a certain charming young Countess Flemming, at that time only fourteen; who, like a Hebe as she was, contrived beautiful surprises for him, and among other things presented him, so gracefully, on the part of August the Strong, with his first flute?'—No reader of this History can recollect it; nor indeed, except in a mythic sense, believe it! A young Countess Flemming (daughter of old Feldmarschall Flemming) doubtless there might be, who presented him a flute; but as to *his first* flute—?—'That same charming young Countess Flemming is still here, age now thirty-one; charming, more than ever, though now under a changed name; having wedded a Von Racknitz (Supreme Gentleman-Usher, or some such thing) a few years ago, and brought him children and the usual felicities. How much is changed! August the Strong, where is he; and his famous Three hundred and fifty-four, Enchantress Orzelska and the others, where are they! Enchantress Orzelska wedded, quarrelled, and is in a convent: her charming destiny concluded. Rutowski is not now in the Prussian Army: he got beaten, Wednesday last, at Kesselsdorf, fighting against that Army. And the Chevalier de Saxe, he too was beaten there;—clambering now across the Metal Mountains, ask not of him. And the Maréchal de Saxe, he takes Cities, fights Battles of Fontenoy, "mumbling a lead bullet all day"; being dropsical, nearly dead of debaucheries; the most dissolute (or probably so) of all the Sons of Adam in his day. August the Physically Strong is dead. August the Spiritually Weak is fled to Prag with his Brühl. And we do not come, this time, to get a flute; but to settle the account of Victories, and give Peace to Nations. Strange, here as always, to look back,—to look round or forward,—in the mad huge whirl of that loud-roaring Loom of Time!—One of the Countess Racknitz's Sons happened to leave *Manuscript Diaries*' (rather feeble, not too exact-looking), 'and gives us, from Mamma's reminiscences' * * Not a word more.[1]

The Peace, we said, was signed on Christmas-day. Next day, Sunday, Friedrich attended Sermon in the Kreuzkirche (Protestant High-Church of Dresden), attended Opera withal; and on Monday morning had vanished out of Dresden, as all his people had done, or were diligently doing. Tuesday, he

[1] Rödenbeck, *Beyträge*, i. 440 et seq.

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dined briefly at Wusterhausen (a place we once knew well), with the Prince of Prussia, whose it now is; got into his open carriage again, with the said Prince and his other Brother Ferdinand; and drove swiftly homeward. Berlin, drunk with joy, was all out on the streets, waiting. On the Heath of Britz, four or five miles hitherward of Berlin, a body of young gentlemen ('Merchants mostly, who had ridden-out so far') saluted him with '*Vivat Friedrich der Grosse* (Long live Friedrich *the Great*)!' thrice over;—as did, in a less articulate manner, Berlin with one voice, on his arrival there; Burgher Companies lining the streets; Population vigorously shouting; Pupils of the Köln Gymnasium, with Clerical and School Functionaries in mass, breaking-out into Latin Song:

> '*Vivat, vivat Fridericus Rex;*
> *Vivat Augustus, Magnus, Felix, Patri-æ— —!*'

— — and what not.[1] On reaching the Portal of the Palace, his Majesty stept down; and, glancing round the Schloss-Platz and the crowded windows and simmering multitudes, saluted, taking-off his hat; which produced such a shout,—naturally the loudest of all. And so *exit* King, into his interior. Tuesday, 2-3 P.M., 28th December 1745: a King new-christened in the above manner, so far as people could.

Illuminated Berlin shone like noon, all that night (the beginning of a *Gaudeamus* which lasted miscellaneously for weeks):—but the King stole away to see a friend who was dying; that poor Duhan de Jaudun, his early Schoolmaster, who had suffered much for him, and whom he always much loved. Duhan died, in a day or two. Poor Jordan, poor Keyserling (the 'Césarion' of young days): them also he has lost; and often laments, in this otherwise bright time.[2]

[1] Preuss, i. 220; who cites *Beschreibung* ('Description of his Majesty's Triumphant Entry, on the' etc.) and other Contemporary Pamphlets. Rödenbeck, i. 124.

[2] In *Œuvres*, xvii. 288; xviii. 141; *ib.* 142 (painfully tender Letters to Frau von Camas and others, on these events).

# BOOK XVI

## THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE

### 1746—1756

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## CHAPTER I

### SANS-SOUCI

FRIEDRICH has now climbed the heights, and sees himself on the upper tableland of Victory and Success; his desperate life-and-death struggles triumphantly ended. What may be ahead, nobody knows; but here is fair outlook that his enemies and Austria itself have had enough of him. No wringing of his Silesia from this 'bad Man.' Not to be overset, this one, by never such exertions; oversets *us*, on the contrary, plunges us heels-over-head into the ditch, so often as we like to apply to him; nothing but heavy beatings, disastrous breaking of crowns, to be had on trying there! 'Five Victories!' as Voltaire keeps counting on his fingers, with upturned eyes,—Mollwitz, Chotusitz, Striegau, Sohr, Kesselsdorf (the last done by Anhalt; but omitting Hennersdorf, and that sudden slitting of the big Saxon-Austrian Projects into a cloud of feathers, as fine a feat as any),—'Five Victories!' counts Voltaire; calling on everybody (or everybody but Friedrich himself, who is easily sated with that kind of thing) to admire. In the world are many opinions about Friedrich. In Austria, for instance, what an opinion; sinister, gloomy in the extreme: or in England, which derives from Austria,—only with additional dimness, and with

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gloomy new provocations of its own before long! Many opinions about Friedrich, all dim enough: but this, that he is a very demon for fighting, and the stoutest King walking the Earth just now, may well be a universal one. A man better not be meddled with, if he will be at peace, as he professes to wish being.

Friedrich accordingly is not meddled with, or not openly meddled with; and has, for the Ten or Eleven years coming, a time of perfect external Peace. He himself is decided 'not to fight with a cat,' if he can get the peace kept; and for about eight years hopes confidently that this, by good management, will continue possible;—till, in the last three years, electric symptoms did again disclose themselves, and such hope more and more died away. It is well known there lay in the fates a Third Silesian War for him, worse than both the others; which is now the main segment of his History still lying ahead for us, were this Halcyon Period done. Halcyon Period counts from Christmas-day, Dresden, 1745,—'from this day, Peace to the end of my life!' had been Friedrich's fond hope. But on the 9th day of September 1756, Friedrich was again entering Dresden (Saxony some twelve days before); and the Crowning Struggle of his Life was, beyond all expectation, found to be still lying ahead for him, awfully dubious for Seven Years thereafter!—

Friedrich's History during this intervening Halcyon or Peace Period must, in some way, be made known to readers: but for a great many reasons, especially at present, it behoves to be given in compressed form; riddled-down, to an immense extent, out of those sad Prussian Repositories, where the grain of perennial, of significant and still memorable, lies overwhelmed under rubbish-mountains of the fairly extinct, the poisonously dusty and forgettable;—*Ach Himmel!* Which indispensable preliminary process, how can an English Editor, at this time, do it; no Prussian, at any time, having thought

of trying it! From a painful Predecessor of mine, I collect, rummaging among his dismal Paper-masses, the following Three Fragments, worth reading here:

1°. 'Friedrich was as busy, in those Years, as in the generality of his life; and his actions, and salutary conquests over difficulties, were many, profitable to Prussia and to himself. Very well worth keeping in mind. But not fit for History; or at least only fit in the summary form; to be delineated in little, with large generic strokes,—if we had the means;—such details belonging to the Prussian Antiquary, rather than to the English Historian of Friedrich in our day. A happy Ten Years of time. Perhaps the time for Montesquieu's aphorism, "Happy the People whose Annals are blank in History-Books!" The Prussian Antiquary, had he once got any image formed to himself of Friedrich, and of Friedrich's History in its human lineaments and organic sequences, will glean many memorabilia in those Years: which his readers then (and not till then) will be able to intercalate in their places, and get human good of. But alas, while there is no intelligible human image, nothing of lineaments or organic sequences, or other than a jumbled mass of Historical Marine-Stores, presided over by Dryasdust and Human Stupor (unsorted, unlabelled, tied-up in blind sacks), the very Antiquary will have uphill work of it, and his readers will often turn round on him with a gloomy expression of countenance.

2°. 'Friedrich's Life,—little as he expected it, that day when he started-up from his ague-fit at Reinsberg, and grasped the fiery Opportunity that was shooting past,—is a Life of War. The chief memory that will remain of him is that of a King and man who fought consummately well. Not Peace and the Muses; no, that is denied him,—though he was so unwilling, always, to think it denied! But his Life-Task turned-out to be a Battle for Silesia. It consists of Three grand Struggles of War. And not for Silesia only;—unconsciously, for what far greater things to his Nation and to him!

'Deeply unconscious of it, they were passing their "Trials," his Nation and he, in the great Civil-Service-Examination Hall of this Universe: "Are you able to defend yourselves, then; and to hang together coherent, against the whole world and its incoherences and rages?" A question which has to be asked of Nations, before they can be recognised as such, and be baptized into the general commonwealth; they are mere Hordes or accidental Aggregates, till that Question come. Question which this Nation had long been getting ready for; which now, under this King, it answered to the satisfaction of gods and men: "Yes, Heaven assisting, we can stand on our defence;

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and in the long-run (as with air when you try to annihilate it, or crush it to *nothing*) there is even an infinite force in us; and the whole world does not succeed in annihilating us!" Upon which has followed what we term National Baptism;—or rather this *was* the National Baptism, this furious one in torrent whirlwinds of fire; done three times over, till in gods or men there was no doubt left. That was Friedrich's function in the world; and a great and memorable one;—not to his own Prussian Nation only, but to Teutschland at large, forever memorable.

'"Is Teutschland a Nation; is there in Teutschland still a Nation?" Austria, not dishonestly, but much sunk in superstitions and involuntary mendacities, and liable to sink much farther, answers always, in gloomy proud tone, "Yes, I am the Nation of Teutschland!"—but is mistaken, as turns-out. For it is not mendacities, conscious or other, but veracities, that the Divine Powers will patronise, or even in the end will put-up with at all. Which you ought to understand better than you do, my friend. For, on the great scale and on the small, and in all seasons, circumstances, scenes and situations where a Son of Adam finds himself, that is true, and even a sovereign truth. And whoever does *not* know it,—human charity to him (were such always possible) would be, that *he* were furnished with handcuffs as a part of his outfit in this world, and put under guidance of those who do. Yes; to him, I should say, a private pair of handcuffs were much usefuler than a ballot-box,—were the times once settled again, which they are far from being!' * *

'So that, if there be only Austria for Nation, Teutschland is in ominous case. Truly so. But there is in Teutschland withal, very irrecognisable to Teutschland, yet authentically present, a Man of the properly unconquerable type; there is also a select Population drilled for him. these two together will prove to you that there is a Nation. Conquest of Silesia, Three Silesian Wars; labours and valours as of Alcides, in vindication of oneself and one's Silesia:—secretly, how unconsciously, that other and higher Question of Teutschland, and of its having in it a Nation, was Friedrich's sore task, and his Prussia's at that time. As Teutschland may be perhaps now, in our day, beginning to recognise; with hope, with astonishment, poor Teutschland!' * *

3°. 'And in fine, leaving all that, there is one thing undeniable: In all human Narrative, it is the battle only, and not the victory, that can be dwelt upon with advantage. Friedrich has now, by his Second Silesian War, achieved Greatness: "Friedrich the Great"; expressly so denominated, by his People and others. The struggle upwards is the Romance; your hero once wedded,—to *Glory*, or whoever the Bride may be,—the Romance ends. Precise critics do object, That there may still

lie difficulties, new perils and adventures ahead:—which proves conspicuously true in this case of ours. And accordingly, our Book not being a Romance but a History, let us, with all fidelity, look-out what these are, and how they modify our Royal Gentleman who has got his wedding done. With all fidelity; but with all brevity, no less. For, inasmuch as'—

Well, brevity in most cases is desirable. And, privately, it must be owned there is another consideration of no small weight: That, our Prussian resources falling altogether into bankruptcy during Peace-Periods, Nature herself has so ordered it, in this instance! Partly it is our Books (the Prussian Dryasdust reaching his acme on those occasions), but in part too it is the Events themselves, that are small and want importance; that have fallen dead to us, in the huge new Time and its uproars. Events not of flagrant notability (like battles or war-passages), to bridle Dryasdust, and guide him in some small measure. Events rather which, except as characteristic of one memorable Man and King, are mostly now of no memorability whatever. Crowd all these indiscriminately into sacks, and shake them out pell-mell on us: that is Dryasdust's sweet way. As if the largest Marine-stores Establishment in all the world had suddenly, on hest of some Necromancer or maleficent person, taken wing upon you; and were dancing, in boundless mad whirl, round your devoted head;—simmering and dancing, very much at its ease; no-whither; asking *you* cheerfully, 'What is your candid opinion, then?' 'Opinion,' Heavens!—

You have to retire many yards, and gaze with a desperate steadiness; assuring yourself: 'Well, it does, right indisputably, shadow-forth *Some*thing. This was a Thing Alive; and did at one time stick together, as an organic Fact on the Earth, though it now dances in Dryasdust at such a rate!' It is only by self-help of this sort, and long survey, with rigorous selection, and extremely extensive exclusion and oblivion, that you gain the least light in such an element. 'Brevity,'—little said, when little has been got to be known,

—is an evident rule! Courage, reader; by good eyesight, you will still catch some features of Friedrich as we go along. To *say* our little in a not unintelligible manner, and keep the rest well hidden, it is all we can do for you!—

### *Friedrich declines the Career of Conquering Hero; goes into Law-Reform; and gets ready a Cottage Residence for Himself*

Friedrich's Journey to Pyrmont is the first thing recorded of him by the Newspapers. Gone to take the waters; as he did after his former War. Here is what I had noted of that small Occurrence, and of one or two others contiguous in date, which prove to be of significance in Friedrich's History.

'*May* 12-17*th*, 1746,' say the old Books, 'his Majesty sets-out for Pyrmont, taking Brunswick by the way; arrives at Pyrmont May 17th; stays till June 8th;' three weeks good. 'Is busy corresponding with the King of France about a General Peace; but, owing to the embitterment of both parties, it was not possible at this time.' Taking the waters at least, and amusing himself. From Brunswick, in passing, he had brought with him his Brother-in-law the reigning Duke; Rothenburg was there, and Brother Henri; D'Arget expressly; Flute-player Quanz withal, and various musical people: 'in all, a train of above sixty persons.' I notice also that Prince Wilhelm of Hessen was in Pyrmont at the time. With whom, one fancies, what speculations there might be: About the late and present War-passages, about the poor Peace Prospects; your Hessian 'Siege' so-called 'of Blair in Athol' (*Culloden* now comfortably done), and other cognate topics. That is the Pyrmont Journey.

It is no surprise to us to hear, in these months, of new and continual attention to Army matters, to Husbandry matters; and to making good, on all sides, the ruins left by War. Of rebuilding (at the royal expense) 'the town of Schmiedeberg, which had been burnt;' of rebuilding, and repairing from their damage, all Silesian villages and dwellings; and still more satisfactory, How, 'in May 1746, there was, in every Circle of the Country, by exact liquidation of Accounts' (so rapidly got done), 'exact payment made to the individuals concerned, 1°. 'of all the hay, straw and corn that had been delivered to his Majesty's Armies; 2°. of all the horses that had perished in the King's work; 3°. of all the horses stolen by the Enemy, and of all the money-contributions exacted by the Enemy:

payment in ready cash, and according to the rules of justice (*baar und billigmässig*), by his Majesty.'[1]

It was from Pyrmont, May 1746,—or more definitely, it was 'at Potsdam early in the morning, 15th September,' following,—that Friedrich launched, or shot-forth from its moorings, after much previous attempting and preparing, a very great Enterprise; which he has never lost sight of since the day he began reigning, nor will till his reign and life end: the actual Reform of Law in Prussia. 'May 12th, 1746,' Friedrich, on the road to Pyrmont, answers his Chief Law-Minister Cocceji's *Report of Practical Plan* on this matter: 'Yes; looks very hopeful!'—and took it with him to consider at Pyrmont, during his leisure. Much considering of it, then and afterwards, there was. And finally, September 15th, early in the morning, Cocceji had an Interview with Friedrich; and the decisive fiat was given: 'Yes; start on it, in God's name! Pommern, which they call the *Provincia litigiosa*; try it there first!'[2] And Cocceji, a vigorous old man of sixty-seven, one of the most learned of Lawyers, and a very Hercules in cleaning Law Stables, has, on Friedrich's urgencies,—which have been repeated on every breathing-time of Peace there has been, and even sometimes in the middle of War (last January 1745, for example; and again, express Order, January 1746, a fortnight after Peace was signed),—actually got himself girt for this salutary work. 'Wash me out that horror of accumulation, let us see the old Pavements of the place again. Every Lawsuit to be finished within the Year!'

Cocceji, who had been meditating such matters for a great while,[3] and was himself eager to proceed, in spite of considerable wigged oppositions and secret reluctances that there were, did now, on that fiat of September 15th, get his Select Commission of Six riddled together and adjoined to him,—the likeliest Six that Prussia, in her different Provinces, could yield;—and got the *Stände* of Pommern, after due committee-ing and deliberating, to consent and promise help. December 31st, 1746, was the day the *Stände* consented: and January 10th, 1747, Cocceji and his Six set-out for Pommern. On a longish Enterprise, in that Province and the others;—of which we shall have to take notice, and give at least the dates as they occur.

To sweep-out pettifogging Attorneys, cancel improper Advocates, to regulate Fees; to war, in a calm but deadly manner, against pedantries, circumlocutions and the multiplied forms of stupidity, cupidity and human owlery in this department;—and, on the whole, to realise from

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 22, 23. [2] Ranke, ii. 392.

[3] '1st March 1738,' Friedrich Wilhelm's 'Edict' on Law Reform: Cocceji ready at that time;—but his then Majesty forbore.

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every Court, now and onwards, 'A decision to all Lawsuits within a Year after their beginning.' This latter result, Friedrich thinks, will itself be highly beneficial; and be the sign of all manner of improvements. And Cocceji, scanning it with those potent law-eyes of his, ventures to assure him that it will be possible. As, in fact, it proved; —honour to Cocceji and his King, and King's Father withal. 'Samuel von Cocceji' (says an old Note), 'son of a Law-Professor, and himself once such,—was picked-up by Friedrich Wilhelm, for the Official career, many years ago. A man of wholesome, by no means weakly aspect,—to judge by his Portrait, which is the chief "Biography" I have of him. Potent eyes and eyebrows, ditto blunt nose; honest, almost careless lips, and deep chin well dewlapped; extensive penetrative face, not pincered together, but potently fallen closed;—comfortable to see, in a wig of such magnitude. Friedrich, a judge of men, calls him "a man of sterling character (*caractère intègre et droit*), whose qualities would have suited the noble times of the Roman Republic."'[1] He has his Herculean battle, his Master and he have, with the Owleries and the vulturous Law-Pedantries,—which I always love Friedrich for detesting as he does:—and, during the next five years, the world will hear often of Cocceji, and of this Prussian Law-Reform by Friedrich and him.

His Majesty's exertions to make Peace were not successful; what does lie in his power is, to keep-out of the quarrel himself. It appears great hopes were entertained, by some in England, of gaining Friedrich over; of making him Supreme Captain to the Cause of Liberty. And prospects were held-out to him, quasi-offers made, of a really magnificent nature,—undeniable, though obscure. Herr Ranke has been among the Archives again; and comes out with fractional snatches of a very strange 'Paper from England'; capriciously hiding all details about it, all intelligible explanation: so that you in vain ask, 'Where, When, How, By whom?'—and can only guess to yourself that Carteret was somehow at the bottom of the thing; *aut Carteretus aut Diabolus*. 'What would your Majesty think to be elected Stadtholder of Holland? Without a Stadtholder, these Dutch are worth nothing; not hoistable, nor of use when hoisted, all palavering and pulling different ways. Must have a Stadtholder; and one that stands firm on some basis of his own. Stadtholder of Holland, King of Prussia,—you then, in such position, take the reins of this poor floundering English-Dutch Germanic Anti-French War, you; and drive it in the style you have. Conquer back the Netherlands to us; French Netherlands as well. French and Austrian Netherlands together, yours in perpetuity; Dutch Stadtholderate as good as ditto: this, with Prussia and its fighting capabilities, will be a

[1] *Œuvres*, iv. 2.

pleasant Protestant thing. Austria cares little about the Netherlands, in comparison. Austria, getting back its Lorraine and Alsace, will be content, will be strong on its feet. What if it should even lose Italy? France, Spain, Sardinia, the Italian Petty Principalities and Anarchies: suppose they tug and tussle, and collapse there as they can? But let France try to look across the Rhine again; and to threaten Teutschland, England, and the Cause of Human Liberty temporal or spiritual!'

This is authentically the purport of Herr Ranke's extraordinary Document;[1] guessable as due to *Carteretus* or *Diabolus*. Here is an outlook; here is a career as Conquering Hero, if that were one's line! A very magnificent ground-plan; hung-up to kindle the fancy of a young King,—who is far too prudent to go into it at all. More definite quasi-official offers, it seems, were made him from the same quarter: Subsidies to begin with, such subsidies as nobody ever had before; say 1,000,000*l.* sterling by the Year. To which Friedrich answered, 'Subsidies, your Excellency?' (Are We a Hackney-Coachman, then?)—and, with much contempt, turned his back on that offer. No fighting to be had, by purchase or seduction, out of this young man. Will not play the Conquering Hero at all, nor the Hackney-Coachman at all; has decided 'not to fight a cat' if let alone; but to do and endeavour a quite other set of things, for the rest of his life.

Friedrich, readers can observe, is not uplifted with his greatness. He has been too much beaten and bruised to be anything but modestly thankful for getting-out of such a deadly clash of chaotic swords. Seems to have little pride even in his 'Five Victories'; or hides it well. Talks not over-much about these things; talks of them, so far as we can hear, with his old comrades only, in praise of *their* prowesses; as a simple human being, not as a supreme of captains; and at times acknowledges, in a fine sincere way, the omnipotence of Luck in matters of War.

One of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling-House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci,—an elegant commodious little 'Country Box,' quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round,—had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and terracings of the Hill-side were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War. 'April 14th, 1745,' while he lay in those perilous enigmatic circumstances at Neisse with Pandours and devouring bugbears round

[1] Ranke, iii. 359.

1st May 1747] him, 'the foundation-stone was laid' (Knobelsdorf being architect, once more, as in the old Reinsberg case): and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

It was not till May 1747, that the formal occupation took place: 'Mayday 1747,' he had a grand House-heating, or 'First Dinner, of 200 covers: and May 19th-20th was the first night of his sleeping there.' For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion; which became more and more his favourite retreat, whenever the noises and scenic etiquettes were not inexorable. '*Sans-Souci*'; which we may translate 'No-Bother.' A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighbourhood. Berlin and Charlottenburg are about twenty miles off; Potsdam, which, like the other two, is rather consummate among Palaces, lies leftwise in front of him within a short mile. And at length, to *right* hand, in a similar distance and direction, came the '*Neue Schloss*' (New Palace of Potsdam), called also the '*Palace* of Sans-Souci,' in distinction from the Dwelling-House, or as it were Garden-House, which made that name so famous.

Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? '*No*-Bother' was not practically a thing he, of all men, could consider possible in this world: at the utmost perhaps, by good care, '*Less*-Bother'! The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: '*Oui, alors je serai sans souci* (Once *there*, one will be out of bother)!" A saying which was rumoured of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumour in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name, 'Sans-Souci';—which Friedrich adopted; and, before the Year was out, had put upon his lintel in gold letters. So that, by 'Mayday 1747,' the name was in all men's memories; and has continued ever since.[1] Tourists know this Cottage Royal: Friedrich's 'Three Rooms in it; one of them a Library; in another, a little Alcove with an iron Bed' (iron, without curtains; old softened *hat* the usual royal nightcap)—altogether a soldier's lodging:—all this still stands

[1] Preuss, i. 268, etc.; Nicolai, iii. 1200.

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as it did. Cheerfully looking down on its garden-terraces, stairs, Greek statues, and against the free sky:—perhaps we may visit it in time coming, and take a more special view. In the Years now on hand, Friedrich, I think, did not much practically live there, only shifted thither now and then. His chief residence is still Potsdam Palace; and in Carnival time, that of Berlin; with Charlottenburg for occasional festivities, especially in summer, the gardens there being fine.

This of Sans-Souci is but portion of a wider Tendency, wider set of endeavours on Friedrich's part, which returns upon him now that Peace has returned: That of improving his own Domesticities, while he labours at so many public improvements. Gazing long on that simmering 'Typhoon of Marine-stores' above mentioned, we do trace Three great Heads of Endeavour in this Peace Period. *First*, the Reform of Law; which, as above hinted, is now earnestly pushed forward again, and was brought to what was thought completion before long. With much rumour of applause from contemporary mankind. Concerning which we are to give some indications, were it only dates in their order: though, as the affair turned out not to be completed, but had to be taken-up again long after, and is an affair lying wide of British ken,—there need not, and indeed cannot, be much said of it just now. *Secondly*, there is eager Furthering of the Husbandries, the Commerces, Practical Arts,—especially at present, that of Foreign Commerce, and Shipping from the Port of Embden. Which shall have due notice. And *thirdly*, what must be our main topic here, there is that of Improving the Domesticities, the Household Enjoyments such as they were;—especially definable as Renewal of the old Reinsberg Program; attempt more strenuous than ever to realise that beautiful ideal. Which, and the total failure of which, and the consequent quasi-abandonment of it for time coming, are still, intrinsically and by accident, of considerable interest to modern readers.

Curious, and in some sort touching, to observe how that old original Life-Program still reëmerges on this King: 'Something of melodious possible in one's poor life, is not

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there? A Life to the Practical Duties, yes; but to the Muses as well!'—Of Friedrich's success in his Law-Reforms, in his Husbandries, Commerces and Furtherances, conspicuously great as it was, there is no possibility of making careless readers cognisant at this day. Only by the great results,—a 'Prussia *quadrupled*' in his time, and the like,—can studious readers convince themselves, in a cold and merely statistic way. But in respect of Life to the Muses, we have happily the means of showing that in actual vitality; in practical struggle towards fulfilment,—and how extremely disappointing the result was. In a word, Voltaire pays his Fifth and final Visit in this Period; the Voltaire matter comes to its consummation. To that, as to one of the few things which are perfectly knowable in this period of *Ten-Years Peace*, and in which mankind still take interest, we purpose mostly to devote ourselves here.

Ten years of a great King's life, ten busy years too; and nothing visible in them, of main significance, but a crash of Author's Quarrels, and the Crowning Visit of Voltaire? Truly yes, reader; so it has been ordered. Innumerable high-dressed gentlemen, gods of this lower world, are gone all to inorganic powder, no comfortable or profitable memory to be held of them more; and this poor Voltaire, without implement except the tongue and brain of him,—he is still a shining object to all the populations; and they say and symbol to me, 'Tell us of him! He is the man!' Very strange indeed. Changed times since, for dogs barking at the heels of him, and lions roaring ahead,—for Asses of Mirepoix, for foul creatures in high dizenment, and foul creatures who were hungry valets of the same,—this man could hardly get the highways walked! And indeed had to keep his eyes well open, and always have covert within reach, —under pain of being torn to pieces, while he went about in the flesh, or rather in the bones, poor lean being. Changed times; within the Century last past! For indeed there was in that man what far transcends all dizenment, and temporary

potency over valets, over legions, treasure-vaults and dim millions mostly blockhead: a spark of Heaven's own lucency, a gleam from the Eternities (in small measure);—which becomes extremely noticeable when the Dance is over, when your tallow-dips and wax-lights are burnt-out, and the brawl of the night is gone to bed.

## CHAPTER II

### PEEP AT VOLTAIRE AND HIS DIVINE EMILIE (BY CANDLELIGHT) IN THE TIDE OF EVENTS

PUBLIC European affairs require little remembrance; the War burning well to leeward of us henceforth. A huge world of smoky chaos; the special fires of it, if there be anything of fire, are all the more clear far in the distance. Of which sort, and of which only, the reader is to have notice. Maréchal de Saxe,—King Louis oftenest personally there, to give his name and countenance to things done,—is very glorious in the Netherlands; captures, sometimes by surprisal, place after place (beautiful surprisal of Brussels last winter); with sieges of Antwerp, Mons, Charleroi, victoriously following upon Brussels: and, before the end of 1746, he is close upon Holland itself; intent on having Namur and Maestricht; for which the poor Sea-Powers, with a handful of Austrians, fight two Battles, and are again beaten both times.[1] A glorious, ever-victorious Maréchal; and has an Army very 'high-toned,' in more than one sense: indeed, I think, one of the loudest-toned Armies ever on the field before. Loud not with well-served Artillery alone, but with playactor

[1] 1°. Battle of Roucoux, 11th October 1746; Prince Karl commanding, English taking mainly the stress of fight,—Saxe having already outwitted poor Karl, and *got* Namur. 2°. Battle of Lawfelt, or Lauffeld, called also of *Val*, 2d of July 1747; Royal Highness of Cumberland commanding (and taking most of the stress; Ligonier made prisoner, etc.),—Dutch fighting ill, and Bathyani and his Austrians hardly in the fire at all.

Thunderbarrels (always an itinerant Theatre attends), with gasconading talk, with orgies, debaucheries,—busy service of the Devil, *and* pleasant consciousness that we are Heaven's masterpiece, and are in perfect readiness to die at any moment;—our *elasticity* and agility ('*élan*' as we call it) well kept up, in that manner, for the time being.

Hungarian Majesty, contrary to hope, neglects the Netherlands, 'Holland and England, for their own sake, will manage there!'—and directs all her resources, and her lately Anti-Prussian Armies (General Browne leading them) upon Italy, as upon the grand interest now. Little to the comfort of the Sea-Powers. But Hungarian Majesty is decided to cut in upon the French and Spaniards, in that fine Country,—who had been triumphing too much of late; Maillebois and Señor de Gages doing their mutual exploits (though given to quarrel); Don Philip wintering in Milan even (1745-1746); and the King of Sardinia getting into French courses again.

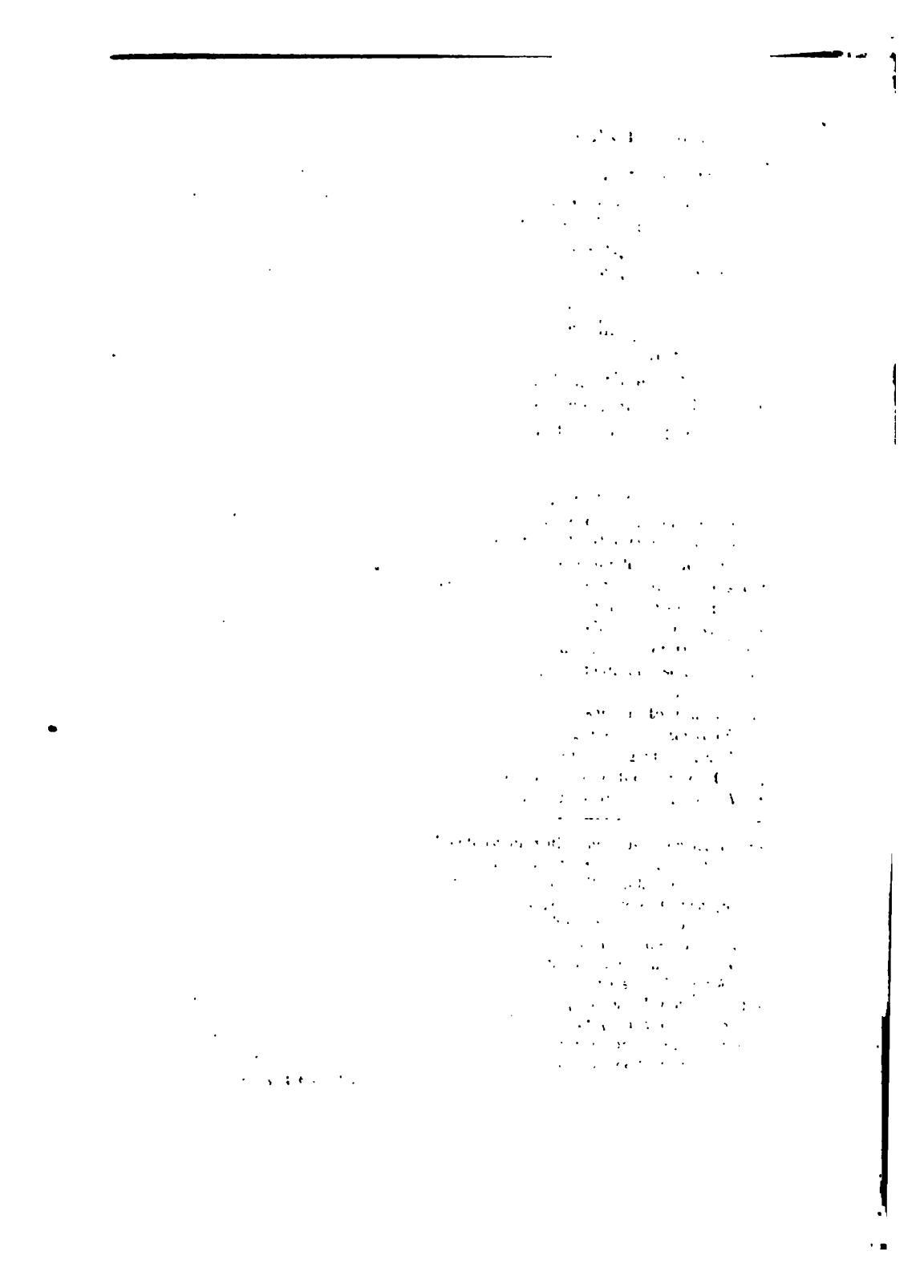
Strong cuts her Hungarian Majesty does inflict, on the Italian side; tumbles Infant Philip out of Milan and his Carnival gaieties, in plenty of hurry; besieges Genoa, Marquis Botta d'Adorno (our old acquaintance Botta) her siege-captain, a native of this region; brings back the wavering Sardinian Majesty; captures Genoa, and much else. Captures Genoa, we say,—had not Botta been too rigorous on his countrymen, and provoked a revolt again, Revolt of Genoa, which proved difficult to settle. In fine, Hungarian Majesty has, in the course of this year 1746, with aid of the reconfirmed Sardinian Majesty, satisfactorily beaten the French and Spaniards. Has,—after two murderous Battles gained over the Maillebois-Gages people,—driven both French and Spaniards into corners, Maillebois altogether home again across the Var;—nay, has descended in actual Invasion upon France itself. And, before New-year's day 1747, General Browne is busy besieging Antibes, aided by English Seventy-fours; so that 'sixty French Battalions' have

to hurry home, from winter-quarters, towards those Provençal Countries; and Maréchal de Belleisle, who commands there, has his hands full. Triumphant enough her Hungarian Majesty, in Italy; while in the Netherlands, the poor Sea-Powers have met with no encouragement from the Fates or her.[1] All which the reader may keep imagining at his convenience;—but will be glad rather, for the present, to go with us for an actual look at M. de Voltaire and the divine Emilie, whom we have not seen for a long time. Not much has happened in the interim; one or two things only which it can concern us to know;—scattered fragments of memorial, on the way thus far:

1°. *M. de Voltaire has, in* 1745, *made way at Court.* Divine Emilie picked-up her Voltaire from that fine Diplomatic course, and went home with him out of our sight, in the end of 1743; the Diplomatic career gradually declaring itself barred to him thenceforth. Since which, nevertheless, he has had his successes otherwise, especially in his old Literary course: on the whole, brighter sunshine than usual, though never without tempestuous clouds attending.. Goes about, with his divine Emilie, now wearing browner and leaner, both of them; and takes the good and evil of life, mostly in a quiet manner; sensible that afternoon is come.

The thrice-famous Pompadour, who had been known to him in the Chrysalis state, did not forget him on becoming Head-Butterfly of the Universe. By her help, one long wish of his soul was gratified, and did not hunger or thirst any more. Some uncertain footing at Court, namely, was at length vouchsafed him:—uncertain; for the Most

[1] 'Battle of Piacenza' (Prince Lichtenstein, with whom is Browne, *versus* Gages and Maillebois), 16th June 1746 (*Adelung*, v. 427); 'Battle of Rottofreddo' (Botta chief Austrian there, and our old friend Bärenklau getting killed there), 12th August 1746 (*ib.* 462): whereupon, *7th September*, Genoa (which had declared itself Anti-Austrian latterly, not without cause, and brought the tug of War into those parts) is coerced by Botta to open its gates, on grievous terms (*ib.* 484-489)' so that, *November 30th*, Browne, no Bourbon Army now on the field, enters Provence (crosses the Var, that day), and tries Antibes: *5th-11th December*, Popular Revolt in Genoa, and Expulsion of proud Botta and his Austrians (*ib.* 518-523); upon which surprising event (which could not be mended during the remainder of the War), Browne's enterprise became impossible. See Buonamici, *Histoire de la dernière Révolution de Gênes*; Adelung, v. 516; vi. 31; etc. etc.



*Mme. De Pompadour*

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Christian Majesty always rather shuddered under those carbuncle eyes. under that voice 'sombre and majestious,' with such turns lying in it:—some uncertain footing at Court; and from the beginning of 1745, his luck, in the Court spheres, began to mount in a wonderful and world-evident manner. On grounds tragically silly, as he thought them. On the Dauphin's Wedding,—a Termagant's Infanta coming hither as Dauphiness, at this time,—there needed to be Court-shows, Dramaticules, Transparencies, Feasts of Lanterns, or I know not what. Voltaire was the chosen man; Voltaire and Rameau (readers have heard of *Rameau's Nephew*, and musical readers still esteem Rameau) did their feat; we may think with what perfection, with what splendour of reward. Alas, and the feat done was, to one of the parties, so unspeakably contemptible! Voltaire pensively surveying Life, brushes the sounding strings; and hums to himself, the carbuncle eyes carrying in them almost something of wet:

'*Mon* Henri Quatre *et ma* Zaïre,
*Et mon Américain* Alzire,
*Ne m'ont valu jamais un seul regard du Roi;*
*J'avais mille ennemis avec très peu de gloire:*
*Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi*
*Pour un Farce de la Foire.*'[1]

Yes, my friend; it is a considerable ass, this world; by no means the Perfectly Wise put at the top of it (as one could wish), and the Perfectly Foolish at the bottom. Witness—nay, witness Psyche Pompadour herself, is not she an emblem! Take your luck without criticism; luck good and bad visits all.

2°. *And got into the Academy next Year, in consequence.* In 1746, the Academy itself, Pompadour favouring, is made willing; Voltaire sees himself among the Forty: soul, on that side too, be at ease, and hunger not nor thirst any more.[2] This highest of felicities could not be achieved

[1] 'My *Henri Quatre*, my *Zaïre*, my *Alzire*' (high works very many), 'could never purchase me a single glance of the King; I had multitudes of enemies, and very little fame:—honours and riches rain on me, at last, for a Farce of the Fair' (*Œuvres*, ii. 151).

The 'Farce' (which by no means *called* itself such) was *Princesse de Navarre* (*Œuvres*, lxxiii. 251): first acted 23d February 1745, Day of the Wedding. Gentlemanship of the Chamber thereupon (which Voltaire, by permission, sold, shortly after, for 2,500*l.*, with titles retained), and appointment as Historiographer Royal. Poor Dauphiness did not live long; Louis XVI.'s Mother was a *second* Wife, Saxon-Polish Majesty's Daughter.

[2] 'May 9th, 1746, Voltaire is received at the Academy; and makes a very fine Discourse' (*Barbier*, ii. 488). *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355, 385, and i. 97.

without an ugly accompaniment from the surrounding Populace. Desfontaines is dead, safe down in Sodom; but wants not for a successor, for a whole Doggery of such. Who are all awake, and giving tongue on this occasion. There is M. Roi the 'Poet,' as he was then reckoned; jingling Roi, who concocts satirical calumnies; who collects old ones, reprints the same,—and sends Travenol, an Opera-Fiddler, to vend them. From which sprang a Lawsuit, *Procès-Travenol*, of famous melancholy sort. As Voltaire had rather the habit of such sad melancholy Lawsuits, we will pause on this of Travenol for a moment:

3°. *Summary of Travenol Lawsuit.* 'Monday 9th May 1746, was the Day of reception at the Academy; reception and fruition, thrice-savoury to Voltaire. But what an explosion of the Doggeries, before, during and after that event! Voltaire had tried to be prudent, too. He had been corresponding with Popes, with Cardinals; and, in a fine frank-looking way, capturing their suffrages:—not by lying, which in general he wishes to avoid, but by speaking half the truth; in short, by advancing, in a dexterous, diplomatic way, the *un*cloven foot, in those Vatican precincts. And had got the Holy Father's own suffrage for *Mahomet* (think of that, you Ass of Mirepoix!), among other cases that might rise. When this seat among the Forty fell vacant, his very first measure,—mark it, Orthodox reader,—was a Letter to the Chief Jesuit, Father Latour, Head of one's old College of Louis le Grand. A Letter of fine filial tenor: "My excellent old Schoolmasters, to whom I owe everything; the representatives of learning, of decorum, of frugality and modest human virtue:—in what contrast to the obscure Doggeries poaching about in the street-gutters, and flying at the peaceable passenger!"[1] Which captivated Father Latour; and made matters smooth on that side; so that even the *Ancien de Mirepoix* said nothing, this time: What could he say? No cloven foot visible, and the Authorities strong.

'Voltaire had started as Candidate with these judicious preliminaries. Voltaire was elected, as we saw; fine Discourse, 9th May; and on the Official side all things comfortable. But, in the meanwhile, the Doggeries, as natural, seeing the thing now likely, had risen to a never-imagined pitch; and had filled Paris, and, to Voltaire's excruciated sense, the Universe, with their howlings and their hyæna-laughter, with their pasquils, satires, old and new. So that Voltaire could not stand it; and, in evil hour, rushed down stairs upon them; seized one poor dog, Travenol, unknown to him as Fiddler or otherwise; pinioned Dog Travenol, with pincers, by the ears, him for one;—proper Police-pincers,

[1] In *Voltairiana, ou Eloges Amphigouriques*, etc. (Paris, 1748), i. 150-160, the *Letter* itself, 'Paris, 7th February 1746'; omitted (without need, or real cause on any side) in the common Collections of *Œuvres de Voltaire*.

for we are now well at Court;—and had a momentary joy! And, alas, this was not the right dog; this, we say, was Travenol a Fiddler at the Opera, who, except the street-noises, knew nothing of Voltaire; much less had the least pique at him; but had taken to hawking certain Pasquils (Jingler Roi's *Collection*, it appears), to turn a desirable penny by them.

'And mistakes were made in the Affair Travenol,—old *Father* Travenol haled to prison, instead of Son,—by the Lieutenant of Police and his people. And Voltaire took the high-hand method (being well at Court): —and thereupon hungry Advocates took-up Dog Travenol and his pincered ears: "Serene Judges of the Châtelet, Most Christian Populace of Paris, did you ever see a Dog so pincered by an Academical Gentleman before, merely for being hungry?" And Voltaire, getting madder and madder, appealed to the Academy (which would not interfere); filed Criminal Informations; appealed to the Châtelet, to the Courts above and to the Courts below; and, for almost a year, there went on the "*Procès-Travenol*":[1] Olympian Jove in distressed circumstances *versus* a hungry Dog who had eaten dirty puddings. Paris, in all its Saloons and Literary Coffeehouses (figure the *Antre de Procope*, on Publication nights!), had, monthly or so, the exquisite malign banquet; and grinned over the Law Pleadings: what Magazine Serial of our day can be so interesting to the emptiest mind!

'Lasted, I find, for above a year. From Spring 1746 till towards Autumn 1747: Voltaire's feelings being—Haha, so exquisite, all the while!—Well, reader, I can judge how amusing it was to high and low. And yet Phœbus Apollo going about as mere Cowherd of Admetus, and exposed to amuse the populace by his duels with dogs that have bitten him? It is certain Voltaire was a fool, not to be more cautious of getting into gutter-quarrels; not to have a thicker skin, in fact.'

*Procès-Travenol* escorting one's Triumphal Entry; what an adjunct! Always so: always in your utmost radiance of sunshine a shadow; and in your softest outburst of Lydian or Spheral symphonies something of eating Care! Then too, in the Court-circle itself, 'is Trajan pleased,' or are all things well? Readers have heard of that '*Trajan est-il content?*' It occurred Winter 1745 (27th November 1745, a date worth marking), while things were still in the flush of early hope. That even-

[1] About Mayday 1746, Seizure of Travenol; Pleadings are in vigour August 1746; not done April 1747. In *Voltairiana*, ii. 141-206, Pleadings etc. copiously given; and most of the original Libels, in different parts of that sad Book (compiled by Travenol's Advocate, a very sad fellow himself): see also *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355 *n.*, 385 *n.*; *ib.* i. 97; *Barbier*, ii. 487. All in a very jumbled, dateless, vague and incorrect condition.

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ing, our *Temple de la Gloire* (Temple of Glory) had just been acted for the first time, in honour of him we may call 'Trajan,' returning from a 'Fontenoy and Seven Cities captured:'[1]

| | |
|---|---|
| '*Reviens, divin Trajan, vainqueur doux et terrible;* | 'Return, divine Trajan, conqueror sweet and terrible; |
| *Le monde est mon rival, tous les cœurs sont à toi;* | The world is my rival, all hearts are thine; |
| *Mais est-il un cœur plus sensible,* | But is there a heart more loving, |
| *Et qui t'adore plus que moi?*'[2] | Or that adores thee more than I?' |

An allegoric Dramatic Piece; naturally very admirable at Versailles. Issuing radiant from Fall of the Curtain, Voltaire had the farther honour to see his Majesty pass out; Majesty escorted by Richelieu, one's old friend in a sense: 'Is Trajan pleased?' whispered Voltaire to his Richelieu; overheard by Trajan,—who answered in words nothing, but in a visible glance of the eyes did answer, 'Impertinent Lackey!'—Trajan being a man unready with speech; and disliking trouble with the people whom he paid for keeping his boots in polish. Oh my winged Voltaire, to what dunghill Bubbly-Jocks (*Coqs d'Inde*) you do stoop with homage, constrained by their appearance of mere size!—

Evidently no perfect footing at Court, after all. And then the Pompadour, could she, Head-Butterfly of the Universe, be an anchor that would hold, if gales rose? Rather she is herself somewhat of a gale, of a continual liability to gales; unstable as the wind! Voltaire did his best to be useful, as Court Poet, as director of Private Theatricals;—above all, to soothe, to flatter Pompadour; and never neglected this evident duty. But, by degrees, the envious Lackey-people made cabals; turned the Divine Butterfly into comparative indifference for Voltaire; into preference of a Crébillon's poor faded Pieces: 'Suitabler these, Madame, for the Private Theatricals of a Most Christian Majesty.' Think what a stab; crueler than daggers through one's heart: 'Crébillon?' M. de Voltaire said nothing; looked nothing, in those sacred circles; and never ceased outwardly his worship, and assiduous tuning, of the Pompadour: but he felt—as only Phœbus Apollo in the like case can! 'Away!' growled he to himself, when this atrocity had culminated. And, in effect, is, since the end of 1746 or so, pretty much withdrawn from the Versailles Olympus; and has set, privately in the distance (now at Cirey, now at Paris, in our *petit palais* there), with his whole will and fire, to do Crébillon's dead Dramas into living ones of his own. Dead *Catilina* of Crébillon into *Rome Sauvée* of Voltaire, and the other samples

[1] Seven of them; or even eight, of a kind: Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Nieuport, Dendermond, Ath, Ostend; and nothing lost but Cape Breton and one's Codfishery.

[2] *Temple de la Gloire*, Acte iv. (*Œuvres*, xii. 328).

15th Aug. 1747] of dead into living,—that stupid old Crébillon himself and the whole Universe may judge, and even Pompadour feel a remorse!—Readers shall fancy these things; and that the world is coming back to its old poor drab colour with M. de Voltaire; his divine Emilie and he rubbing along on the old confused terms. One face-to-face peep of them readers shall now have; and that is to be enough, or more than enough:

## *Voltaire and the divine Emilie appear suddenly, one Night, at Sceaux*

About the middle of August 1747, King Friedrich, I find, was at home;—not in his new *Sans-Souci* by any means, but running to and fro; busy with his Musterings, 'grand review, and mimic attack on Börnstadt, near Berlin'; *Invaliden-Haus* (Military Hospital) getting built; Silesian Reviews just ahead; and, for the present, much festivity and moving about, to Charlottenburg, to Berlin and the different Palaces; Wilhelmina, 'August 15th,' having come to see him; of which fine visit, especially of Wilhelmina's thoughts on it,—why have the envious Fates left us nothing!

While all this is astir in Berlin and neighbourhood, there is, among the innumerable other visits in this world, one going on near Paris, in the Mansion or Palace of Sceaux, which has by chance become memorable. A visit by Voltaire and his divine Emilie, direct from Paris, I suppose, and rather on the sudden. Which has had the luck to have a *Letter* written on it, by one of those rare creatures, a seeing Witness, who can make others see and believe. The seeing Witness is little Madame de Staal (by no means Necker's Daughter, but a much cleverer), known as one of the sharpest female heads; she from the spot reports it to Madame du Deffand, who also is known to readers. There is such a glimpse afforded here into the actuality of old things and remarkable human creatures, that Friedrich himself would be happy to read the Letter.

Duchesse du Maine, Lady of Sceaux, is a sublime old personage with whom and with whose high ways and magnificent hospitalities at Sceaux, at Anet and elsewhere, Voltaire had been familiar for long years past.[1] This Duchess, grand-daughter of the great Condé, now a dowager for ten years, and herself turned of seventy, has been a notable figure in French History this great while: a living fragment of Louis le Grand, as it were. Was wedded to Louis's 'Legitimated' Illegitimate, the Duc du Maine;

[1] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 434 *n.*, x. 8, etc., 'Clog.' and others represent *this* Visit as having been to Anet,—though the record otherwise is express.

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was in trouble with the Regent d'Orléans about Alberoni-Cellamare conspiracies (1718), Regent having stript her Husband of his high legitimatures and dignities, with little ceremony; which led her to conspire a good deal, at one time.[1] She was never very beautiful; but had a world of grace and witty intelligence; and knew a Voltaire when she saw him. Was the soul of courtesy and benignity, though proud enough, and carrying her head at its due height; and was always very charming, in her lofty gracious way, to mankind. Interesting to all, were it only as a living fragment of the Grand Epoch,—kind of French Fulness of Time, when the world was at length blessed with a Louis Quatorze, and Ne-plus-ultra of a Gentleman determined to do the handsome thing in this world. She is much frequented by high people, especially if of a Literary or Historical turn. President Hénault (of the *Abrégé Chronologique*, the well-frilled, accurately-powdered, most correct old legal gentleman) is one of her adherents; Voltaire is another, that may stand for many: there is an old Marquis de St. Aulaire, whom she calls '*mon vieux berger* (my old shepherd,' that is to say, sweetheart or flame of love);[2] there is a most learned President de Mesmes, and others we have heard of, but do not wish to know. Little De Staal was at one time this fine Duchess's maid; but has far outgrown all that, a favourite guest of the Duchess's instead; holds now mainly by Madame du Deffand (not yet fallen blind),—and is well turned of fifty, and known for one of the shrewdest little souls in the world, at the time she writes. Her Letter is addressed '*To Madame du Deffand*, at Paris'; most free-flowing female Letter; of many pages, runs on, day after day, for a fortnight or so;—only Excerpts of it introducible here:

'*Sceaux, Tuesday 15th August* 1747. * * Madame du Châtelet and Voltaire, who had announced themselves as for today, and whom nobody had heard of otherwise, made their appearance yesternight, near midnight; like two Spectres, with an odour of embalmment about them, as if just out of their tombs. We were rising from table; the Spectres, however, were hungry ones: they needed supper; and what is more,

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[1] *Duc du Maine* with *Comte de Toulouse* were products of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan:—'legitimated' by Papa's fiat in 1673, while still only young children; *dis*legitimated again by Regent d'Orléans autumn 1718; grand scene, 'guards drawn-out' and the like, on this occasion (*Barbier*, i. 8-11, ii. 181); futile Conspiracies with Alberoni thereupon; arrest of Duchess and Duke (29th December 1718), and closure of that poor business. Duc du Maine died 1736; Toulouse next year; ages, each about sixty-five. 'Duc de Penthièvre,' Egalité's father-in-law, was Toulouse's son; Maine has left a famous Dowager, whom we see. Nothing more of notable about the one or the other.

[2] *Barbier*, ii. 87; see *ib.* (i. 8-11; ii. 181, 436; etc.) for many notices of her affairs and her.

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beds, which were not ready. The Housekeeper (*Concierge*), who had gone to bed, rose in great haste. Gaya' (amiable gentleman, conceivable, not known), 'who had offered his apartment for pressing cases, was obliged to yield it in this emergency: he flitted with as much precipitation and displeasure as an army surprised in its camp; leaving a part of his baggage in the enemy's hands. Voltaire thought the lodging excellent, but that did not at all console Gaya.

'As to the Lady, her bed turns-out not to have been well made; they have had to put her in a new place today. Observe, she made that bed herself, no servants being up, and had found a blemish or *défaut* of'—word wanting:—who knows what?—'in the mattresses; which I believe hurt her exact mind, more than her not very delicate body. She has got, in the interim, an apartment promised to somebody else; and she will have to leave it again on Friday or Saturday, and go into that of Maréchal de Maillebois, who leaves at that time.'

—Yes; Maillebois in the body, O reader. This is he, with the old ape-face renewed by paint, whom we once saw marching with an 'Army of Redemption,' haggling in the Passes about Eger, unable to redeem Belleisle; marching and haggling, more lately, with a 'Middle-Rhine Army,' and the like non-effect; since which, fighting his best in Italy,—pushed home last winter, with Browne's bayonets in his back; Belleisle succeeding him in dealing with Browne. Belleisle, and the 'Revolt of Genoa' (fatal to Browne's Invasion of us), and the Defence of Genoa and the mutual worryings thereabout, are going-on at a great rate,—and there is terrible news out of those Savoy Passes, while Maillebois is here. Concerning which by and by. He is grandson of the renowned Colbert, this Maillebois. A Field-Marshal evidently extant, you perceive, in those vanished times: is to make room for Madame on Friday, says our little De Staal; and take leave of us,—if for good, so much the better!

'He came at the time we did, with his daughter and granddaughter: the one is pretty, the other ugly and dreary'—(*l'une, l'autre*; no saying which, in such important case! Madame la Maréchale, the mother and grandmother, I think must be dead. Not beautiful she, nor very benignant, '*une très-méchante femme*, very cat-witted woman,' says Barbier; 'shrieked like a devil, at Court, upon the Cardinal,' about that old *Army-of-Redemption* business; but all her noise did nothing).[1]—'M. le Maréchal has hunted here with his dogs, in these fine autumn woods and glades; chased a bit of a stag, and caught a poor doe's fawn: that was all that could be got there.

'Our new Guests will make better sport: they are going to have their Comedy acted again' (Comedy of *The Exchange*, much an entertainment with them): 'Vanture' (conceivable, not known) 'is to do the Count de

[1] Barbier, ii. 332 ('November 1742').

Boursoufle (*de Blister* or *de Windbag*); you will not say this is a hit, any more than Madame du Châtelet's doing the Hon. Miss Piggery (*La Cochonnière*), who ought to be fat and short.[1]—Little De Staal then abruptly breaks-off, to ask about her Correspondent's health, and her Correspondent's friend old President Hénault's health; touches on those 'grumblings and discords in the Army (*tracasseries de l'Armée*),' which are making such a stir; how M. d'Argenson, our fine War-Minister, man of talent amid blockheads, will manage them; and suddenly exclaims: 'O my queen, what curious animals men and women are! I laugh at their manœuvres, the days when I have slept well; if I have missed sleep, I could kill them. These changes of temper prove that I do not break-off kind. Let us mock other people, and let other people mock us; it is well done on both sides.'—(Poor little De Staal: to what a posture have things come with you, in that fast-rotting Epoch, of Hypocrisies becoming all insolvent!)

'*Wednesday* 16*th*. Our Ghosts do not show themselves by daylight. They appeared yesterday at ten in the evening; I do not think we shall see them sooner today: the one is engaged in writing high feats' (*Siècle de Louis XV.*, or what at last became such); 'the other in commenting Newton. They will neither play nor walk: they are, in fact, equivalent to *zeros* in a society where their learned writings are of no significance.' —(Pauses, without notice given, for some hours, perhaps days; then resuming):—'Nay, worse still: their apparition tonight has produced a vehement declamation on one of our little social diversions here, the game of *Cavagnole*:[2] it was continued and maintained,' on the part of Madame du Châtelet, you guess, 'in a tone which is altogether unheard-of in this place; and was endured,' on the part of Serene Highness, 'with a moderation not less surprising. But what is unendurable is my babble'—And herewith our nimble little woman hops-off again into the general field of things; and gossips largely, How are you, my queen, Whither are you going, Whither we; That the Maillebois people are away, and also the Villeneuves, if anybody knew them now; then how the Estillacs, to the number of four, are coming tomorrow; and Cousin Soquence, for all his hunting, can catch nothing; and it is a continual coming and going; and how Boursoufle is to be played, and a Dame Dufour is just come, who will do a character. Rubrics, vanished shadows, nearly all those high Dames and Gentlemen; *la pauvre* Saint-Pierre, 'eaten with gout,' who is she? 'Still drags herself about as well as she can; but not with me, for I never go by land, and she seems to

[1] *L'Echange*, The Exchange, *or When shall I get married?* Farce in three acts: *Œuvres*, x. 167-222; used to be played at Cirey and elsewhere (see plenty of details upon it, exact or not quite so, *ibid.* 7-9).

[2] 'Kind of *Biribi*,' it would appear, in the height of fashion then.

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have the hydrophobia, when I take to the water.' (Thread of date is gone! I almost think we must have got to Saturday by this time:—or perhaps it is only Thursday, and Maillebois off prematurely, to be out of the way of the Farce? Little De Staal takes no notice; but continues gossiping rapidly):

'Yesterday Madame du Châtelet got into her third lodging: she could not any longer endure the one she had chosen. There was noise in it, smoke without fire:—privately meseems, a little the emblem of herself! — As to noise, it was not by night that it incommoded her, she told me, but by day, when she was in the thick of her work: it deranges her ideas. She is busy reviewing her *Principles'—Newton's Principia*, no doubt, but De Staal will understand it only as *Principes*, Principles in general:—'it is an exercise she repeats every year, without which the Principles might get away, and perhaps go so far she would never find them again' (You satirical little gipsy!). 'Her head, like enough, is a kind of lock-up for them, rather than a birthplace, or natural home: and that is a case for watching carefully lest they get away. She prefers the high air of this occupation to every kind of amusement, and persists in not showing herself till after dark. Voltaire has produced some gallant verses' (unknown to Editors), 'which help-off a little the bad effect of such unusual behaviour.

'*Sunday 27th.* I told you on Thursday' (no, you didn't; you only meant to tell) 'that our Spectres were going on the morrow, and that the Piece was to be played that evening: all this has been done. I cannot give you much of Boursoufle' (done by one Vanture). 'Mademoiselle Piggery' (*de la Cochonnière*, Madame du Châtelet herself) 'executed so perfectly the extravagance of her part, that I own it gave me real pleasure. But Vanture only put his own fatuity into the character of Boursoufle, which wanted more: he played naturally in a Piece where all requires to be forced, like the subject of it.'—What a pity none of us has read this fine Farce! 'One Pâris did the part of *Muscadin* (Little Coxcomb), which name represents his character: in short, it can be said the Farce was well given. The Author ennobled it by a Prologue for the Occasion; which he acted very well, along with Madame Dufour as *Barbe* (Governess Barbara), who, but for this brilliant action, could not have put-up with merely being Governess to Piggery. And, in fact, she disdained the simplicity of dress which her part required;—as did the chief Actress,' Du Châtelet herself (age now forty-one); 'who, in playing *Piggery*, preferred the interests of her own face to those of the Piece, and made her entry in all the splendour and elegant equipments of a Court Lady,'—her '*Principles*,' though the key is turned upon them, not unlike jumping out of window, one would say! 'She had a crow to pluck' (*maille à partir*, 'clasp to open,' which is better) 'with Voltaire on this

point: but she is sovereign, and he is slave. I am very sorry at their going, though I was worn-out with doing her multifarious errands all the time she was here.'

*Wednesday 30th.* "M. le President" (Hénault) "has been asked hither; and he is to bring you, my Queen! Tried all I could to hinder; but they would not be put-off. If your health and disposition do suit, it will be charming. In any case, I have got you a good apartment: "'it is the one that Madame du Châtelet had seized upon, after an exact review of all the Mansion. There will be a little less furniture than she had put in it; Madame had pillaged all her previous apartments to equip this one. We found about seven tables in it, for one item: she needs them of all sizes; immense, to spread-out her papers upon; solid, to support her *nécessaire*; slighter, for her nicknacks (*pompons*), for her jewels. And this fine arrangement did not save her from an accident like that of Philip II., when, after spending all the night in writing, he got his despatches drowned by the oversetting of an inkbottle. The Lady did not pretend to imitate the moderation of that Prince; at any rate, he was only writing on affairs of state; and the thing they blotted, on this occasion, was Algebra, much more difficult to clean-up again.

'This subject ought to be exhausted: one word more, and then it does end. The day after their departure, I receive a Letter of four pages, and a Note enclosed, which announces dreadful hurly-burly: M. de Voltaire has mislaid his Farce, forgotten to get back the parts, and lost his Prologue: I am to find all that again' (excessively tremulous about his Manuscripts, M. de Voltaire; of such value are they, of such danger to him; there is *La Pucelle*, for example,—enough to hang a man, were it surreptitiously launched forth in print!)—'I am to send him the Prologue instantly, not by post, because they would copy it; to keep the parts for fear of the same accident, and to lock-up the Piece "under a hundred keys." I should have thought one padlock sufficient for this treasure! I have duly executed his orders.'[1]

And herewith *explicit De Staal.* Scene closes: *exeunt omnes;* are off to Paris or Versailles again; to Lunéville and the Court of Stanislaus again,—where also adventures await them, which will be heard of!

'Figure to yourself,' says some other Eyewitness, 'a lean Lady, with big arms and long legs; small head, and countenance losing itself in a cloudery of head-dress; cocked nose' (*retroussé*, say you? Very slightly, then; quite an unobjectionable nose!) 'and pair of small greenish eyes; complexion tawny, and mouth too big: this was the divine Emilie, whom

[1] *Madame de Graffigny* (Paris, 1820), pp. 283-291.

Voltaire celebrates to the stars. Loaded to extravagance with ribbons, laces, face-patches, jewels and female ornaments; determined to be sumptuous in spite of Economics, and pretty in spite of Nature:' Pooh, it is an enemy's hand that paints! 'And then by her side,' continues he, 'the thin long figure of Voltaire, that Anatomy of an Apollo, affecting worship of her,'[1]—yes, that thin long Gentleman, with high red-heeled shoes, and the daintiest polite attitudes and paces; in superfine coat, laced hat under arm; nose and underlip ever more like coalescing (owing to decay of teeth), but two eyes shining on you like carbuncles; and in the ringing voice, such touches of speech when you apply for it! Thus they at Sceaux and elsewhere; walking their Life-minuet, making their entrances and exits.

One thing is lamentable: the relation with Madame is not now a flourishing one, or capable again of being: 'Does not love me as he did, the wretch!' thinks Madame always;—yet sticks by him, were it but in the form of blister. They had been to Lunéville, Spring 1747; happy dull place, within reach of Cirey; far from Versailles and its cabals. They went again, 1748, in a kind of permanent way; Titular Stanislaus, an opulent dawdling creature, much liking to have them; and Father Menou, his Jesuit,—who is always in quarrel with the Titular Mistress,—thinking to displace *her* (as you gradually discover), and promote the Du Châtelet to that improper dignity! In which he had not the least success, says Voltaire; but got 'two women on his ears instead of one.' It was not to be Stanislaus's mistress; nor a *titular* one at all, but a real, that Madame was fated in this dull happy place! Idle readers know the story only too well;—concerning which, admit this other Fraction and no more:

'Stanislaus, as a Titular King, cannot do without some kind of Titular

[1] From Rödenbeck (quoting somebody, whom I have surely seen in French; whom Rödenbeck tries to name, as he could have done, but curiously without success), i. 179.

Army,—were it only to blare about as Lifeguard, and beat kettledrums on occasion. A certain tall high-sniffing M. de St. Lambert, a young Lorrainer of long pedigree and light purse, had just taken refuge in this Lifeguard' (Summer 1748, or so), 'I know not whether as Captain or Lieutenant, just come from the Netherlands Wars: of grave stiff manners; for the rest, a good-looking young fellow; thought to have some poetic genius, even;—who is precious, surely, in such an out-of-the-way place. Welcome to Voltaire, to Madame still more. Alas, readers know the History,—on which we must not dwell. Madame, a brown geometric Lady, age now forty-two, with a Great Man who has scandalously ceased to love her, casts her eye upon St. Lambert: "Yes, you would be the shoeing-horn, Monsieur, if one had time, you fine florid fellow, hardly yet into your thirties—" And tries him with a little coquetry; I always think, perhaps in this view chiefly? And then, at any rate, as he responded, the thing itself became so interesting: "Our Ulysses-bow, we can still bend it, then, aha!" And is not that a pretty stag withal, worth bringing down; florid, just entering his thirties, and with the susceptibilities of genius! Voltaire was not blind, could he have helped it,—had he been tremulously alive to help it. "Your Verses to her, my St. Lambert,—ah, Tibullus never did the like of them. Yes, to you are the roses, my fine young friend, to me are the thorns:" thus sings Voltaire in response;[1] perhaps not thinking it would go so far. And it went,—alas, it went to all lengths, mentionable and not mentionable: and M. le Marquis had to be coaxed home in the Spring of 1749,—still earlier it had been suitabler;—and in September ensuing, M. de St. Lambert looking his demurest, there is an important lying-in to be transacted! Newton's *Principia* is, by that time, drawing diligently to its close;—complicated by such far abstruser Problems, not of the geometric sort! Poor little lean brown woman, what a Life, after all; what an End of a Life!'—

## *War-Passages in* 1747

The War, since Friedrich got out of it, does not abate in animosity, nor want for bloodshed, battle and sieging; but offers little now memorable. March 18th, 1747, a ghastly Phantasm of a Congress, 'Congress of Breda,' which had for some months been attempting Peace, and was never able to get into conference, or sit in its chairs except for moments,

[1] *Œuvres*, xvii. 223 ('*Epître à M. de St. Lambert*, 1749'); etc. etc. In *Mémoires sur Voltaire par Longchamp et Wagnière* (Paris, 1826), ii. 229 et. seq., details enough and more.

flew away altogether;[1] and left the War perhaps angrier than ever, more hopelessly stupid than ever. Except, indeed, that resources are failing; money running low in France, Parlements beginning to murmur, and among the Population generally a feeling that glory is excellent, but will not make the national pot boil. Perhaps all this will be more effective than Congresses of Breda? Here are the few Notes worth giving:

*April 23d-30th, 1747, The French invade Holland; whereupon, suddenly, a Stadtholder there.* 'After Fontenoy there has been much sieging and capturing in that Netherlands Country, a series of successes gloriously delightful to Maréchal de Saxe and the French Nation: likewise (in bar of said sieging, in futile attempt to bar it) a Battle of Roucoux, October 1746; with victory, or quasi-victory, to Saxe, at least with prostration to the opposite part. And farther on, there is a Battle of Lauffeld coming, 2d July 1747; with similar results; frustration evident, retreat evident, victory not much to speak of. And in this gloriously delightful manner Saxe and the French Nation have proceeded, till in fact the Netherlands Territory with all strongholds, except Maestricht alone, was theirs,—and they decided on attacking the Dutch Republic itself. And (17th April 1747) actually broke-in upon the frontier Fortresses of Zealand; found the same dry-rotten everywhere; and took them, Fortress after Fortress, at the rate of a cannon salvo each: "Ye magnanimous Dutch, see what you have got by not sitting still, as recommended!' To the horror and terror of the poor Zealanders and general Dutch Population. Who shrieked to England for help;—and were, on the very instant, furnished with a modicum of Seventy-fours (Dutch Courier returning by the same); which landed the Courier April 23d, and put Walcheren in a state of security.[2]

'Whereupon the Dutch Population turned round on its Governors, with a growl of indignation, spreading ever wider, waxing ever higher: "Scandalous laggards, is this your mode of governing a free Republic? Freedom to let the State go to dry-rot, and become the laughing-stock of mankind. To provide for your own paltry kindred in the State-employments; to palaver grandly with all comers; and publish melodious Despatches of Van Hoey? Had not Britannic Majesty, for his dear

[1] In September 1746 had got together; but would not take life, on trying and again trying, and fell forgotten: February 1747, again gleams-up into hope: March 18th and the following days, vanishes for good (Adelung, v. 50; vi. 6, 62).

[2] Adelung, vi. 105, 125-134.

Daughter's sake, come to the rescue in this crisis, where had we been? We demand a Stadtholder again; our glorious Nassau Orange, to keep some bridle on you!" And actually, in this way, Populus and Plebs, by general turning-out into the streets, in a gloomily indignant manner, which threatens to become vociferous and dangerous,—cowed the Heads of the Republic into choosing the said Prince, with Princess and Family, as Stadtholder, High-Admiral, High-Everything and Supreme of the Republic. Hereditary, no less, and punctually perpetual; Princess and Family to share in it. In which happy state (ripened into Kingship latterly) they continue to this day. A result painfully surprising to Most Christian Majesty; gratifying to Britannic proportionately, or more;—and indeed beneficial towards abating dry-rot and melodious palaver in that poor Land of the Free. Consummated, by popular outbreak of vociferation, in the different Provinces, in about a week from April 23d, when those helpful Seventy-fours hove in sight. Stadtholdership had been in abeyance for forty-five years.[1] The new Stadtholder did his best; could not, in the short life granted him, do nearly enough.—Next year there was a *second* Dutch outbreak, or general turning into the streets; of much more violent character; in regard to glaringly unjust Excises and Taxations, and to "instant dismissal of your Excise-Farmers," as the special first item.[2] Which salutary object being accomplished (new Stadtholder well aiding, in a valiant and judicious manner), there has no third dose of that dangerous remedy been needed since.

'*July 19th, Fate of Chevalier de Belleisle.* At the Fortress of Exilles, in one of those Passes of the Savoy Alps,—Pass of Col di Sieta, memorable to the French soldier ever since,—there occurred a lamentable thing;' doubtless much talked-of at Sceaux while Voltaire was there. The Revolt of Genoa (popular outburst, and expulsion of our poor friend Botta and his Austrians, then a famous thing, and a rarer than now) having suddenly recalled the victorious General Browne from his Siege of Antibes and Invasion of Provence,—Maréchal Duc de Belleisle, well reinforced and now become "Army of Italy" in general, followed steadfastly for "Defence of Genoa" against indignant Botta, Browne and Company. For defence of Genoa; nay, for attack on Turin, which would have been "defence" in Genoa and everywhere,—had the captious Spaniard consented to coöperate. Captious Spaniard would not; Couriers to Madrid, to Paris thereupon, and much time lost;—till, at the eleventh hour, came consent from Paris, "Try it by yourself, then!" Belleisle

[1] Since our Dutch William's death, 1702.

[2] Adelung, vi. 364 et seq.; Raumer, 182-193 ('March-September 1748'); or, in *Chesterfield's Works*, Dayrolles's Letters to Chesterfield: somewhat unintelligent and unintelligible, both Raumer and he.

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tries it; at least his Brother does. His Brother, the Chevalier, is to force that Pass of Exilles; a terrible fiery business, but the backbone of the whole adventure: in which, if the Chevalier can succeed, he too is to be Maréchal de France. Forward, therefore, climb the Alpine stairs again; snatch me that Fort of Exilles.

'And so, July 19th, 1747, the Chevalier comes in sight of the Place; scans a little the frowning buttresses, bristly with guns; the dumb Alps, to right and left, looking down on him and it. Chevalier de Belleisle judges that, however difficult, it can and must be possible to French valour; and storms-in upon it, huge and furious (20,000, or if needful 30,000);—but is torn into mere wreck, and hideous recoil; rallies, snatches a standard, "We must take it or die,"—and dies, does not take it; falls shot on the rampart, "pulling at the palisades with his own hands," nay, some say "with his teeth," when the last moments came. Within one hour, he has lost 4,000 men; and himself and his Brother's Enterprise lie ended there.[1] Fancy his poor Brother's feelings, who much loved him! The discords about War-matters (*tracasseries de l'Armée*) were a topic at Sceaux lately, as De Staal intimated. "Why starve our Italian Enterprises; heaping every resource upon the Netherlands and Saxe?" Diligent Defence of Genoa (chiefly by flourishing of swords on the part of France, for the Austrians were not yet ready) is henceforth all the Italian War there is; and this explosion at Exilles may fitly be finis to it here. Let us only say that Infant Philip did, when the Peace came, get a bit of Apanage (Parma and Piacenza or some such thing, contemptibly small to the Maternal heart), and that all things else lapsed to their pristine state, *minus* only the waste and ruin there had been.'

*July 12th—September 18th: Siege of the chief Dutch Fortress.* 'Unexpected Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom; two months of intense excitement to the Dutch Patriots and Cause-of-Liberty Gazetteers, as indifferent and totally dead as it has now become. Maréchal de Saxe, after his victory at Lauffeld, 2d July, did not besiege Maestricht, as had been the universal expectation; but shot-off an efficient lieutenant of his, one Löwendahl, in due force, privately ready, to overwhelm Bergen-op-Zoom with sudden Siege, while he himself lay between the beaten enemy and it. Bergen is the heart of Holland, key of the Scheld, and quite otherwise important than Maestricht. "Coehorn's masterpiece!" exclaimed the Gazetteers: "Impregnable, you may depend!" "We shall see," answered Saxe, answered Löwendahl the Dane (who also became Maréchal by this business); and after a great deal of furious assaulting and battering, took the Place September 18th, before daylight,' by a kind of surprisal or quasi-storm;—'the Commandant, one Cronström, a brave old Swede, age

[1] Voltaire, xxv. 221 et seq. (*Siècle de Louis Quinze*, c. 22); Adelung, vi. 174.

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towards ninety, not being of very wakeful nature! "Did as well as could be expected of him," said the Court-Martial sitting on his case, and forbore to shoot the poor old man.[1] A sore stroke, this of Bergen, to Britannic Majesty and the Friends of Liberty; who nevertheless refuse to be discouraged.

*December 25th, Russians in behalf of Human Liberty.* 'March of 36,000 Russians from the City of Moscow, this day; on a very long journey, in the hoary Christmas weather! Most Christian Majesty is ruinously short of money; Britannic Majesty has still credit, and a voting Parliament, but, owing to French influence on the Continent, can get no recruits to hire. Gradually driven upon Russia, in such stress, Britannic Majesty has this year hired for himself a 35,000 Russians; 30,000 regular foot; 4,000 ditto horse, and 1,000 Cossacks;—uncommonly cheap, only 150,000*l.* the lot, not 4*l.* per head by the year. And, in spite of many difficulties and hagglings, they actually get on march, from Moscow, 25th December 1747; and creep on, all Winter, through the frozen peaty wildernesses, through Lithuania, Poland, towards Böhmen, Mähren: are to appear in the Rhine Countries, joined by certain Austrians; and astonish mankind next Spring. Their Captain is one Repnin, Prince Repnin, afterwards famous enough in those Polish Countries;'—which is now the one point interesting to us in the thing. 'Their Captain *was*, first, to be Lacy, old Marshal Lacy; then, failing Lacy, "Why not General Keith?"—but proves to be Repnin, after much hustling and intriguing:' Repnin, not Keith, that is the interesting point.

'Such march of the Russians, on behalf of Human Liberty, in pay of Britannic Majesty, is a surprising fact; and considerably discomposes the French. Who bestir themselves in Sweden and elsewhere against Russia and it: with no result,—except perhaps the incidental one, of getting our esteemed old friend Guy Dickens, now Sir Guy, dismissed from Stockholm, and we hope put on half-pay on his return home.'[2]

## *Marshal Keith comes to Prussia* (Sept. 1747)

'Much hustling and intriguing,' it appears, in regard to the Captaincy of these Russians. Concerning which there is no word worthy to be said,—except for one reason only, That it finished-off the connexion of General Keith with Russia. That

[1] Adelung, vi. 184, 206;—'for Cronström,' if anyone is curious, 'see Schlötzer, *Schwedische Biographie*, ii. 252 (in voce).'

[2] Adelung, vi. 250, 302:—Sir Guy, not yet invalided, 'went to Russia,' and other errands.

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this of seeing Repnin, his junior and inferior, preferred to him, was, of many disgusts, the last drop which made the cup run over;—and led the said General to fling it from him, and seek new fields of employment. From Hamburg, having got so far, he addresses himself, 1st September 1747, to Friedrich, with offer of service; who grasps eagerly at the offer: 'Feldmarschall your rank; income, 1,200*l.* a year; income, welcome, all suitable:'—and, October 28th, Feldmarschall Keith finishes, at Potsdam, a long Letter to his Brother Lord Marischal, in these words, worth giving, as those of a very clear-eyed sound observer of men and things:

'I have now the honour, and, which is still more, the pleasure, of being with the King at Potsdam; where he ordered me to come,' 17th current, 'two days after he declared me Fieldmarshal; where I have the honour to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the experience of Four Campaigns, he is not the best Officer of his Army. He has several persons,' Rothenburg, Winterfeld, Swedish Rudenskjöld (just about departing), not to speak of D'Argens and the French, 'with whom he lives in almost the familiarity of a friend,—but has no favourite;—and shows a natural politeness for everybody who is about him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will say I pretend to know a great deal of his character: but what I tell you, you may depend upon. With more time, I shall know as much of him as he will let me know;—and all his Ministry knows no more.'[1]

A notable acquisition to Friedrich;—and to the two Keiths withal; for Friedrich attached both of them to his Court and service, after their unlucky wanderings; and took to them both, in no common degree. As will abundantly appear.

While that Russian Corps was marching out of Moscow, Cocceji and his Commissions report from Pommern, that the Pomeranian Law-stables are completely clear; that the

[1] Varnhagen von Ense, *Leben des Feldmarschalls Jakob Keith* (Berlin, 1844), p. 100; Adelung, vi. 244.

New Courts have, for many months back, been in work, and are now, at the end of the Year, fairly abreast with it, according to program;—have 'decided of Old-Pending Lawsuits 2,400, all that there were (one of them 200 years old, and filling seventy Volumes); and of the 994 New ones, 772; not one Lawsuit remaining over from the previous Year.' A highly gratifying bit of news to his Majesty; who answers emphatically, *Euge!* and directs that the Law Hercules proceed now to the other Provinces,—to the Kur-Mark, now, and Berlin itself,—with his salutary industries. Naming him 'Grand Chancellor,' moreover; that is to say, under a new title, Head of Prussian Law,—old Arnim, 'Minister of Justice,' having shown himself disaffected to Law-Reform, and got rebuked in consequence, and sulkily gone into private life.[1]

In February of this Year, 1747, Friedrich had something like a stroke of apoplexy; 'sank suddenly motionless, one day,' and sat insensible, perhaps for half an hour: to the terror and horror of those about him. Hemiplegia, he calls it; rush of blood to the head;—probably indigestion, or gouty humours, exasperated by over-fatigue. Which occasioned great rumour in the world; and at Paris, to Voltaire's horror, reports of his death. He himself made light of the matter:[2] and it did not prove to have been important; was never followed by anything similar through his long life; and produced no change in his often-wavering health, or in his habits, which were always steady. He is writing *Memoirs*; settling 'Colonies' (on his waste moors); improving Harbours. Waiting when this European War will end; politely deaf to the offers of Britannic Majesty as to taking the least personal share in it.

[1] Stenzel, iv. 321; Ranke, iii. 389.

[2] To Voltaire, 22d February 1747 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 164): see *ibid.* 164 *n.*

# CHAPTER III

## EUROPEAN WAR FALLS DONE: TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

THE preparations for Campaign 1748 were on a larger scale than ever. Britannic Subsidies, a New Parliament being of willing mind, are opulent to a degree; 192,000 men, 60,000 Austrians for one item, shall be in the Netherlands; —coupled with this remarkable new clause, 'And they are to be there in fact, and not on paper only,' and with a tare-and-tret of 30 or 40 per cent, as too often heretofore! Holland, under its new Stadtholder, is stanch of purpose, if of nothing else. The 35,000 Russians, tramping along, are actually dawning over the horizon, towards Teutschland,— King Friedrich standing to arms along his Silesian Border, vigilant 'Cordon of Troops all the way,' in watch of such questionable transit.[1] Britannic Majesty and Parliament seem resolute to try, once more, to the utmost, the power of the breeches-pocket in defending this sacred Cause of Liberty so-called.

Breeches-pocket *minus* most other requisites: alas, with such methods as you have, what can come of it? Royal Highness of Cumberland is a valiant man, knowing of War little more than the White Horse of Hanover does;—certain of ruin again, at the hands of Maréchal de Saxe. So think many, and have their dismal misgivings. 'Saxe having eaten Bergen-op-Zoom before our eyes, what can withstand the teeth of Saxe?' In fact, there remains only Maestricht, of considerable; and then Holland is as good as his! As for King Louis, glory, with funds running out, and the pot ceasing to boil, has lost its charm to an afflicted France and

[1] In *Adelung*, vi. 110, 143, 167, 399 ('April 1747—August 1748') account of the more and more visible ill-will of the Czarina: 'jealousy' about Sweden, about Dantzig, Poland, etc. etc.

him. King Louis's wishes are known, this long while;—and Ligonier, generously dismissed by him after Lauffeld, has brought express word to that effect, and outline of the modest terms proposed in one's hour of victory, with pot ceasing to boil.

On a sudden, too, 'March 18th,'—wintry blasts and hail-storms still raging,—Maréchal de Saxe, regardless of Domestic Hunger, took the field, stronger than ever. Manœuvred about; bewildering the mind of Royal Highness and the Stadtholder ('Will he besiege Breda? Will he do this, will he do that?')—poor Highness and poor Stadtholder; who 'did not agree well together,' and had not the half of their forces come in, not to speak of handling them when come! Bewilderment of these two once completed, Maréchal de Saxe made 'a beautiful march upon Maestricht'; and, April 15th, opened trenches, a very Vesuvius of artillery, before that place; Royal Highness gazing into it, in a doleful manner, from the adjacent steeple-tops. Royal Highness, valour's self, has to admit: 'Such an outlook; not half of us got together! The 60,000 Austrians are but 30,000; the—In fact, you will have to make Peace, what else?'[1] Nothing else, as has been evident to practical Official People (especially to frugal Pelham, Chesterfield and other leading heads) for these two months last past.

In a word, those 35,000 Russians are still far away under the horizon, when thoughts of a new Congress, 'Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle,' are busying the public mind: 'Mere moonshine again?' 'Something real this time?'—And on and from March 17th (Lord Sandwich first on the ground, and Robinson from Vienna coming to help), the actual Congress begins assembling there. April 24th, the Congress gets actually to business; very intent on doing it; at least the three main parties, France, England, Holland, are supremely so. Who, finding, for five diligent days, nothing but haggle and objection on the part of the others, did by themselves

[1] His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham* ('March 29th—April 2d, 1748'), i. 405-410.

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meet under cloud of night, 'night of April 29th-30th'; and —bring the Preliminaries to perfection. And have them signed before daybreak; which is, in effect, signing, or at least fixing as certain, the Treaty itself; so that Armistice can ensue straightway, and the War essentially end.

A fixed thing; the Purseholders having signed. On the safe rear of which, your recipient Subsidiary Parties can argue and protest (as the Empress-Queen and her Kaunitz vehemently did, to great lengths), and gradually come in and finish. Which, in the course of the next six months, they all did, Empress-Queen and Excellency Kaunitz not excepted. And so, October 18th, 1748, all details being, in the interim, either got settled, or got flung into corners as unsettleable (mostly the latter),—Treaty itself was signed by everybody; and there was 'Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.' Upon which, except to remark transiently how inconclusive a conclusion it was, mere end of war because your powder is run out, mere truce till you gather breath and gunpowder again, we will spend no word in this place.[1]

'The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was done in a hurry and a huddle; greatly to Maria Theresa's disgust. "Why not go on with your expenditures, ye Sea-Powers? Can money and life be spent better? I have yet conquered next to nothing for the Cause of Liberty and myself!" But the Sea-Powers were tired of it; the Dutch especially, who had been hoisted with such difficulty, tended strongly, New Stadtholder notwithstanding, to plump-down again into stable equilibrium on the broad-bottom principle. Huddle-up the matter; end it, well if you can; any way end it. The Treaty contained many Articles, now become forgettable to mankind. There is only One Article, and the Want of One, which shall concern us in this place. The One Article is: guarantee by

[1] Complete details in *Adelung*, vi. 225-409: 'October 1747,' Ligonier returning, and first rumour of new Congress (226); '17th March 1748,' Sandwich come (323); 'April 29th-30th,' meet under cloud of night (326); Kaunitz protesting (339); '2d August,' Russians to halt and turn (397); 'are over into the Oberpfalz, magazines ahead at Nürnberg'; in September, get to Böhmen again, and winter there: '18th October 1748,' Treaty finished (398, 409): Treaty itself given (*ib.*, Beylage, 44). See *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Old Newspapers* of 1748; Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 7-41, i. 366-416.

all the European Powers to Friedrich's Treaty of Dresden. Punctually got as bargained for,—French especially willing; Britannic Majesty perhaps a little languid, but his Ministers positive on the point; so that Friedrich's Envoy had not much difficulty at Aix. And now, Friedrich's Ownership of Silesia recognised by all the Powers to be final and unquestionable, surely nothing more is wanted? Nothing,—except keeping of this solemn stipulation by all the Powers. How it was kept by some of them; in what sense some of them are keeping it even now, we shall see by and by.

'The Want of an Article was, on the part of England, concerning *Jenkins's Ear*. There is not the least conclusion arrived at on that important Spanish-English Question; blind beginning of all these conflagrations; and which, in its meaning to the somnambulant Nation, is so immense. No notice taken of it; huddled together, some hasty shovelful or two of diplomatic ashes cast on it, "As good as extinct, you see!" Left smoking, when all the rest is quenched. Considerable feeling there was, on this point, in the heart of the poor somnambulant English Nation; much dumb or semi-articulate growling on such a Peace-Treaty: "We have arrived nowhere, then, by all this fighting, and squandering, and perilous stumbling among the chimney-pots? Spain (on its own showing) owed us 95,000*l.* Spain's debt to Hanover; yes, you take care of that; some old sixpenny matter, which nobody ever heard of before: and of Spain's huge debt to England you drop no hint; of the 95,000*l.*, clear money, due by Spain; or of one's liberty to navigate the High Seas, none!"[1] A Peace the reverse of applauded in England; though the wiser Somnambulants, much more Pitt and Friends, who are broad awake on these German points, may well be thankful to see such a War end on any terms.'

—Well, surely this old admitted 95,000*l.* should have been paid! And, to a moral certainty, Robinson and Sandwich must have made demand of it from the Spaniard. But there is no getting old Debts in, especially from that quarter. 'King Friedrich' (let me interrupt, for a moment, with this poor composite Note) 'is trying in Spain even now,—ever since 1746, when Termagant's Husband died, and a new King came,—for payment of old debt: Two old Debts; quite tolerably just both of them. King Friedrich keeps trying till 1749, three years in all: and, in the end, gets

[1] *Protest of English Merchants against, etc.* ('May 1748'), given in *Adelung*, vi. 353-358.

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nothing whatever. Nothing,—except some Merino Rams in the interim,' gift from the new King of Spain, I can suppose, which proved extremely useful in our Wool Industries; 'and, from the same polite Ferdinand VI., a Porcelain Vase filled with Spanish Snuff.' That was all!—

King Friedrich, let me note farther, is getting decidedly deep into snuff; holds by *Spaniol* (a dry yellow pungency, analogous to Lundy-Foot or Irish-Blackguard, known to snuffy readers); always by Spaniol, we say; and more especially 'the kind used by her Majesty of Spain,' the now Dowager Termagant;[1] which, also, is to be remembered. Dryasdust adds, in his sweetly consecutive way: 'Friedrich was very expensive about his snuff-boxes; wore two big rich boxes in his pockets; five or six stood on tables about; and more than a hundred in store, coming-out by turns for variety. The cheapest of them cost 300*l.* (2,000 thalers); he had them as high as 1,500*l.* At his death, there were found 130 of various values: they were the substance of all the jewelry he had; besides these snuffboxes, two gold watches only, and a very small modicum of rings. Had yearly for personal Expenditure 1,200,000 thalers' (180,000*l.* of Civil List, as we should say); '*spent* 33,000*l.* of it, and yearly gave the rest away in Royal beneficences, aid of burnt Villages, inundated Provinces, and multifarious *Pater-Patriæ* objects.'[2] —In regard to *Jenkins's Ear*, my Constitutional Friend continues:

[1] Orders this kind, from his Ambassador in Paris, '30th September 1743': the earliest extant trace of his snuffing habits (Preuss, i. 409).—*Note farther* (if interesting): 'The Termagant still lasted as Dowager, consuming *Spaniol* at least, for near twenty years (died 11th July 1766);—the new King, Ferdinand VI., was her *step*-son, not her son; he went mad, poor soul, and died (10th August 1759): upon which, Carlos of Naples, our own "Baby Carlos" that once was, succeeded in Spain, "King Carlos III. of Spain"; leaving his Son, a young boy under tutelage, as King of the Two Sicilies (King "Ferdinand IV.," who did not die, but had his difficulties, till 1825). Don Philip, who had fought so in those Savoy Passes, and got the bit of Parmesan Country, died 1765, the year before Mamma.'

[2] Preuss, i. 409, 410.

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'*Silesia* and *Jenkins's Ear*, we often say, were the two bits of realities in this enormous hurlyburly of imaginations, insane ambitions, and zeros and negative quantities. Negative Belleisle goes home, not with Germany cut in Four and put under guidance of the First Nation of the Universe (so extremely fit for guiding self and neighbours), but with the First Nation itself reduced almost to wallet and staff; bankrupt, beggared —"Yes," it answers, "in all but glory! Have not we gained Fontenoy, Roucoux, Lauffeld; and strong-places innumerable" (mostly in a state of dry-rot)? "Did men ever fight as we Frenchmen; combining it with theatrical entertainments, too! Sublime France, First Nation of the Universe, will try another flight (*essor*), were she breathed a little!"

'Yes, a new *essor* ere long, and perhaps surprise herself and mankind! The losses of men, money and resource, under this mad empty Enterprise of Belleisle's, were enormous, palpable to France and all mortals: but perhaps these were trifling to the replacement of them by such *gloire* as there had been. A *gloire* of plunging into War on no cause at all; and with an issue consisting only of foul gases of extreme levity. Messieurs are of confessed promptitude to fight; and their talent for it, in some kinds, is very great indeed. But this treating of battle and slaughter, of death, judgment and eternity, as light playhouse matters; this of rising into such transcendency of valour, as to snap your fingers in the face of the Almighty Maker; this, Messieurs, give me leave to say so, is a thing that will conduct you and your *Première Nation* to the Devil, if you do not alter it. Inevitable, I tell you! Your road lies that way, then? Good-morning, Messieurs; let me still hope, Not!'

Diplomatist Kaunitz gained his first glories in this Congress of Aix; which are still great in the eyes of some. Age now thirty-seven; a native of these Western parts; but henceforth, by degrees ever more, the shining star and guide of Austrian Policies down almost to our own New Epoch. As, unluckily, he will concern us not a little, in time coming, let us read this Note, as foreshadow of the man and his doings:

'The glory of Count, ultimately Prince, von Kaunitz-Rietberg, is great in Diplomatic Circles of the past Century. "The greatest of Diplomatists," they all say;—and surely it is reckoned something to become the greatest in your line. Farther than this, to the readers of these times, Kaunitz-Rietberg's glory does not go. A great character, great wisdom, lasting great results to his Country, readers do not trace

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in Kaunitz's diplomacies,—only temporary great results, or what he and the bystanders thought such, to Kaunitz himself. He was the Supreme Jove, we perceive, in that extinct Olympus; and regards with sublime pity, not unallied to contempt, all other diplomatic beings. A man sparing of words, sparing even of looks; will hardly lift his eyelids for your sake,—will lift perhaps his chin, in slight monosyllabic fashion, and stalk superlatively through the other door. King of the vanished Shadows. A determined hater of Fresh Air; rode under glass cover, on the finest day; made the very Empress shut her windows when he came to audience; fed, cautiously daring, on boiled capons: more I remember not,—except also that he would suffer no mention of the word *Death* by any mortal.[1] A most high sniffing, fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king; ruled, in his time, the now-vanished Olympus; and had the difficult glory (defective only in result) of uniting France and Austria *against* the poor old Sea-Power milk-cows, for the purpose of recovering Silesia from Friedrich, a few years hence!'—These are wondrous results; hidden under the horizon, not very far either; and will astonish Britannic Majesty and all readers, in a few years.

### *Maréchal de Saxe pays Friedrich a Visit*

In Summer 1749, Maréchal de Saxe, the other shiny figure of this mad Business of the Netherlands, paid Friedrich a visit; had the honour to be entertained by him three days (July 13th-16th, 1749), in his Royal Cottage of Sans-Souci seemingly, in his choicest manner. Curiosity, which is now nothing like so vivid as it then was, would be glad to listen a little, in this meeting of two Suns, or of one Sun and one immense Tar-Barrel, or Atmospheric Meteor really of shining nature, and taken for a Sun. But the Books are silent; not the least detail, or hint, or feature granted us. Only Fancy; —and this of Smelfungus, by way of long farewell to one of the parties:

* * 'It was at Tongres, or in headquarters near it, 10th October 1746,—Battle expected on the morrow' (Battle of *Roucoux*, over towards Herstal, which we used to know),—'that M. Favart, Saxe's Playwright and Theatre-Director, gave out in cheerful doggerel on fall of the Curtain, the announcement:

[1] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (3tes), 231-283.

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|---|---|
| '"*Demain nous donnerons relâche,* | '"Tomorrow is no Play, |
| *Quoique le Directeur s'en fâche,* | To the Manager's regret, |
| *Vous voir combleroit nos desirs:* | Whose sole study is to keep you happy: |
| *On doit céder tout à la gloire;* | But, you being bent upon victory, |
| *Vous ne songez qu' à la victoire,* | What can he do?— |
| *Nous ne songeons qu' à vos plaisirs."*[1] | Day after tomorrow,— |

Day after tomorrow," added he, taking the official tone, "in honour of your laurels," (gained already, since you resolve on gaining them), "we will have the honour of presenting"—such and such a gay Farce, to as many of you as remain alive! Which was received with gay clapping of hands: admirable to the Universe, at least to the Parisian *Univers* and oneself. Such a prodigality of light daring is in these French gentlemen, skilfully tickled by the Maréchal; who uses this Playwright, among other implements, for keeping them at the proper pitch. Was there ever seen such radiancy of valour? Very radiant indeed;—yet, it seems to me, gone somewhat into the phosphorescent kind; shining in the dark, as fish will do when rotten! War has actually its serious character; nor is Death a farcical transaction, however high your genius may go. But what then? it is the Maréchal's trade to keep these poor people at the cutting pitch, on any terms that will hold for the moment.

'I know not which was the most dissolute Army ever seen in the world; but this of Saxe's was very dissolute. Playwright Favart had withal a beautiful clever Wife,—upon whom the courtships, munificent blandishments, threatenings and utmost endeavours of Maréchal de Saxe (in his character of goatfooted Satyr) could not produce the least impression. For a whole year, not the least. Whereupon the Goatfooted had to get *Lettre de Cachet* for her; had to—in fact, produce the brutalest Adventure that is known of him, even in this brutal kind. Poor Favart, rushing about in despair, not permitted to run him through the belly, and die with his Wife undishonoured, had to console himself, he and she; and do agreeable theatricalities for a living as heretofore. Let us not speak of it!

'Of Saxe's Generalship, which is now a thing fallen pretty much into oblivion, I have no authority to speak. He had much wild natural ingenuity in him; cunning rapid whirls of contrivance; and gained Three Battles and very many Sieges, amid the loudest clapping of hands that could well be. He had perfect intrepidity; not to be flurried by any amount of peril or confusion; looked on that English Column, advancing at Fontenoy with its *feu infernal*, steadily through his perspective; chewing his leaden bullet: "Going to beat me, then? Well—!" Nobody needed to be braver. He had great good-nature too, though of hot

[1] *Biographie Universelle*, xiv. 209, § Favart; Espagnac, ii. 162.

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temper and so full of multifarious voracities; a substratum of inarticulate good sense withal, and much magnanimity run wild, or run to seed. A big-limbed, swashing, perpendicular kind of fellow; haughty of face, but jolly too; with a big, not ugly strut;—captivating to the French Nation, and fit God of War (fitter than "Dalhousie," I am sure!) for that susceptive People. Understood their Army also, what it was then and there; and how, by theatricals and otherwise, to get a great deal of fire out of it. Great deal of fire;—whether by gradual conflagration or not, on the road to ruin or not; how, he did not care. In respect of military "fame" so-called, he had the great advantage of fighting always against bad Generals, sometimes against the very worst. To his fame an advantage; to himself and his real worth, far the reverse. Had he fallen-in with a Friedrich, even with a Browne or a Traun, there might have been different news got. Friedrich (who was never stingy in such matters, except to his own Generals, where it might do hurt) is profuse in his eulogies, in his admirations of Saxe; amiable to see, and not insincere; but which, perhaps, practically do not mean very much.

'It is certain the French Army reaped no profit from its experience of Maréchal de Saxe, and the high theatricalities, ornamental blackguardisms, and ridicule of death and life. In the long-run a graver face would have been of better augury. King Friedrich's soldiers, one observes, on the eve of battle, settle their bits of worldly business; and wind-up, many of them, with a hoarse whisper of prayer. Oliver Cromwell's soldiers did so, Gustaf Adolf's; in fact, I think all good soldiers. Roucoux with a Prince Karl, Lauffeld with a Duke of Cumberland; you gain your Roucoux, your Lauffeld, Human Stupidity permitting: but one day you fall-in with Human Intelligence, in an extremely grave form;—and your "*élan*," elastic outburst, the quickest in Nature, what becomes of it? Wait but another decade; we shall see what an Army this has grown. Cupidity, dishonesty, floundering stupidity, indiscipline, mistrust; and an elastic outspurt (*élan*) turned often enough into the form of *Sauve-qui-peut!*

'M. le Maréchal survived Aix-la-Chapelle little more than two years. Lived at Chambord, on the Loire, an Ex-Royal Palace; in such splendour as never was. Went down in a rosepink cloud, as if of perfect felicity; of glory that would last forever,—which it has by no means done. He made despatch; escaped, in this world, the Nemesis, which often waits on what they call "fame." By diligent service of the Devil, in ways not worth specifying, he saw himself, November 21st, 1750, flung prostrate suddenly: "Putrid fever!" gloom the Doctors ominously to one another: and, November 30th, the Devil (I am afraid it was he, though clad in roseate effulgence, and melodious exceedingly) carried him home on those

kind terms, as from a Universe all of Opera. "Wait till 1759,—till 1789!" murmured the Devil to himself.'

### *Tragic News, that concern us, of Voltaire and Others.*

About two months after those Saxe-Friedrich hospitalities at Sans-Souci, Voltaire, writing, late at night, from the hospitable Palace of Titular Stanislaus, has these words, to his trusted D'Argental:

*Lunéville, 4th September* 1749. * * 'Madame du Châtelet, this night, while scribbling over her *Newton*, felt a little twinge; she called a waiting-maid, who had only time to hold out her apron, and catch a little Girl, whom they carried to its cradle. The Mother arranged her papers, went to bed; and the whole of that (*tout cela*) is sleeping like a dormouse, at the hour I write to you.' My guardian angels, 'poor I sha'n't have so easy a delivery of my *Catilina*' (my *Rome Saved*, for the confusion of old Crébillon and the cabals)![1] * *

And then, six days later, hear another Witness present there:

*Lunéville Palace, 10th September.* 'For the first three or four days, the health of the Mother appeared excellent; denoting nothing but the weakness inseparable from her situation. The weather was very warm. Milk-fever came, which made the heat worse. In spite of remonstrances, she would have some iced barley-water; drank a big glass of it;—and, some instants after, had great pain in her head; followed by other bad symptoms.' Which brought the Doctor in again, several Doctors, hastily summoned; who, after difficulties, thought again that all was coming right. And so, on the sixth night, 10th September, inquiring friends had left the sick-room hopefully, and gone down to supper, 'the rather as Madame seemed inclined to sleep. There remained none with her but M. de St. Lambert, one of her maids and I. M. de St. Lambert, as soon as the strangers were gone, went forward and spoke some moments to her; but seeing her sleepy, drew back, and sat chatting with us two. Eight or ten minutes after, we heard a kind of rattle in the throat, intermixed with hiccoughs: we ran to the bed; found her senseless; raised her to a sitting posture, tried vinaigrettes, rubbed her feet, knocked into the palms of her hands;—all in vain; she was dead!

'Of course the supper-party burst-up into her room; M. le Marquis du Chatelet, M. de Voltaire, and the others. Profound consternation: to

[1] *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 57 (Voltaire to D'Argental).

tears, to cries succeeded a mournful silence. Voltaire and St. Lambert remained the last about her bed. At length Voltaire quitted the room; got out by the Grand Entrance, hardly knowing which way he went. At the foot of the Outer Stairs, near a sentry's box, he fell full length on the pavement. His lackey, who was a step or two behind, rushed forward to raise him. At that moment came M. de St. Lambert; who had taken the same road, and who now hastened to help. M. de Voltaire, once on his feet again, and recognising who it was, said, through his tears and with the most pathetic accent, "*Ah, mon ami*, it is you that have killed her to me!"—and then suddenly, as if starting awake, with the tone of reproach and despair, "*Eh, mon Dieu, Monsieur, de quoi vous aviiez-vous de lui faire un enfant* (Good God, Sir, what put it into your head to—to—!)"[1]—

Poor M. de Voltaire; suddenly become widower, and flung-out upon his shifts again, at his time of life! May now wander, Ishmael-like, whither he will, in this hard lonesome world. His grief is overwhelming, mixed with other sharp feelings due on the matter; but does not last very long, in that poignant form. He will turn-up on us, in his new capacity of single-man, again brilliant enough, within year and day.

Last Autumn, September 1748, Wilhelmina's one Daughter, one child, was wedded; to that young Durchlaucht of Würtemberg, whom we saw gallanting the little girl, to Wilhelmina's amusement, some years ago. About the wedding, nothing; nor about the wedded life, what would have been more curious:—no Wilhelmina now to tell us anything; not even whether Mamma the improper Duchess was there. From Berlin, the Two youngest Princes, Henri and Ferdinand, attended at Baireuth;—Mannstein, our old Russian friend, now Prussian again, escorting him.[2] The King, too busy, I suppose, with Silesian Reviews and the like, sends his best wishes,—for indeed the Match was of his sanctioning and advising;—though his wishes proved mere disappointment in

[1] Longchamp et Wagnière, *Mémoires sur Voltaire*, ii. 250, 251;—Longchamp *loquitur*.

[2] Seyfarth, ii. 76.

the sequel. Friedrich got no 'furtherance in the Swabian-Franconian Circles,' or favour anywhere, by means of this Durchlaucht; in the end, far the reverse!—In a word, the happy couple rolled away to Würtemberg (September 26th, 1748); he twenty, she sixteen, poor young creatures; and in years following became unhappy to a degree.

There was but one child, and it soon died. The young Serene Lady was of airy high spirit; graceful, clever, good too, they said; perhaps a thought too proud:—but as for her Reigning Duke, there was seldom seen so lurid a Serenity; and it was difficult to live beside him. A most arbitrary Herr, with glooms and whims; dim-eyed, ambitious, voracious, and the temper of an angry mule,—very fit to have been haltered, in a judicious manner, instead of being set to halter others! Enough, in six or seven years time, the bright Pair found itself grown thunderous, opaque beyond description; and (in 1759) had to split asunder for good. 'Owing to the reigning Duke's behaviour,' said everybody. 'Has behaved so, I would run him through the body, if we met!' said his own Brother once:—Brother Friedrich Eugen, a Prussian General by that time, whom we shall hear of.[1] What thoughts for our dear Wilhelmina, in her latter weak years;—lapped in eternal silence, as so much else is.

## CHAPTER IV

### COCCEJI FINISHES THE LAW-REFORM; FRIEDRICH IS PRINTING HIS POESIES

In these years, Friedrich goes on victoriously with his Law-Reform; Herculean Cocceji with Assistants, backed by Friedrich, beneficently conquering Province after Province to him;—Kur-Mark, Neu-Mark, Cleve (all easy, in comparison,

[1] Preuss, iv. 149; Michaelis, iii. 451.

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after Pommern), and finally Preussen itself;—to the joy and profit of the same. Cocceji's method, so far as the Foreign onlooker can discern across much haze, seems to be threefold:

1°. Extirpation (painless, were it possible) of the Pettifogger Species; indeed, of the Attorney Species altogether: 'Seek other employments; disappear, all of you, from these precincts, under penalty!' The Advocate himself takes charge of the suit, from first birth of it; and sees it ended,—he knows within what limit of time.

2°. Sifting-out of all incompetent Advocates, 'Follow that Attorney-Company, you; away!'—sifting-out all these, and retaining in each Court, with fees accurately settled, with character stamped sound, or at least *soundest*, the number actually needed. In a milder way, but still more strictly, Judges stupid or otherwise incompetent are riddled-out; able Judges appointed, and their salaries raised.

3°. What seems to be Friedrich's own invention, what in outcome he thinks will be the summary of all good Law-Procedure: A final Sentence (three 'instances' you can have, but the third ends it for you) within the Year. Good, surely. A justice that intends to be exact must front the complicacies in a resolute piercing manner, and will not be tedious. Nay, a justice that is not moderately swift,—human hearts waiting for it, the while, in a cancerous state, instead of hopefully following their work,—what, comparatively, is the use of its being never so exact!—

Simple enough methods; rough and ready. Needing, in the execution, clear human eyesight, clear human honesty,—which happen to be present here, and without which no 'method' whatever can be executed that will really profit.

In the course of 1748, Friedrich, judging by Pommern and the other symptoms that his enterprise was safe, struck a victorious Medal upon it: '*Fredericus Borussorum Rex*,' pressing with his sceptre the oblique Balance to a level

posture; with Epigraph, '*Emendato Jure*.'[1] And by New-years-day 1750, the matter was in effect completed; and 'justice cheap, expeditious, certain,' a fact in all Prussian Lands.

Nay, in 1749-1751, to complete the matter, Cocceji's 'Project of a general Law-Code,' *Projekt des Corporis Juris Fridericiani*, came forth in print:[2] to the admiration of mankind, at home and abroad; 'the First Code attempted since Justinian's time,' say they. *Project* translated into all languages, and read in all countries. A poor mildewed copy of this *Codex Fridericianus*,—done at Edinburgh 1761, not said by whom; evidently bought at least *twice*, and mostly never yet read (nor like being read),—is known to me, for years past, in a ghastly manner! Without the least profit to this present, or to any other Enterprise;—though persons of name in Jurisprudence call it meritorious in their Science; the first real attempt at a Code in Modern times. But the truth is, this Cocceji *Codex* remained a *Project* merely, never enacted anywhere. It was not till 1773, that Friedrich made actual attempt to build a Law-Code; and did build one (the foundation-story of one, for his share, completed since), in which this of Cocceji had little part. In 1773, the thing must again be mentioned; the 'Second Law-Reform,' as they call it. What we practically know from this time is, That Prussian Lawsuits, through Friedrich's Reign, do all terminate, or push at their utmost for terminating, within one year from birth; and that Friedrich's fame, as a beneficent Justinian, rose high in all Countries (strange, in Countries that had thought him a War-scourge and Conquering Hero); strange, but undeniable;[3] and that

[1] Letter to Cocceji, accompanying Copy of the Medal in Gold, '24th June 1748' (Seyfarth, ii. 67 *n.*).

[2] Halle, 2 voll. folio (Preuss, i. 316; see *ibid.* 315 *n.*, as to the *Law-Procedure* etc., now settled by Cocceji).

[3] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 215-218 ('May 1750'): eloquent, enthusiastic *Letter*, given there, 'of Baron de Spon to Chancellor D'Aguessau,' on these inimitable Law Achievements.

his own People, if more silently, yet in practice very gladly indeed, welcomed his Law-Reform; and, from day to day, enjoyed the same,—no doubt with occasional remembrance who the Donor was.

Of Friedrich's Literary works, nobody, not even Friedrich himself, will think it necessary that we say much. But the fact is, he is doing a great many things that way: in Prose, the *Memoirs of Brandenburg*, coming out as Papers in the Academy from time to time;[1] in Verse, very secret as yet, the *Palladion* ('exquisite Burlesque,' think some), the *Art of War* (reckoned truly his best Piece in verse):—and wishes sometimes he had Voltaire here to perfect him a little. This too would be one of the practical charms of Voltaire.[2] For though King Friedrich knows and remembers always, that these things, especially the Verse part, are mere amusements in comparison, he has the creditable wish to do these well; one would not fantasy *ill* even on the Flute, if one could help it. 'Why doesn't Voltaire come; as Quantz of the Flute has done?' Friedrich, now that Voltaire has fallen widower, renews his pressings, 'Why don't you come?' Patience, your Majesty; Voltaire will come.

Nobody can wish details in this Department: but there is one thing necessary to be mentioned, That Friedrich in these years, 1749-1752, has Printers out at Potsdam, and is Printing, 'in beautiful quarto form, with copperplates,' to the extent of twelve copies, the *Œuvres* (Poetical, that is) *du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*. Only twelve copies, I have heard; gift of a single copy indicating that you are among the choicest of the chosen. Copies have now fallen extremely rare (and are not in request at all, with my readers or me): but there was one Copy which, or the Mis-title of which, as *Œuvre de 'Poéshie' du Roi mon Maître*, became miraculously

[1] From 1746 and onward: first published complete (after slight revision by Voltaire), Berlin, 1751.

[2] Friedrich's Letter to Algarotti (*Œuvres*, xviii. 66), '12th September 1749.'

famous in a year or two;—and is still memorable to us all! On Voltaire's arrival, we shall hear more of these things. Enough to say at present that the *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci: Au Donjon du Château. Avec Privilège d'Apollon*,—'three thinnish quarto volumes, all the Poetry then on hand,'—was finished early in 1750, before Voltaire came. That, when Voltaire came, a revisal was undertaken, a new Edition, with Voltaire's corrections and other changes (total suppression of the *Palladion*, for one creditable change): that this Edition was to have been in Two Volumes; that One, accordingly, rather thicker than the former sort, was got finished in 1752 (same *Title*, only the new Date, and 'no *Donjon du Château* this time'), One Volume in 1752; after which, owing to the explosions that ensued, no Second came, nor ever will;—and that the actual contents of that far-famed *Œuvre de 'Poëshie'* (number of volumes even) are points of mystery to me, at this day.[1]

Friedrich's other employments are multifarious as those of a Land's Husband (not inferior to his Father in that respect); and, like the benefits of the diurnal Sun, are to be considered incessant, innumerable, and, in result to usward, *silent* also, impossible to speak of in this place. From the highest pitch of State-craft (Russian Czarina now fallen plainly hostile, and needing lynx-eyed diplomacy ever and anon), down to that of Dredging and Fascine-work (as at Stettin and elsewhere), of Oder-canals, of Soap-boiler Companies, and Mulberry-and-Silk Companies; nay, of ordaining Where, and where not, the Crows are to be shot, and (owing to cattle-murrain) No *veal*

[1] Herr Preuss,—in the *Chronological List* of Friedrich's Writings (a useful accurate Piece otherwise), and in two other places where he tries,—is very indistinct on this of *Donjon du Château*; and it is all-but impossible to ascertain from him *what*, in an indisputable manner, the *Œuvre de 'Poëshie'* may have been. Here are the places for groping, if another should be induced to try: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. (Preface, p. ix.); *ibid.* xi. (Preface, p. ix.); *ibid. Table Chronologique* (in *what* Volume this is, you cannot yet say; seems preliminary to a *General Index*, which is infinitely wanted, but has not yet appeared to this Editor's aid), p. 14.

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to be killed:[1] daily comes the tide of great and of small, and daily the punctual Friedrich keeps abreast of it,—and Dryasdust has noted the details, and stuffed them into blind sacks,—for forty years.

The Review seasons, I notice, go somewhat as follows. For Berlin and neighbourhood, May, or perhaps end of April (weather now bright, and ground firm); sometimes with considerable pomp ('both Queens out,' and beautiful Female Nobilities, in 'twenty-four green tents'), and often with great complicacy of manœuvre. In June, to Magdeburg, round by Cleve; and home again for some days. July is Pommern: onward thence to Schlesien, oftenest in August; Schlesien the last place, and generally not done with till well on in September. But we will speak of these things, more specially, another time. Such 'Reviews,' for strictness of inspection civil and military, as probably were not seen in he world since,—or before, except in the case of this King's Father only.

## CHAPTER V

### STRANGERS OF NOTE COME TO BERLIN, IN 1750

British Diplomacies, next to the Russian, cause some difficulties in those years: of which more by and by. Early in 1748, while Aix-la-Chapelle was starting, Ex-Exchequer Legge came to Berlin; on some obscure object of a small Patch of Principality, hanging loose during those Negotiations: 'Could not we secure it for his Royal Highness of Cumberland, thinks your Majesty?' Ex-Exchequer Legge was here;[2] got handsome assurances of a general nature; but no furtherance towards his obscure, completely impracticable

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 71, 83, 81; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 101-109; etc.

[2] Coxe's *Pelham*, i. 431, etc.; Rödenbeck, pp. 155, 160 (first audience, 1st May 1748);—recalled 22d November, Aix being over.

object; and went home in November following, to a new Parliamentary Career.

And the second year after, early in 1750, came Sir Hanbury Williams, famed London Wit of Walpole's circle, on objects which, in the main, were equally chimerical: 'King of the Romans, much wanted;' 'No Damage to your Majesty's Shipping from our British Privateers;' and the like;—about which some notice, and not very much, will be due farther on. Here, in his own words, is Hanbury's Account of his First Audience:

* * 'On Thursday,' 16th July 1750, 'I went to Court by appointment, at 11 A.M. The King of Prussia arrived about 12' (at Berlin; King in from Potsdam, for one day); 'and Count Podewils immediately introduced me into the Royal closet; when I delivered his Britannic Majesty's Letters into the King of Prussia's hands, and made the usual compliments to him in the best manner I was able. To which his Prussian Majesty replied, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:

'"I have the truest esteem for the King of Britain's person; and I set the highest value on his friendship. I have at different times received essential proofs of it; and I desire you would acquaint the King your Master that I will (*sic*) never forget them." His Prussian Majesty afterwards said something with respect to myself, and then asked me several questions about indifferent things and persons. He seemed to express a great deal of esteem for my Lord Chesterfield, and a great deal of kindness for Mr. Villiers,' useful in the Peace-of-Dresden time; 'but did not once mention Lord Hyndford or Mr. Legge,'—how singular!

'I was in the closet with his Majesty exactly five minutes and a half. My audience done, Prussian Majesty came out into the general room, where Foreign Ministers were waiting. He said, on stepping in, just one word' to the Austrian Excellency; not even one to the Russian Excellency, nor to me the Britannic; 'conversed with the French, Swedish, Danish;'—happy to be off, which I do not wonder at; to dine with Mamma at Monbijou, among faces pleasant to him; and return to his Businesses and Books next day.[1]

Witty Excellency Hanbury did not succeed at Berlin on the 'Romish-King Question,' or otherwise; and indeed went off rather in a hurry. But for the next six or seven years he puddles about, at a great rate, in those Northern Courts;

[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 449; Rödenbeck, i. 204.

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giving away a great deal of money, hatching many futile expensive intrigues at Petersburg, Warsaw (not much at Berlin, after the first trial there); and will not be altogether avoidable to us in time coming, as one could have wished. Besides, he is Horace Walpole's friend and select London Wit: he contributed a good deal to the English notions about Friedrich; and has left considerable bits of acrid testimony on Friedrich, 'clear words of an Eyewitness,' men call them, which are still read by everybody; the said Walpole, and others, having since printed them, in very dark condition.[1] Brevity is much due to Hanbury and his testimonies, since silence in the circumstances is not allowable. Here is one Excerpt, with the necessary light for reading it:

* * It is on this Romish-King and other the like chimerical errands, that witty Hanbury, then a much more admirable man than we now find him, is prowling about in the German Courts, off and on, for some ten years in all, six of them still to come. A sharp-eyed man, of shrewish quality; given to intriguing, to spying, to bribing; anxious to win his Diplomatic game by every method, though the stake (as here) is oftenest zero; with fatal proclivity to Scandal, and what in London circles he has heard called Wit. Little or nothing of real laughter in the soul of him, at any time; only a laboured continual grin, always of malicious nature, and much trouble and jerking about, to keep that up. Had evidently some modicum of real intellect, of capacity for being wise; but now has fatally devoted it nearly all to being witty, on those poor terms! A perverse, barren, spiteful little wretch; the grin of him generally an affliction, at this date. His Diplomatic Correspondence I do not know.[2] He did a great deal of Diplomatic business, issuing in zero, of which I

[1] In Walpole, *George the Second* (i. 448-461), the Pieces which regard Friedrich. In *Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Works* (edited by a diligent, reverential, but ignorant gentleman, whom I could guess to be Bookseller Jeffrey in person; London, 1822, 3 vols. small 8vo) are witty Verses, and considerable sections of Prose, relating to other persons and objects now rather of an obsolete nature.

[2] Nothing of him is discoverable in the State-Paper Office. Many of his Papers, it would seem, are in the Earl of Essex's hands;—and might be of some Historical use, not of very much, could the British Museum get possession of them. Abundance of *Back-stairs* History, on those Northern Courts, especially on Petersburg, and Warsaw-Dresden, — authentic Court-gossip, generally malicious, often not true, but never mendacious on the part of Williams,—is one likely item.

have sometimes longed to know the exact dates; seldom anything farther. His 'History of Poland,' transmitted to the Right Hon. Henry Fox, by instalments from Dresden, in 1748, is[1]—Well, I should be obliged to call it worthier of Goody Two-Shoes than of that Right Hon. Henry, who was a man of parts, but evidently quite a vacuum on the Polish side!

Of Hanbury's News-Letters from Foreign Courts, four or five, incidentally printed, are like the contents of a slop-pail; uncomfortable to the delicate mind. Not lies on the part of Hanbury, but foolish scandal poured into him; a man more filled with credulous incredible scandal, evil rumours, of malfeasances by kings and magnates, than most people known. His rumoured mysteries between poor Polish Majesty and pretty Daughter-in-law (the latter a clever and graceful creature, Daughter of the late unfortunate Kaiser, and a distinguished Correspondent of Friedrich's) are to be regarded as mere poisoned wind.[2] That 'Polish Majesty gets into his dressing-gown at two in the afternoon' (inaccessible thenceforth, poor lazy creature), one most readily believes; but there, or pretty much there, one's belief has to stop. The stories, in *Walpole*, on the King of Prussia, have a grain of fact in them, twisted into huge irrecognisable caricature in the Williams optic-machinery. Much else one can discern to be, in essence, false altogether. Friedrich, who could not stand that intriguing, spying, shrewish, unfriendly kind of fellow at his Court, applied to England in not many months hence, and got Williams sent away:[3] on to Russia, or I forget whither;—which did not mend the Hanbury optical-machinery on that side. The dull, tobacco-smoking Saxon-Polish Majesty, about whom he idly retails so many scandals, had never done him any offence.

On the whole, if anybody wanted a swim in the slop-pails of that extinct generation, Hanbury, could he find an Editor to make him legible, might be printed. For he really was deep in that slop-pail or extinct-scandal department, and had heard a great many things. Apart from that, in almost any other department,—except in so far as he seems to *date* rather carefully,—I could not recommend him. The Letters and Excerpts given in Walpole are definable as one pennyworth of bread,—much ruined by such immersion, but very harmless otherwise, could you pick it out and clean it,—to twenty gallons of Hanbury sherris-sack, or chamber-slop. I have found nothing that seems to be, in all points, true or probable, but this; worth cutting out, and rendering legible, on other accounts. Hanbury *loquitur* (in condensed form):

'In the summer of last year, 1749, there was, somewhere in Mähren, a great Austrian Muster or Review;' all the more interesting, as it was

[1] See *Hanbury's Works*, vol. iii. [2] *Ibid.* ii. 209-240.

[3] '22d January 1751' (MS. *List* in State-Paper Office).

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believed, or known, that the Prussian methods and manœuvres were now to be the rule for Austria. Not much of a Review otherwise, this of 1749; Empress-Queen and Husband not personally there, as in coming Years they are wont to be; that high Lady being ardent to reform her Army, root and branch, according to the Prussian model,—more praise to her.[1] 'At this Muster in Mähren, Three Prussian Officers happened to make their appearance,—for several imaginable reasons, of little significance: "For the purpose of inveigling people to desert, and enlist with them!" said the Austrian Authorities; and ordered the Three Prussian Officers unceremoniously off the ground. Which Friedrich, when he heard of it, thought an unhandsome pipeclay procedure, and kept in mind against the Austrian Authorities.

'Next Summer,' next Spring, 1750, 'an Austrian Captain being in Mecklenburg, travelling about, met there an old acquaintance, one Chapeau' (*Hat!* can it be possible?), 'who is in great favour with the King of Prussia:'—very well, Excellency Hanbury; but who, in the name of wonder, can this *Hat*, or Chapeau, have been? After study, one perceives that Hanbury wrote Chazeau, meaning *Chasot*, an old acquaintance of our own! Brilliant, sabring, melodying Chasot, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Baireuth Dragoons; who lies at Treptow, close on Mecklenburg, and is a declared favourite of the Duchess, often running over to the *Residenz* there. Often enough; but *Honi soit*, O reader; the clever Lady is towards sixty, childless, musical; and her Husband,—do readers recollect him at all?—is that collapsed *tailoring* Duke whom Friedrich once visited,—and whose Niece, Half-Niece, is Charlotte, wise little hard-favoured creature now of six, in clean bib and tucker, Ancestress of England that is to be; whose Papa will succeed, if the Serene Tailor die first,—which he did not quite. To this Duchess, musical gallant Chasot may well be a resource, and she to him. Naturally the Austrian Captain, having come to Mecklenburg, dined with Serene Highness, he and Chasot together, with concert following, and what not, at the Schloss of Neu-Strelitz:—And now we will drop the 'Chapeau,' and say Chasot, with comfort, and a shade of new interest.

'"The grand May Review at Berlin just ahead, won't you look in; it is straight on your road home?" suggests Chasot to his travelling friend. "One would like it, of all things," answered the other: "but the King?" "Tush," said Chasot; "I will make that all straight!" And applies to the King, accordingly: "Permission to an Austrian Officer, a good acquaintance of mine." "Austrian Officer?" Friedrich's eyes lighten; and he readily gives the permission. This was at Berlin, on the very eve of the Review; and Chasot and his Austrian are made happy in

[1] *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 160 (what she did that way, *Anno* 1749); p. 162 (*present* at the Reviews, *Anno* 1750).

that small matter. And on the morrow' (end of May 1750), 'the Austrian attends accordingly; but to his astonishment, has hardly begun to taste the manœuvres, when—one of Friedrich's Aides-de-Camp gallops up: "By the King's command, Mein Herr, you retire on the instant!"

'Next day, the Austrian is for challenging Chasot. "As you like, that way," answers Chasot; "but learn first, that on your affront I rode-up to the King; and asked, publicly, Did not your Majesty grant me permission? Unquestionably, Monsieur Chasot;—and if he had not come, how could I have paid-back the Moravian business of last year!"'[1] —This is much in Friedrich's way; not the unwelcomer that it includes a satirical twitch on Chasot, whom he truly likes withal, or did like, though now a little dissatisfied with those too frequent Mecklenburg excursions and extra-military cares. Of this, merely squeezing the Hanbury venom out of it, I can believe every particular.

'Did you ever hear of any thing so shocking?' is Hanbury's meaning here and elsewhere. 'I must tell you a story of the King of Prussia's regard for the Law of Nations,' continues he to Walpole.[2] Which proves to be a story, turned topsyturvy, of one Hofmann, Brunswick Envoy, who (quite *beyond* commission, and a thing that must not be thought of at all!) had been detected in dangerous intriguings with the ever-busy Russian Excellency, or another; and got flung into Spandau,[3]—seemingly pretty much his due in the matter. And so of other Hanbury things. 'What a Prussia; for rigour of command, one huge prison, in a manner!' King intent on punctuality, and all his business upon the square. Society, official and unofficial, kept rather strictly to their tackle; their mode of movement not that of loose oxen at all! 'Such a detestable Tyrant,'—who has ordered *me*, Hanbury, elsewhither with my exquisite talents and admired wit!—

## *Candidatus Linsenbarth* (*quasi* 'Lentil-beard') *likewise visits Berlin*

By far the notablest arrival in Berlin is M. de Voltaire's, July 10th; a few days before Hanbury got his First Audience, 'five-minutes long.' But that arrival will require a Chapter to itself;—most important arrival, that, of all! The least important, again, is probably that of Candidatus Linsenbarth, in these same weeks;—a rugged poverty-stricken old Licentiate of Theology; important to no mortal in Berlin or elsewhere:

[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 457, 458.
[2] *Ibid.* i. 458.
[3] Adelung, v. 534; vii. 132-144.

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—upon whom, however, and upon his procedures in that City, we propose, for our own objects, to bestow a few glances; rugged Narrative of the thing, in singular exotic dialect, but true every word, having fortunately come to us from Linsenbarth's own hand.[1]

Berlin, it must be admitted, after all one's reading in poor Dryasdust, remains a dim empty object; Teutschland is dim and empty: and out of the forty blind sacks, or out of four hundred such, what picture can any human head form to itself of Friedrich as King or Man? A trifling Adventure of that poor individual, called Linsenbarth *Candidatus Theologiæ*, one of the poorest of mortals, but true and credible in every particular, comes gliding by chance athwart all that; and like the glimmer of a poor rushlight, or kindled straw, shows it us for moments, a thing visible, palpable, as it worked and lived. In the great dearth, Linsenbarth, if I can faithfully interpret him for the modern reader, will be worth attending to.

Date of Linsenbarth's Adventure is June—August 1750. 'Schloss of Beichlingen' and 'Village of Hemmleben' are in the Thüringen Hill Country (Weimar not far off to eastward): the Hero himself, a tall awkward raw-boned creature, is, for perhaps near forty years past, a *Candidatus*, say Licentiate, or Curate without Cure. Subsists, I should guess, by schoolmastering,—cheapest schoolmaster conceivable, wages mere nothing,—in the Villages about; in the Village of Hemmleben latterly; age, as I discover, grown to be sixty-one, in those straitened but by no means forlorn circumstances. And so, here is veteran Linsenbarth of Hemmleben, a kind of Thuringian Dominie Sampson; whose Interview with such a brother mortal as Friedrich King of Prussia may be worth looking at,—if I can abridge it properly.

Well, it appears, in the year 1750, at this thrice-obscure Village of Hemmleben, the worthy old Pastor Cannabich died;—worthy old man, how he had lived there, modestly studious, frugal, chiefly on farm-

[1] Through Rödenbeck, *Beyträge*, i. 463 et seq.

produce, with tobacco and Dutch theology; a modest blessing to his fellow-creatures! And now he is dead, and the place vacant. Twenty pounds a Year certain; let us guess it twenty, with glebe-land, piggeries, poultry-hutches: who is now to get all that? Linsenbarth starts with his Narrative, in earnest.

Linsenbarth, who I guess may have been Assistant to the deceased Cannabich, and was now out of work, says: 'I had not the least thought of profiting by this vacancy; but what happened? The Herr Graf von Werthern, at Schloss Beichlingen, sent his Steward' (*Lehnsdirector, Fief-director* is the title of this Steward, which gives rise to obsolete thought of mill-dues, road-labour, payments *in naturâ*), 'his Lehnsdirector, Herr Kettenbeil, over to my *logis*' (cheap boarding quarters); 'who brought a gracious salutation from his Lord; saying farther, That I knew too well' (excellent Cannabich gone from us, alas!) 'the Pastorate of Hemmleben was vacant; that there had various competitors announced themselves, *supplicando*, for the place; the Herr Graf, however, had yet given none of them the *fiat*, but waited always till I should apply. As I had not done so, he (the Lord Graf) would now of his own motion give me the preference, and hereby confer the Pastorate upon me!'—

'Without all controversy, here was a *vocatio divina*, to be received with the most submissive thanks! But the lame *second* messenger came hitching in' (*halting messenger*, German proverb) very soon. 'Kettenbeil began again: "He must mention to me *sub rosâ*, Her Ladyship the Frau Gräfin wanted to have her Lady's-maid provided for by this promotion, too; I must marry her, and take the living at the same time."'

Whew! And this is the noble Lady's way of thinking, up in her fine Schloss yonder? Linsenbarth will none of it. 'For my notion fell at once,' says he, 'when I heard it was *Do ut facias, Facio ut facias* (I give that thou mayest do, I do that thou mayest do; Wilt have the kirk, then take the irk, *Willst du die Pfarre, so nimm die Quarre*); on those terms, my reply was: "Most respectful thanks, Herr Fiefjudge, and No, for such a vocation! And why? The vocation must have *libertatem*, there must be no *vitium essentiale* in it; it must be right *in essentiali*, otherwise no honest man can accept it with a good conscience. This were a marriage on constraint; out of which a thousand *inconvenientiæ* might spring!"' Hear Linsenbarth, in the piebald dialect, with the sound heart, and preference of starvation itself to some other things! Kettenbeil (*Chain-axe*) went home; and there was found another Candidatus willing for the marriage on constraint, 'out of which *inconvenientiæ* might spring,' in Linsenbarth's opinion.

'And so did the sneakish courtly gentleman' (*Hofmann*, courtier as Linsenbarth has it), 'who grasped with both hands at my rejected offer, experience before long,' continues Linsenbarth. 'For the loose thing of

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court-tatters led him such a life that, within three years, age yet only thirty, he had to bite the dust' (*bite at the grass*, says Linsenbarth, proverbially), which was an *inconvenientia* including all others. 'And I had *legitimam causam* to refuse the vocation *cum tali conditione*.

'However, it was very ill taken of me. All over that Thuringian region I was cried out upon as a headstrong foolish person: The Herr Graf von Werthern, so ran the story, had of his own kindness, without request of mine, offered me a living; *rara avis*, singular instance; and I, rash and without head, flung away such gracious offer. In short, I was told to my face' (by good-natured friends), 'Nobody would ever think of me for promotion again;'—universal suffrage giving it clear against poor Linsenbarth, in this way.

'To get out of people's sight at least,' continues he, 'I decided to leave my native place, and go to Berlin,' 250 miles away or more. And so it was that, on June the 20th, 1750, I landed at Berlin for the first time: and here straightway at the *Packhof* (or Custom-house), in searching of my things, 400 *thalers* (some 60*l*.), all in Nürnberg *batzen*, were seized from me;'—*batzen*, quarter-groats we may say; 7½ batzen go to a shilling; what a sack there must have been of them, 9,000 in all, about the size of herring-scales, in bad silver; fruit of Linsenbarth's stern thrift from birth upwards:—all snatched from him at one swoop. 'And why?' says he, quite historically: Yes, Why? The reader, to understand it wholly, would need to read in Mylius's *Edicten-Sammlung*, in *Seyfarth* and elsewhere;[1] and to know the scandalous condition of German coinage at this time and long after; every needy little Potentate mixing his coin with copper at discretion, and swindling mankind with it for a season; needing to be peremptorily forbidden, confiscated or ordered home, by the like of Friedrich. Linsenbarth answers his own 'And why?' with historical calmness:

'The King had, some (six) years ago, had the batzen utterly cried down (*ganz und gar*); they were not to circulate at all in his Countries; and I was so bold, I had brought batzen hither into the King's Capital, *Königliche Residenz* itself! At the Packhof, there was but one answer, "Contraband, Contraband;"'—Here was a welcome for a man. 'I made my excuses: Did not the least know; came straight from Thüringen, many miles of road; could not guess there What His Majesty the King had been pleased to forbid in His (*Theiro*) Countries. "You should have informed yourself," said the Packhof people; and were deaf to such considerations. "A man coming into such a Residenz Town as Berlin, with intent to abide there, should have inquired a little what was what, especially what coins were cried down, and what allowed," said they of the Packhof.' Poor Linsenbarth! '"But what am I to do now? How

[1] Mylius, *Edict* XLI., January 1744; etc. etc.

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am I to live, if you take my very money from me?" "That is your outlook," said they;—and added, He must even find stowage for his sack of herring-scales or batzen, as soon as it was sealed-up; "we have no room for it in the Packhof!"' Here is a roughish welcome for a man: 'I must leave all my money here; and find stowage for it, in a day or two.

'There was, accordingly, a truck-porter called in; he loaded my effects on his barrow, and rolled away. He brought me to the *White Swan* in the *Judenstrasse*' (none of the grandest of streets, that Berlin *Jewry*), 'threw my things out, and demanded four groschen. Two of my batzen,' 2½ exact, 'would have done; but I had no money at all. The landlord came out: seeing that I had a stuffed featherbed' (note the luggage of Linsenbarth: '*Feder-bett*,' of extreme tenuity), 'a trunk full of linens, a bag of Books and other trifles, he paid the man; and sent me to a small room in the courtyard' (Inn forms a Court, perhaps four stories high): "I could stay there," he said; "he would give me food and drink in the mean while." And so I lived in this Inn eight weeks long, without one red farthing, in mere fear and anxiety.' June 20th *plus* eight weeks brings us to August 15th; Voltaire in *height* of feather; and very great things just ahead [1]—of which soon.

The White Swan was a place where Carriers lodged: some limb of the Law, of subaltern sort, whom Linsenbarth calls '*der Advocat B.*' (one of the Ousted of Cocceji, shall we fancy!), had to do with Carriers and their pie-powder lawsuits. Advocat B. had noticed the gray dreary *Candidatus*, sitting sparrow-like in remote corners; had spoken to him;—undertook for a *Louis-d'or*, no purchase no pay, to get back his batzen for him. They went accordingly, one morning, to 'a grand House'; it was a Minister's (name not given), very grand Official Man: he heard the Advocat B.'s short statement; and made answer: 'Monsieur, and is it you that will pick holes in the King's Law? I have understood you were rather aiming at the *Hausvogtei*' (Common Jail of Berlin): 'Go on in that way, and you are sure of your promotion!'—Advocat B. rushed out with Linsenbarth into the street; and there was neither pay nor purchase in that quarter.

Poor Linsenbarth was next advised, by simple neighbours, to go direct to the King; as every poor man can, at certain hours of the day. 'Write out your Case (Memorial) with extreme brevity,' said they; 'nothing but the essential points, and those clear.' Linsenbarth, steam at the high-pressure, composed (*conxipirte*) a Memorial of that right laconic sort; wrote it fair (*mundirte es*);—and went off therewith 'at

[1] 'Grand Carrousel, 25th August,' etc.

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opening of the Gates' (middle time of August 1750, no date farther[1])—'without one farthing in my pocket, in God's name, to Potsdam.' He continues:

'And at Potsdam I was lucky enough to see the King; my first sight of him. He was on the Palace Esplanade there, drilling his troops' (fine trim sanded Expanse, with the Palace to rear, and Garden-walks and River to front; where Friedrich Wilhelm sat, the last day he was out, and ordered Jockey Philips's house to be actually set about; where the troops do evolutions every morning;—there is Friedrich with cocked-hat and blue coat; say about 11 A.M.).

'When the drill was over, his Majesty went into the Garden, and the soldiers dispersed; only four Officers remained lounging upon the Esplanade, and walked up and down. For fright I knew not what to do; I pulled the Papers out of my pocket,—these were my Memorial, two Certificates of character, and a Thüringen Pass' (poor soul). The Officers noticed this; came straight to me, and said, "What letters has He there, then?" I thankfully and gladly imparted the whole; and when the Officers had read them, they said, "We will give you" (Him, not even *Thee*) "a good advice. The King is extra-gracious today, and is gone alone into the Garden. Follow him straight. Thou wilt have luck."

'This I would not do; my awe was too great. They thereupon laid hands on me' (the mischievous dogs, not ill-humoured either): 'one took me by the right arm, another by the left, "Off, off; to the Garden!" Having got me thither, they looked-out for the King. He was among the gardeners, examining some rare plant; stooping over it, and had his back to us. Here I had to halt; and the Officers began, in underhand tone' (the dogs!), 'to put me through my drill: "Hat under left arm! —Right foot foremost!—Breast well forward!—Head up!—Papers from pouch!—Papers aloft in right hand!—Steady! Steady!"—And went their ways, looking always round, to see if I kept my posture. I perceived well enough they were pleased to make game of me; but I stood, all the same, like a wall, being full of fear. The Officers were hardly out of the Garden, when the King turned round, and saw this extraordinary machine,'—telegraph figure or whatever we may call it, with papers pointing to the sky. 'He gave such a look at me, like a flash of sunbeams glancing through you; and sent one of the gardeners to bring my papers. Which having got, he struck into another walk with them, and was out of sight. In a few minutes he appeared again at the place where the rare plant was, with my Papers open in his left hand; and gave me a wave with them To come nearer. I plucked-up a heart, and went

[1] August 21st? (See Rödenbeck, *Diary*, which we often quote, . 205).

straight towards him. Oh, how thrice and four-times graciously this great Monarch deigned to speak to me !—

*King.* "My good Thüringian (*lieber Thüringer*), you came to Berlin, seeking to earn your bread by industrious teaching of children; and here, at the Packhof, in searching your things, they have taken your Thüringen hoard from you. True, the batzen are not legal here; but the people should have said to you: You are a stranger, and didn't know the prohibition;—well then, we will seal-up the Bag of Batzen; you send it back to Thüringen, get it changed for other sorts; we will not take it from you !—

"Be of heart, however; you shall have your money again, and interest too.—But, my poor man, Berlin pavement is bare, they don't give anything gratis: you are a stranger; before you are known and get teaching, your bit of money is done; what then?"

'I understood the speech right well; but my awe was too great to say: "Your Majesty will have the all-highest grace to allow me something!" But as I was so simple and asked for nothing, he did not offer anything. And so he turned away; but had scarcely gone six or eight steps, when he looked round, and gave me a sign I was to walk by him; and then began catechising:

*King.* "Where did you (*Er*) study?"

*Linsenbarth.* "Your Majesty, in Jena."

*King.* "What years?"

*Linsenbarth.* "From 1716 to 1720."[1]

*King.* "Under what Pro-rector were you inscribed?"

*Linsenbarth.* "Under the *Professor Theologiæ* Dr. Förtsch."

*King.* "Who were your other Professors in the Theological Faculty?"

*Linsenbarth*—names famed men; sunk now, mostly, in the bottomless waste-basket: "Buddäus" (who did a *Dictionary* of the *Bayle* sort, weighing four stone troy, out of which I have learned many a thing), "Buddæus," "Danz," "Weissenborn," "Wolf" (now back at Halle after his tribulations,—poor man, his immortal System of Philosophy, where is it!).

*King.* "Did you study *Biblica* diligently?"

*Linsenbarth.* "With Buddæus (*beym Buddäo*)."

*King.* "That is he who had such quarrelling with Wolf?"

*Linsenbarth.* "Yea, your Majesty! He was—"

*King* (does not want to know what he was). "What other useful Courses of Lectures (*Collegia*) did you attend?"

*Linsenbarth.* "Thetics and Exegetics with Förtsch" (How the deuce did Förtsch teach these things?); "Hermeneutics and Polemics with

[1] 'Born 1680' (Rödenbeck, p. 474); twenty-five when he went.

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Walch" (editor of *Luther's Works*, I suppose); "Hebraics with Dr. Danz; Homiletics with Dr. Weissenborn; *Pastorale*" (not Pastoral Poetry, but the Art of Pastorship) "and *Morale* with Dr. Buddæus." (There, your Majesty!—what a glimpse, as into infinite extinct Continents, filled with ponderous thorny inanities, invincible nasal drawling of didactic Titans, and the awful attempt to spin, on all manner of wheels, road-harness out of split cobwebs: Hoom! Hoom-m-m! Harness not to be had on those terms. Let the dreary Limbus close again, till the general Day of Judgment for all this.)

*King* (glad to get out of the Limbus). "Were things as wild then at Jena, in your time, as of old, when the Students were forever scuffling and ruffling, and the Couplet went:

> '*Wer kommt von Jena ungeschlagen,*
> *Der hat von grossen Glück zu sagen.*
>
> 'He that comes from Jena *sine bello*.
> He may think himself a lucky fellow'?"

*Linsenbarth.* "That sort of folly is gone quite out of fashion; and a man can lead a silent and quiet life there, just as at other Universities, if he will attend to the *Dic, cur hic?*" (or know what his real errand is). "In my time their Serene Highnesses, the Nursing-fathers of the University (*Nutritores Academiæ*),—of the Ernestine Line" (Weimar-Gotha Highnesses, that is), "were in the habit of having the Rufflers (*Renomisten*), Renowners as they are called, who made so much disturbance, sent to Eisenach to lie in the Wartburg a while; there they learned to be quiet." (Clock strikes Twelve,—dinner-time of Majesty.)

*King.* "Now I must go: they are waiting for their soup" (and so ends Dialogue for the present). Did the King bid me wait?

'When we got out of the Garden,' says Linsenbarth, silent on this point, 'the four Officers were still there upon the Esplanade' (Captains of Guard belike); 'they went into the Palace with the King,'—clearly meaning to dine with his Majesty.

'I remained standing on the Esplanade. For twenty-seven hours I had not tasted food: not a farthing *in bonis*' (of principal or interest) 'to get bread with; I had waded twenty miles hither, in a sultry morning, through the sand. Not a difficult thing to keep-down laughter in such circumstances!'—Poor soul; but the Royal mind is human too.—'In this tremor of my heart, there came a *Kammer-hussar*' (Soldier-Valet, Valet reduced to his simplest expression) 'out of the Palace, and asked, "Where is the man that was with my King" (*meinem König,—thy* King particularly?) "in the Garden?" I answered, "Here!" And he led me into the Schloss, to a large Room, where pages, lackeys, and Kammer-hussars were about. My Kammer-hussar took me to a little table, excellently furnished; with soup, beef; likewise carp dressed with

garden-salad, likewise game with cucumber-salad: bread, knife, fork, spoon and salt were all there' (and I with an appetite of twenty-seven hours; I too was there). 'My hussar set me a chair, said: "This that is on the table, the King has ordered to be served for you (*Ihm*): you are to eat your fill, and mind nobody; and I am to serve. Sharp, then, fall-to!"—I was greatly astonished, and knew not what to do; least of all could it come into my head that the King's Kammer-hussar, who waited on his Majesty, should wait on me. I pressed him to sit by me; but as he refused, I did as bidden; sat down, took my spoon, and went at it with a will (*frisch*)!

'The hussar took the beef from the table, set it on the charcoal dish (to keep it hot till wanted); he did the like with the fish and roast game; and poured me out wine and beer'—(was ever such a lucky Barmecide!). 'I ate and drank till I had abundantly enough. Dessert, confectionery, what I could,—a plateful of big black cherries, and a plateful of pears, my waiting-man wrapped in paper and stuffed them into my pockets, to be a refreshment on the way home. And so I rose from the Royal table; and thanked God and the King in my heart, that I had so gloriously dined,'—*herrlich*, 'gloriously' at last. Poor excellent down-trodden Linsenbarth, one's heart opens to him, not one's larder only.

'The hussar took away. At that moment a Secretary came; brought me a sealed Order (Rescript) to the Packhof at Berlin, with my Certificates (*Testimonia*), and the Pass; told-down on the table five Tail-ducats (*Schwanz-dukaten*), and a Gold Friedrich under them' (about 3*l.* 10*s.*, I think; better than 10*l.* of our day to a common man, and better than 100*l.* to a Linsenbarth),—'saying, The King sent me this to take me home to Berlin again.

'And if the hussar took me into the Palace, it was now the Secretary that took me out again. And there, yoked with six horses, stood a royal Proviant-wagon; which having led me to, the Secretary said: "You people, the King has given order you are to take this stranger to Berlin, and also to accept no drink-money from him." I again, through the *Herrn Secretarium*, testified my most submissive thankfulness for all Royal graciousnesses; took my place, and rolled away.

'On reaching Berlin, I went at once to the Packhof, straight to the office-room,'—standing more erect this time,—'and handed them my Royal Rescript. The Head man opened the seal; in reading, he changed colour, went from pale to red; said nothing, and gave it to the second man to read. The second put on his spectacles; read, and gave it to the third. However, he' (the Head man) 'rallied himself at last: I was to come forward, and be so good as write a quittance (receipt), "That I had received, for my 400 thalers all in batzen, the same sum in

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Brandenburg coin, ready down, without the least deduction." My cash was at once accurately paid. And thereupon the Steward was ordered, To go with me to the White Swan in the Judenstrasse, and pay what I owed there, whatever my score was. For which end they gave him twenty-four thalers; and if that were not enough, he was to come and get more.' On these high terms Linsenbarth marched-out of the Packhof for the second time; the sublime head of him (not turned either) sweeping the very stars.

'That was what the King had meant when he said, "You shall have your money back and interest too"; *videlicet*, that the Packhof was to pay my expenses at the White Swan. The score, however, was only 10 thalers, 4 groschen, 6 pfennigs' (30 shillings, 5 pence, and 2 or perhaps 3 quarter-farthings), 'for what I had run-up in eight weeks,'—an uncommonly frugal rate of board, for a man skilled in Hermeneutics, Hebraics, Polemics, Thetics, Exegetics, Pastorale, Morale (and Practical Christianity and the Philosophy of Zeno, carried to perfection, or nearly so)! 'And herewith this troubled History had its desired finish.' And our gray-whiskered, raw-boned, great-hearted Candidatus lay-down to sleep, at the White Swan; probably the happiest man in all Berlin, for the time being.

Linsenbarth dived now into Private-teaching, '*Information*,' as he calls it; *forming*, and kneading into his own likeness, such of the young Berliners as he could get hold of:—surely not without some good effect on them, the model having, besides Hermeneutics in abundance, so much natural worth about it. He himself found the mine of Informing a very barren one, as to money: continued poor in a high degree, without honour, without emolument to speak of; and had a straitened, laborious, and what we might think very dark Life-pilgrimage. But the darkness was nothing to him, he carried such an inextinguishable frugal rushlight within. Meat, clothes and fire he did not again lack, in Berlin, for the time he needed them,—some twenty-seven years still. And if he got no printed praise in the Reviews, from baddish judges writing by the sheet,—here and there brother mortals, who knew him by their own eyes and experiences, looked, or transiently spoke, and even did, a most real praise upon him now and then. And, on the whole, he can do without praise; and will stand strokes even, without wincing or kicking, where there is no chance.

A certain Berlin Druggist ('Herr Medicinal-Assessor Rose,' whom we may call Druggist First, for there were Two that had to do with Linsenbarth) was good and human to him. In Rose's House, where he had come to teach the children, and which continued, always thenceforth, a home to him when needful, he wrote this *Narrative* (Anno 1774); and

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died there, three years afterwards,—'24th August 1777, of apoplexy, age 88,' say the Burial Registers.[1] Druggist Second, on succeeding the humane Predecessor, found Linsenbarth's papers in the drug-stores of the place: Druggist Second chanced to be one Klaproth, famed among the Scientific of the world; and by him the Linsenbarth Narrative was forwarded to publication, and such fame as is requisite.

### *Sir Jonas Hanway stalks across the Scene, too; in a pondering and observing manner*

Of the then very famous 'Berlin Carrousel of 1750' we propose to say little; the now chief interesting point in it being that M. de Voltaire is curiously visible to us there. But the truth is, they were very great days at Berlin, those of Autumn 1750; distinguished strangers come or coming; the King giving himself up to entertainment of them, to enjoyment of them; with such a hearty outburst of magnificence, this Carrousel the apex of it, as was rare in his reign. There were his Sisters of Schwedt and Baireuth, with suite, his dear Wilhelmina queen of the scene;[2] there were —It would be tedious to count what other high Herrschaften and Durchlauchtig Persons. And to crown the whole, and entertain Wilhelmina as a Queen should be, there had come M. de Voltaire; conquered at length to us, as we hope, and the Dream of our Youth realised. Voltaire's reception, July 10th and ever since, has been mere splendour and kindness; really extraordinary, as we shall find farther on. Reception perfect in all points, except that of the Pompadour's Compliments alone. 'That sublime creature's compliments to your Majesty; such her express command!' said Voltaire. '*Je ne la connais pas*,' answered Friedrich, with his clear-ringing voice, 'I don't know her';[3]—sufficient intimation to Voltaire, but painful and surprising. For which some

[1] In Rödenbeck, *Beyträge*, i. 472-475, these latter Details (with others, in confused form); *ibid.* 462-471, the *Narrative* itself.

[2] 'Came 8th August' (Rödenbeck, 205).

[3] Voltaire to Madame Denis, 'Potsdam, 11th August 1750' (*Œuvres*, lxxiv, 184).

diplomatic persons blame Friedrich to this day; but not I, or any reader of mine. A very proud young King; in his silent way, always the prouder; and stands in no awe of the Divine Butterflies and Crowned Infatuations never so potent, as more prudent people do.

In a Berlin of such stir and splendour, the arrivals of Sir Jonas Hanway, of the 'young Lord Malton' (famed Earl or Marquis of Rockingham that will be), or of the witty Excellency Hanbury, are as nothing;—Sir Jonas's as less than nothing. A Sir Jonas noticed by nobody; but himself taking note, dull worthy man; and mentionable now on that account. Here is a Scrap regarding him, not quite to be thrown away.

'Sir Jonas Hanway was not always so extinct as he has now become. Readers might do worse than turn to his now old Book of *Travels* again, and the strange old London it awakens for us: A "Russian Trading Company," full of hope to the then mercantile mind; a Mr. Hanway despatched, years ago, as Chief Clerk, inexpressibly interested to manage well;—and managing, as you may read at large. Has done his best and utmost, all this while; and had such travellings through the Naphtha Countries, sailings on the Caspian; such difficulties, successes,—ultimately, failure. Owing to Mr. Elton and Thamas Kouli Khan mainly. Thamas Kouli Khan,—otherwise called Nadir Shah (and a very hard-headed fellow, by all appearance),—wiled and seduced Mr. Elton, an Ex-Naval gentleman, away from his Ledgers, to build him Ships; having set his heart on getting a Navy. And Mr. Elton did build him (spite of all I could say) a Bark or two on the Caspian;—most hopeful to the said Nadir Shah: but did it come to anything? It disgusted, it alarmed the Russians; and ruined Sir Jonas,—who is returning at this period, prepared to render account of himself at London, in a loftily resigned frame of mind.[1]

'The remarks of Sir Jonas upon Berlin,—for he exercises everywhere a sapient observation on men and things,—are of dim tumidly insignificant character, reminding us of an extinct Minerva's Owl; and reduce themselves mainly to this bit of ocular testimony, That his

[1] Jonas Hanway, *An Account of*, etc. (or in brief, *Travels*: London, 3 voll. 4to, 1753), ii. 183. 'Arrived in Berlin,' from the Caspian and Petersburg side, 'August 15th, 1750.'

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Prussian Majesty rides much about, often at a rapid rate; with a pleasant business aspect, humane though imperative; handsome to look upon, though with face perceptibly reddish' (and perhaps snuff on it, were you near). 'His age now thirty-eight gone; a set appearance, as if already got into his forties. Complexion florid, figure muscular, almost tending to be plump.

'Listen well through Hanway, you will find King Friedrich is an object of great interest, personal as well as official, and much the theme in Berlin society; admiration of him, pride in him, not now the audiblest tone, though it lies at the bottom too: "Our Friedrich the Great," after all' (so Hanway intimates, though not express as to epithets or words used). 'The King did a beautiful thing to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith the other day' (as some readers may remember): 'to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; that poor Keith who was nailed to the gallows for him (in effigy), at Wesel long ago; and got far less than he had expected. The other day, there had been a grand Review, part of it extending into Madam Knyphausen's grounds, who is Keith's Mother-in-law. "Monsieur Keith," said the King to him, "I am sorry we had to spoil Madam's fine Shrubbery by our manœuvres: have the goodness to give her that, with my apologies,'—and handed him a pretty Casket with key to it, and in the interior 10,000 crowns. Not a shrub of Madam's had been cut or injured; but the King, you see, would count it 1,500*l.* of damage done, and here is acknowledgment for it, which please accept. Is not that a gracious little touch?

'This King is doing something at Embden, Sir Jonas fears, or trying to do, in the Trade-and-Navigation way: scandalous that English capitalists will lend money in furtherance of such destructive schemes by the Foreigner! For the rest, Sir Jonas went to call on Lord Malton (Marquis of Rockingham that will be): an able and sober young Nobleman, come thus far on his Grand Tour,' and in time for the Carrousel. 'His Lordship's reception at Court here, one regretted to hear, was nothing distinguished; quite indifferent, indeed, had not the Queen-Mother stept-in with amendments. The Courts are not well together; pity for it. My Lord and his Tutor did me the honour to return my visit; the rather as we all quartered in the same Inn. Amiable young Nobleman,'—so distinguished since, for having had unconsciously an Edmund Burke, and such torrents of Parliamentary Eloquence, in his breeches-pocket (*breeches-pocket* literally; how unknown to Hanway!) —'Amiable young Nobleman, is not it one's duty to salute, in passing such a one? Though I would by no means have it over-done, and am a calmly independent man.

'Sir Jonas also saw the Carrousel' (of which presently); 'and admired the great men of Berlin. Great men, all obsolete now, though then

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admired to infinitude, some of them: "You may abuse me," said the King to some stranger arrived in Berlin; "you may abuse me, and perhaps here and there get praise by doing it: but I advise you not to doubt of Lieberkühn" (the fashionable Doctor) "in any company in Berlin."'[1]—How fashionable are men!

One Collini, a young Italian, quite new in Berlin, chanced also to be at the Carrousel, or at the latter half of it,—though by no means in quest of such objects just at present, poor young fellow! As he came afterwards to be Secretary or Amanuensis of Voltaire, and will turn-up in that capacity, let us read this note upon him:

'Signor Como Alessandro Collini, a young Venetian gentleman of some family and education, but of no employment or resource, had in late years been asking zealously all round among his home circle, What am I to do with myself? mere echo answering, What,—till a Signora Sister of Barberina the Dancer's answered: "Try Berlin, and King *Friderico il Grande* there? I could give you a letter to my Sister!" At which Collini grasps; gets under way for Berlin,—through wild Alpine sceneries, foreign guttural populations; and with what thoughts, poor young fellow. It is a common course to take, and sometimes answers, sometimes not. The cynosure of vague creatures, with a sense of faculty without direction. What clouds of winged migratory people gathering in to Berlin, all through this Reign! Not since Noah's Ark a stranger menagerie of creatures, mostly wild. Of whom Voltaire alone is, in our time, worth mention.

'Collini gazed upon the Alpine chasms, and shaggy ice-palaces, with tender memory of the Adriatic; courageously steered his way through the inoffensive guttural populations; had got to Berlin, just in this time; been had to dinner daily by the hospitable Barberinas, young Cocceji always his fellow-guest,—"Privately, my poor Signorina's Husband!" whispered old Mamma. Both the Barberinas were very kind to Collini; cheering him with good auguries, and offers of help. Collini does not date with any punctuality; but the German Books will do it for him. August 25th-27th was Carrousel; and Collini had arrived few days before.'[2]

And now it is time we were at the Carrousel ourselves,—in a brief transient way.

[1] Hanway, ii. 190, 202, etc.

[2] Collini, *Mon Séjour auprès de Voltaire* (Paris, 1807), pp. 1-21.

## CHAPTER VI

### BERLIN CARROUSEL, AND VOLTAIRE VISIBLE THERE

READERS have heard of the *Place du Carrousel* at Paris; and know probably that Louis XIV. held world-famous Carrousel there (A.D. 1662); and, in general, that Carrousel has something to do with Tourneying, or the Shadow of Tourneying. It is, in fact, a kind of superb be-tailored running at the ring, instead of be-blacksmithed running at one another. A Second milder Edition of those Tournament sports, and dangerous trials of strength and dexterity, which were so grand a business in the Old iron Ages. Of which, in the form of Carrousel or otherwise, down almost to the present day, there have been examples, among puissant Lords;—though now it is felt to have become extremely hollow; perhaps incapable of fully entertaining anybody, except children and their nurses on a high occasion.

A century ago, before the volcanic explosion of so many things which it has since become wearisome to think of in this earnest world, the Tournament, emblem of an Age of Chivalry, which was gone, but had not yet declared itself to be quite gone, and even to be turned topsyturvy, had still substance as a mummery,—not enough, I should say, to spend much money upon. Not much real money: except, indeed, the money were offered you gratis, from other parties interested? Sir Jonas kindly informs us, by insinuation, that this was, to a good degree, Friedrich's case in the now Carrousel: 'a thing got-up by the private efforts of different great Lords and Princes of the blood;' each party tailoring, harnessing and furbishing himself and followers; Friedrich contributing little but the arena and general outfit. I know not whether even the 40,000 lamps (for it took place by night) were of his purchase, though that is likely; and know only that the Suppers and interior Palace Entertainments would be his.

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'Did not cost the King much money,' says Sir Jonas; which is satisfactory to know. For of the Carrousel kind, or of the Royal-Mummery kind in general, there has been, for graceful arrangement, for magnificence regardless of expense,—inviting your amiable Lord Malton, and the idlers of all Countries, and awakening the rapture of Gazetteers,—nothing like it since Louis the Grand's time. Nothing,—except perhaps that Camp of Mühlberg or Radewitz, where we once were. Done, this one, not at the King's expense alone, but at other people's chiefly · that is an unexpected feature, welcome if true; and, except for Sir Jonas, would not have helped to explain the puzzle for us, as it did in the then Berlin circles. Mühlberg, in my humble judgment, was worth two of this as a Mummery; —but the meritorious feature of Friedrich's is, that it cost him very little.

It was, say all Gazetteers and idle eyewitnesses, a highly splendid spectacle. By much the most effulgent exhibition Friedrich ever made of himself in the Expensive-Mummery department: and I could give in extreme detail the phenomena of it; but, in mercy to poor readers, will not. Fancy the assiduous hammering and sawing on the Schloss-Platz, amid crowds of gay loungers, giving cheerful note of preparation, in those latter days of August 1750. And, on *Wednesday Night 25th August*, look and see,—for the due moments only, and vaguely enough (as in the following Excerpt):

*Palace-Esplanade of Berlin, 25th August* 1750 (dusk sinking into dark): 'Under a windy nocturnal sky, a spacious Parallelogram, enclosed for jousting as at Aspramont or Trebisond. Wide enough arena in the centre; vast amphitheatre of wooden seats and passages, firm carpentry and fitted for its business, rising all round; Audience, select though multitudinous, sitting decorous and garrulous, say since half-past eight. There is royal box on the ground-tier; and the King in it, King, with Princess Amelia for the prizes: opposite to this is entrance for the Chevaliers,—four separate entrances, I think. Who come,—lo, at last! —with breathings and big swells of music, as Resuscitations from the buried Ages.

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'They are in four "Quadrilles," so termed: Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks. Four Jousting Parties, headed each by a Prince of the Blood:—with such a splendour of equipment for jewels, silver helmets, sashings, housings, as eye never saw. Prancing on their glorious battle-steeds (sham-battle, steeds not sham, but champing their bits as real quadrupeds with fire in their interior):—how many in all, I forgot to count. Perhaps, on the average, sixty in each Quadrille, fifteen of them practical Ritters; the rest mythologic winged standard-bearers, blackamoors, lictors, trumpeters and shining melodious phantasms as escort,—of this latter kind say in round numbers Two Hundred altogether; and of actual Ritters three-score.[1] Who run at rings, at Turks' heads, and at other objects with death-doing lance; and prance and flash and career along: glorious to see and hear. Under proud flourishings of drums and trumpets, under bursts and breathings of wind-music; under the shine of Forty-thousand Lamps, for one item. All Berlin and the nocturnal firmament looking on,—night rather gusty, "which blew-out many of the lamps," insinuates Hanway.

'About midnight, Beauty in the form of Princess Amelia distributes the prizes; Music filling the air; and human "*Euge's*" and the surviving lamps, doing their best. After which the Principalities and Ritters withdraw to their Palace, to their Balls and their Supper of the gods; and all the world and his wife goes home again, amid various commentary from high and low. "*Jamais*, Never," murmured one high Gentleman, of the Impromptu kind, at the Palace Supper-table,—

'"*Jamais dans Athène et dans Rome*
*On n'eut de plus beaux jours, ni de plus digne prix*
*J'ai vu le fils de Mars sous les traits de Pâris,*
*Et Vénus qui donnait la pomme.*"'[2]

And Amphitheatre and Lamps lapse wholly into darkness, and the thing has finished, for the time being. August 27th, it was repeated by daylight: if possible, more charming than ever; but not to be spoken of farther, under penalties. To be mildly forgotten again, every jot and tittle of it,—except one small insignificant iota, which, by accident, still makes it

[1] Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (Ziethen was in it, and gained a prize), i. 257-263 et seq.; Voltaire's *Letters* to Niece Denis (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 174, 179, 198); —and two contemporary 4tos on the subject, with Drawings etc., which may well continue unknown to every reader.

[2] 'Never in Athens or Rome were there braver sights or a worthier prize: I have seen the son of Mars' (King Friedrich) 'with Paris's features, and Venus' (Amelia) 'crowning the victorious.' *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 320.

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remarkable. Namely, that Collini and the Barberinas were there; and that not only was Voltaire again there, among the Princes and Princesses; but that Collini saw Voltaire, and gives us transient sight of him,—thanks to Collini. Thursday 27th August 1750, was the Daylight version of the Carrousel; which Collini, if it were of any moment, takes to have *preceded* that of the 40,000 Lamps. Sure enough Collini was there, with eyes open:

'Madame de Cocceji' (so one may call her, though the known *alias* is Barberina) 'had engaged places; she invited me to come and see this Festivity. We went'; and very grand it was. 'The Palace-Esplanade was changed' by carpentries and draperies 'into a vast Amphitheatre; the slopes of it furnished with benches for the spectators, and at the four corners of it and at the bottom, magnificently decorated boxes for the Court.' Vast oval Amphitheatre, the interior arena rectangular, with its Four Entrances, one for each of the Four Quadrilles. 'The assemblage was numerous and brilliant: all the Court had come from Potsdam to Berlin.

'A little while before the King himself made appearance, there rose suddenly a murmur of admiration, and I heard all round me, from everybody, the name "Voltaire! Voltaire!" Looking down, I saw Voltaire accordingly; among a group of great lords, who were walking over the Arena, towards one of the Court Boxes. He wore a modest countenance, but joy painted itself in his eyes: you cannot love glory, and not feel gratefully the prize attached to it,'—attained as here. 'I lost sight of him in few instants,' as he approached his Box, the place where I was not permitting farther view.'[1]

This was Collini's first sight of that great man (*de ce grand homme*). With whom, thanks to Barberina, he had, in a day or two, the honour of an Interview (judgment favourable, he could hope); and before many months, Accident also favouring, the inexpressible honour of seeing himself the great man's Secretary,—how far beyond hope or aspiration, in these Carrousel days!

Voltaire had now been here some Seven Weeks,—arrived 10th July, as we often note;—after (on his own part) a great

[1] Collini, *Mon Séjour*, p. 21.

deal of haggling, hesitating and negotiating; which we spare our readers. The poor man having now become a Quasi-Widower; painfully rallying, with his whole strength, towards new arrangements,—now was the time for Friedrich to urge him: 'Come to me! Away from all that dismal imbroglio; hither, I say!' To which Voltaire is not inattentive; though he hesitates; cannot, in any case, come without delay;—lingers in Paris, readjusting many things, the poor ship-wrecked being, among kind D'Argentals and friends. Poor Ishmael, getting gray; and his tent in the desert suddenly carried-off by a blast of wind!

To the legal Widower, M. le Marquis, he behaves in money matters like a Prince; takes that Paris Domicile, in the Rue Traversière, all to himself; institutes a new household there,—Niece Denis to be female president. Niece Denis, widow without encumbrances; whom in her married state, wife to some kind of Commissariat-Officer at Lille, we have seen transiently in that City, her Uncle lodging with her as he passed. A gadding, flaunting, unreasonable, would-be fashionable female—(a Du Châtelet without the grace or genius, and who never was in love with you!)—with whom poor Uncle had a baddish life in time coming. All which settled, he still lingers. Widowed, grown old and less adventurous! That House in the Rue Traversière, once his and Another's, now his alone,—for the time being, it is probably more like a Mausoleum than a House to him. And Versailles, with its sulky Trajans, its Crébillon cabals, what charm is in Versailles? He thinks of going to Italy for a while; has never seen that fine Country: of going to Berlin for a while: of going to—In fact, Berlin is clearly the place where he will land; but he hesitates greatly about lifting anchor. Friedrich insists, in a bright, bantering, kindly way: 'You were due to me a year ago; you said always, "So soon as the lying-in is over, I am yours:"—and now, why don't you come?'

Friedrich, since they met last, has had some experiences of

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Voltaire, which he does not like. Their roads, truly,—one adulating Trajan in Versailles, and growing great by 'Farces of the Fair'; the other battling for his existence against men and devils, Trajan and Company included,—have lain far apart. Their Correspondence perceptibly languishing, in consequence, and even rumours rising on the subject, Voltaire wrote once: 'Give me a yard of ribbon, Sire' (your *Order of Merit*, Sire), 'to silence those vile rumours!' Which Friedrich, on such free-and-easy terms, had silently declined. 'A meddlesome, forward kind of fellow; always getting into scrapes and brabbles!' thinks Friedrich. But is really anxious, now that the chance offers again, to have such a Levite for his Priest, the evident pink of Human Intellect; and tries various incitements upon him;—hits at last (I know not whether by device or by accident) on one which, say the French Biographers, did raise Voltaire and set him under way.

A certain M. Baculard d'Arnaud, a conceited, foolish young fellow, much patronised by Voltaire, and given to write verses, which are unknown to me, has been, on Voltaire's recommending, 'Literary Correspondent,' to Friedrich (Paris Book-Agent and the like) for some time past; corresponding much with Potsdam, in a way found entertaining; and is now (April 1750) actually going thither, to Friedrich's Court, or perhaps has gone. At any rate, Friedrich,—by accident or by device,—had answered some rhymes of this D'Arnaud, 'Yes; welcome, young sunrise, since Voltaire is about to set!'[1] I hope it was by device; D'Arnaud is such a silly fellow; too absurd, to reckon as morning to anybody's sunset. Except for his involuntary service, for and against, in this Voltaire Journey, his name would not now be mentionable at all. 'Sunset?' exclaimed Voltaire, springing out of bed (say the Biographers), and skipping about indignantly in his shirt: 'I will show them I am not set yet!'[2] And instantly resolved

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 95 (Verses '*A D'Arnaud*,' of date December 1749).

[2] Duvernet (Second), p. 159.

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on the Berlin Expedition. Went to Compiègne, where the Court then was; to bid his adieus; nay, to ask formally the Royal leave,—for we are Historiographer and titular Gentleman of the Chamber, and King's servant in a sense. Leave was at once granted him, almost huffingly; we hope not with *too* much readiness? For this is a ticklish point: one is going to Prussia 'on a Visit' merely (though it may be longish); one would not have the door of France slammed-to behind one! The tone at Court did seem a little succinct, something almost of sneer in it. But from the Pompadour herself all was friendly; mere witty, cheery graciosities, and 'My Compliments to his Majesty of Prussia,'—Compliments how answered when they came to hand: '*Je ne la connais pas!*'

In short, M. de Voltaire made all his arrangements; got under way; piously visited Fontenoy and the Battle-fields in passing: and is here, since July 10th,—in very great splendour, as we see:—on his Fifth Visit to Friedrich. Fifth; which proved his Last,—and is still extremely celebrated in the world. Visit much misunderstood in France and England, down to this day. By no means sorted-out into accuracy and intelligibility; but left as (what is saying a great deal!) probably the wastest chaos of all the Sections of Friedrich's History. And has, alone of them, gone over the whole world; being withal amusing to read, and therefore well and widely remembered, in that mendacious and semi-intelligible state. To lay these goblins, full of noise, ignorance and mendacity, and give some true outline of the matter, with what brevity is consistent with deciphering it at all, is now our sad task,—laborious, perhaps disgusting; not impossible, if readers will loyally assist.

Voltaire had taken every precaution that this Visit should succeed, or at least be no loss to one of the parties. In a preliminary Letter from Paris,—prose and verse, one of the cleverest diplomatic pieces ever penned; Letter really worth

looking at, cunning as the song of Apollo, Voltaire symbolically intimates: 'Well, Sire, your old Danae, poor malingering old wretch, is coming to her Jove. It is Jove she wants, not the Shower of Jove; nevertheless'—And Friedrich (thank Hanbury, in part, for that bit of knowledge) had remitted him in hard money 600*l.* 'to pay the tolls on his road.'[1] As a high gentleman would; to have done with those base elements of the business.

Nay, furthermore, precisely two days before those splendours of the Carrousel, Friedrich,—in answer to new cunning croakeries and contrivances ('Sire, this Letter from my Niece, who is inconsolable that I should think of staying here;' where, finding oneself so divinised, one is disposed to stay), —has answered him like a King: By Gold Key of Chamberlain, Cross of the Order of Merit, and Pension of 20,000 francs (850*l.*) a year,—conveyed in as royal a Letter of Business as I have often read; melodious as Apollo, this too, though all in business prose, and, like Apollo, practical God of the *Sun* in this case.[2] Dated 23d August 1750. This Letter of Friedrich's I fancy to be what Voltaire calls, 'Your Majesty's gracious Agreement with me,' and often appeals to, in subsequent troubles. Not quite a Notarial Piece, on Friedrich's part; but strictly observed by him as such.

Four days after which, Collini sees Voltaire serenely shining among the Princes and Princesses of the world; Amphitheatre all whispering with bated breath, 'Voltaire! Voltaire!' But let us hear Voltaire himself, from the interior of the Phenomenon, at this its culminating point:

Voltaire to his D'Argentals,—to Niece Denis even, with whom, if with no other, he is quite without reserve, in showing the bad and the good,—

[1] Walpole, i. 451 ('Had it from Princess Amelia herself'): see Voltaire to Friedrich, 'Paris, 9th June 1750'; Friedrich to Voltaire, 'Potsdam, 24th May' (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 158, 155).

[2] 'Berlin, 23d August 1750' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 255);—Voltaire to Niece Denis, '24th August' (misprinted '14th'); to D'Argental, '28th August' (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 185, 196).

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continues radiantly eloquent in these first Months: * * 'Carrousel, twice over; the like never seen for splendour, for' (rather copious on this sublimity)—'After which we played *Rome Sauvée*' (my Anti-Crébillon masterpiece), 'in a pretty little Theatre, which I have got constructed in the Princess Amelia's Antechamber. I, who speak to you, I played *Cicero*.' Yes; and was manager and general stage-king and contriver; being expert at this, if at anything. And these beautiful Theatricals had begun weeks ago, and still lasted many weeks;[1]—with such divine consultings, directings, even orderings of the brilliant Royalties concerned.—Duvernet (probably on D'Arget's authority) informs us that 'once, in one of the inter-acts, finding the soldiers allowed him for Pretorian Guards not to understand their business here,' not here, as they did at Hohenfriedberg and elsewhere, 'Voltaire shrilled volcanically out to them (happily unintelligible): "*F*—, Devil take it, I asked for men; and they have sent me Germans (*J'ai demandé des hommes, et l'on m'envoie des Allemands*)!" At which the Princesses were good-natured enough to burst into laughter.'[2] Voltaire continues: 'There is an English Ambassador here who knows Cicero's Orations *In Catilinam* by heart;' an excellent Etonian, surely. 'It is not Milord Tyrconnel' (blusterous Irish Jacobite, *our* Ambassador, note him, fat Valori having been recalled); no, 'it is the Envoy from England,' Excellency Hanbury himself, who knows his Cicero by heart. 'He has sent me some fine Verses on *Rome Sauvée*; he says it is my best work. It is a Piece appropriate for Ministerial people; Madame la Chancelière,' Cocceji's better half, 'is well pleased with it.'[3] And then'—But enough.

In Princess Amelia's Antechamber, there or in other celestial places, in Palace after Palace, it goes on. Gaiety succeeding gaiety; mere Princesses and Princes doing parts; in *Rome Sauvée*, and in masterpieces of Voltaire's, Voltaire himself acting *Cicero* and elderly characters, *Lusignan* and the like. Excellent in acting, say the witnesses; superlative, for certain, as Preceptor of the art,—though impatient now and then. And wears such Jewel-ornaments (borrowed partly from a Hebrew, of whom anon), such magnificence of tasteful dress;—and walks his minuet among the Morning Stars. Not to mention the Suppers of the King: chosen circle, with the King for centre; a radiant Friedrich flashing-out to right and left, till all kindles into coruscation round him; and it is such a blaze of spiritual sheet-lightnings,—wonderful to think of; Voltaire especially electric. Never, or seldom, were seen such suppers;

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[1] Rödenbeck, 'August—October' 1750.

[2] Duvernet (Second), p. 162,—time probably 15th October.

[3] *Œuvres*, lxxiv. (*Letters*, to the D'Argentals and Denis, '20th August—23d September 1750'), pp. 187, 219, 231, etc. etc.

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such a life for a Supreme Man of Letters, so fitted with the place due to him. Smelfungus says:

'And so your Supreme of Literature has got into his due place at last,—at the top of the world, namely; though, alas, but for moments or for months. The King's own Friend; he whom the King delights to honour. The most shining thing in Berlin, at this moment. Virtually a kind of *Papa*, or Intellectual Father of Mankind,' sneers Smelfungus; 'Pope improvised for the nonce. The new Fridericus Magnus does as the old Pipinus, old Carolus Magnus did: recognises his Pope, in despite of the base vulgar; elevates him aloft into worship, for the vulgar and for everybody! Carolus Magnus did that thrice-salutary feat' (sublimely human, if you think of it, and for long centuries successful more or less); 'Fridericus Magnus, under other omens, unconsciously does the like,—the best he can! Let the Opera Fiddlers, the Frérons, Travenols and Desfontaines-of-Sodom's Ghost look and consider!'—

Madame Denis, an expensive gay Lady, still only in her thirties, improvable by rouge, carries-on great work in the Rue Traversière; private theatricals, suppers, flirtations with Italian travelling Marquises;—finds Intendant Longchamp much in her way, with his rigorous account-books, and restriction to 100 louis per month; wishes even her Uncle were back, and cautions him, Not to believe in Friedrich's flattering unctions, or put his trust in Princes at all. Voltaire, with the due preliminaries, shows Friedrich her Letter, one of her Letters,[1]—with result as we saw above.

Formey says: 'In the Carnival time, which Voltaire usually passed at Berlin, in the Palace, people paid their court to him as to a declared Favourite. Princes, Marshals, Ministers of State, Foreign Ambassadors, Lords of the highest rank, attended his audience; and were received,' says Formey, nowhere free from spite on this subject, 'in a sufficiently lofty style (*hauteur assez dédaigneuse*).[2] A great Prince had the complaisance to play chess with him; and to let him win the pistoles that were staked. Sometimes even the pistoles disappeared *before* the end of the game,' continues Formey, green with spite;—and reports that sad story of the candle-ends; bits of wax-candle, which should have remained as perquisite to the valets, but which were confiscated by Voltaire, and sent across to the wax-chandler's. So, doubtless, the spiteful rumour ran; probably little but spite and fable, Berlin being bitter in its gossip.

[1] Now lost, as most of them are; Voltaire's Answer to it, already cited, is '24th August 1750' (misprinted '14th August,' *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 185; see *ib.* lxxv. 135); King Friedrich's *practical* Answer (so munificent to Denis and Voltaire), 'Your Majesty's gracious Agreement,' bore date 'August 23d.'

[2] Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 235, 236.

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**Stupid Thiébault repeats that of the candle-ends, like a thing he had seen (twelve years *before* his arrival in those parts); and adds that Voltaire 'put them in his pocket,'—like one both stupid and sordid. Alas, the brighter your shine, the blacker is the shadow you cast.**

Friedrich, with the knowledge he already had of his yoke-fellow,—one of the most skittish, explosive, unruly creatures in harness,—cannot be counted wise to have plunged so heartily into such an adventure with him. 'An undoubted Courser of the Sun!' thought Friedrich;—and forgot too much the signs of bad going he had sometimes noticed in him on the common highways. There is no doubt he was perfectly sincere and simple in all this high treatment of Voltaire. 'The foremost literary spirit of the world, a man to be honoured by me, and by all men; the Trismegistus of Human Intellects, what a conquest to have made; how cheap is a little money, a little patience and guidance, for such solacement and ornament to one's barren Life!' He had rashly hoped that the dreams of his youth could hereby still be a little realised; and something of the old Reinsberg Program become a fruitful and blessed fact. Friedrich is loyally glad over his Voltaire; eager in all ways to content him, make him happy; and keep him here, as the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water, of intelligent mankind; the glory of one's own Court, and the envy of the world. 'Will teach us the secret of the Muses, too; French Muses, and help us in our bits of Literature!' This latter, too, is a consideration with Friedrich, as why should it not,—though by no means the sole or chief one, as the French give it out to be.

On his side, Voltaire is not disloyal either; but is nothing like so completely loyal. He has, and continued always to have, not unmixed with fear, a real admiration for Friedrich, that terrible practical Doer, with the cutting brilliancies of mind and character, and the irrefragable common sense; nay he has even a kind of love to him, or something like it,—love made-up of gratitude for past favours, and lively anticipation

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of future. Voltaire is, by nature, an attached or attachable creature; flinging out fond boughs to every kind of excellence, and especially holding firm by old ties he had made. One fancies in him a mixed set of emotions, direct and reflex,—the consciousness of safe shelter, were there nothing more; of glory to oneself, derived and still derivable from this high man:—in fine, a sum-total of actual desire to live with King Friedrich, which might, surely, have almost sufficed even for Voltaire, in a quieter element. But the element was not quiet,—far from it; nor was Voltaire easily sufficeable!

### *Perpetual President Maupertuis has a Visit from one König, out of Holland, concerning the Infinitely Little*

Whether Maupertuis, in red wig with yellow bottom, saw these high gauderies of the Carrousel, the Plays in Princess Amelia's Antechamber, and the rest of it, I do not know: but if so, he was not in the top place; nor did anybody take notice of him, as everybody did of Voltaire. Meanwhile, I have something to quote, as abridged and distilled from various sources, chiefly from Formey; which will be of much concernment farther on.

Some four weeks after those Carrousel effulgencies, Perpetual President Maupertuis had a visit (September 21st, just while the Sun was crossing the Line; thanks to Formey for the date, who keeps a Notebook, useful in these intricacies): visit from Professor König, an effective mathematical man from the Dutch parts. Whom readers have forgotten again; though they saw him once: in violent quarrel, about the Infinitely Little, with Madame du Châtelet, Voltaire witnessing with pain;—it was just as they quitted Cirey together, ten years ago, for these new courses of adventure. Do readers recall the circumstance? Maupertuis, referee in that quarrel, had, with a bluntness offensive to the female mind, declared König indisputably in the right; and there had followed a dryness between the divine Emilie and the Flattener of the Earth, scarcely to be healed by Voltaire's best efforts.

König has gone his road since then; become a fine solid fellow; Professor in a Dutch University; more latterly Librarian to the Dutch Stadtholder: still frank of speech, and with a rugged free-and-easy

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turn, but of manful manners; really a person of various culture, and as is still noticeable, of a solid geometric turn of mind. Having now, as Librarian at the Hague, more leisure and more money, he has made a run to Berlin,—chiefly or entirely to see his Maupertuis again, whom he still remembers gratefully as his first Patron in older times, and a man of sound parts, though rather blusterous now and then. A little bit of scientific business also he has with him. König is Member of the Berlin Academy, for some years back; and there is a thing he would speak with the Perpetual President upon. 'Wants nothing else in Berlin,' says Formey: 'hearing by the road that Maupertuis was not there, he had actually turned homewards again; but got truer tidings, and came on.' The more was the pity, as perhaps will appear! 'He arrived September 20th' (if you will be particular on cheese-parings); 'called on me that day, being lodged in my neighbourhood; and next day, found Maupertuis at home;'[1]—and flew into his arms again, like a good boy long absent.

Maupertuis, not many months ago, had, in Two successive Papers, I think Two, communicated to the Academy a Discovery of Metaphysico-Mathematical or altogether Metaphysical nature, on the Laws of Motion; —Discovery which he has, since that, brought to complete perfection, and sent forth to the Universe at large, in his sublime little Book of *Cosmology*;[2]—grateful Academy striving to admire, and believe, with its Perpetual President, that the Discovery was sublime to a degree; second only to the flattening of the Earth; and would probably stand thenceforth as a milestone in the progress of Human Thought. 'Which Discovery, then?' Be not too curious, reader; take only of it what shall concern you!

It is well known there have been, to the metaphysical head, difficulties almost insuperable as to How, in the System of Nature, Motion is? How, in the name of wonder, it can be; and even, Whether it is at all? Difficulties to the metaphysical head, sticking its nose into the gutter there;—not difficult to my readers and me, who can at all times walk across the room, and triumphantly get over them. But stick your nose into any gutter, entity, or object, this of Motion or another, with obstinacy,—you will easily drown, if that be your determination!— Suffice it for us to know in this matter, that Maupertuis, intensely watching Nature, has discovered, That the key of her enigma (or at

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[1] Formey, i. 176-179.

[2] In La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis* (Paris, 1856), pp. 105-130, confused account of this 'Discovery,' and of the gradual Publication of it to mankind,—very gradual; first of all in the old Paris times; in the Berlin *Academy* latterly; and in fine, to all the world, in this *Essai de Cosmologie* (Berlin, Summer of 1750).

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least the ultimate central *door*, which hides all her Motional enigmas, the key to *which* cannot even be imagined as discoverable!) is, that 'Nature is superlatively *thrifty* in this affair of Motion'; that she employs, for every Motion done or doable, 'a *Minimum of Action*'; and that, if you well understand this, you will, at least, announce all her procedures in one proposition, and have found the *door* which leads to everything. Which will be a comfort to you; still looking vainly for the key, if there is still no key conceivable.

Perpetual President Maupertuis, having surprised Nature in this manner, read Papers upon it to an Academy listening with upturned eyes; new Papers, perfected out of old,—for he has long been hatching these Phœnix-eggs; and has sent them out complete, quite lately, in a little Book called *Cosmologie*, where alone I have had the questionable benefit of reading them. Grandly brief, as if coming from Delphi, the utterance is; loftily solemn, elaborately modest, abstruse to the now human mind; but intelligible, had it only been worth understanding:—a painful little Book, that *Cosmologie*, as the Perpetual President's generally are. 'Minimum of Action, *Loi d'Epargne*, Law of Thrift,' he calls this sublime Discovery;—thinks it will be sovereign in Natural Theology as well: 'For how could Nature be a Save-all, without Designer present?'—and speaks, of course, among other technical points, about '*Vis Viva*, or Velocity multiplied by the Square of the Time': which two points, '*Loi d'Epargne*,' and that 'the *Vis Viva* is always a Minimum,' the reader can take along with him; I will permit him to shake the others into Limbo again, as forgettable by human nature at this epoch and henceforth.

In La Beaumelle's *Vie de Maupertuis* (printed at last, Paris 1856, after lying nearly a century in manuscript, an obtuse worthless leaden little Book), there is much loud droning and detailing, about this *Cosmologie*, this sublime 'Discovery,' and the other sublime Discoveries, Insights and Apocalyptic Utterances of Maupertuis; though in so confused a fashion, it is seldom you can have the poor pleasure of learning exactly when, or except by your own severe scrutiny, exactly what. For reasons that will appear, certain of those Apocalyptic Utterances by Perpetual President Maupertuis have since got a new interest, and one has actually a kind of wish to read the *ipsissima verba* of them, at this date! But in La Beaumelle (his modern Editor lying fast asleep throughout) there is no vestige of help. Nay, Maupertuis's own Book,[1] luxurious cream-paper Quartos, or Octavos made four-square by margin,—which you buy for these and the cognate objects,—proves altogether worthless to you. The Maupertuis Quartos are not readable for their own sake (solemnly emphatic statement of what you already know; concentrated struggle

[1] *Œuvres de Maupertuis*, Lyon, 1756, 4 voll. 4to.

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to get on wing, and failure by so narrow a miss; struggle which gets only on tiptoe, and won't cease wriggling and flapping); and then (to your horror) they prove to be carefully *cleaned* of all the Maupertuis-*Voltaire* matter;—edition being *subsequent* to that world-famous explosion! *Caveat emptor.*—Our Excerpt proceeds:

'Industrious König, like other mathematical people, has been listening to these Oracles on the "Law of Minimum," by the Perpetual President; and grieves to find, after study, That said Law does not quite hold; that in fact it is, like Descartes's old key or general door, worth little or nothing; as Leibnitz long ago seems to have transiently recognised. König has put his strictures on paper: but will not dream of publishing, till the Perpetual President have examined them and satisfied himself;—and that is König's business at present, as he knocks on Maupertuis, while Sol is crossing the Line. Maupertuis has a House of the due style; Wife a daughter of Minister Borck's (high Borck's, "old as the *Diuvel*"); no children;—his back courts always a good deal dirty with pelicans, bustards, perhaps snakes and other zoological wretches, which sometimes intrude into the drawing-rooms, otherwise very fine. A man of some whims, some habits; arbitrary by nature, but really honest, though rather sublimish in his interior, with red wig and yellow bottom.

'König, all filial gladness, is received gladly;—though, by degrees, with some surprise, on the paternal part, to find König ripened out of son, client and pupil, into independent posture of a grown man. Frankly certain enough about himself, and about the axioms of mathematics. Standing, evidently, on his own legs; kindly as ever, but on these new terms,—in fact rather an out-spoken free-and-easy fellow (I should guess), not thinking that offence can be taken among friends. Formey confesses, this was uncomfortable to Maupertuis; in fact, a shock which he could not recover from. They had various meetings, over dinner and otherwise, at the Perpetual President's, for perhaps two weeks at this time (dates all to be had in Formey's Notebook, if anybody would consult); in the whole course of which the shock to the Perpetual President increased, instead of diminishing. Republican freedom and equality is evidently König's method; König heeds not a whit the oracular talent or majestic position of Maupertuis; argues with the frankest logic, when he feels dissent;—drives a majestic Perpetual President, especially in the presence of third parties, much out of patience. Thus, one evening, replying to some argument of the Perpetual President's, he begins: "My poor friend, *Mon pauvre ami*, don't you perceive, then"—Upon which Maupertuis sprang from his chair, violently stamping, and pirouetted round the room, "Poor friend, poor friend? are you so rich, then!" frank König merely grinning till the

Nov. 1750-Feb. 1751) paroxysm passed.[1] König went home again, *re infectâ*, about the end of the month.'

Such a König—had better not have come! As to his strictures on the *Law of Thrift*, the arguings on them, alone together, or with friends by, merely set Maupertuis pirouetting: and as to the König Manuscripts on them, 'to be published in the Leipzig *Acta*, after your remarks and permission,' Maupertuis absolutely refused to look at said Manuscripts: 'Publish them there, here, everywhere, in the Devil and his Grandmother's name; and then there is an end, Monsieur!' König went his ways therefore, finding nothing else for it; published his strictures, in the Leipzig *Acta* in March next,—and never saw Maupertuis again, for one result, out of several that followed! I have no doubt he was out to Voltaire, more than once, in this fortnight; and eat 'the King's roast' pleasantly with that eminent old friend. Voltaire always thought him a *bon garçon* (justly, by all the evidence I have); and finds his talk agreeable, and his Berlin news,—especially that of Maupertuis and his explosive pirouettings. Adieu, Herr Professor; you know not, with your Leipzig *Acta* and Fragment of Leibnitz, what an explosion you are preparing!

## CHAPTER VII

### M. DE VOLTAIRE HAS A PAINFUL JEW-LAWSUIT

VOLTAIRE'S Terrestrial Paradise at Berlin did not long continue perfect. Scarcely had that grand Carrousel vanished in the azure firmaments, when little clouds began rising in its stead; and before long, black thunderstorms of a very strange and even dangerous character.

It must have been a painful surprise to Friedrich to hear from his Voltaire, some few weeks after those munificences, That he, Voltaire, was in very considerable distress of mind,

[1] Formey, i. 177.

from the bad, not to call it the felonious and traitorous, conduct of M. D'Arnaud, — once Friedrich's shoeing-horn and 'rising-sun' for Voltaire's behoof; now a vague flaunting creature, without significance to Friedrich or anybody! That D'Arnaud had done this and done that, of an Anti-Voltairian, treasonous nature;—and that, in short, life was impossible in the neighbourhood of such a D'Arnaud! 'D'Arnaud has corrupted my Clerk (Prince Henri hungering in vain for *La Pucelle*, has got sight of it, in this way);[1] D'Arnaud has been gossiping to Fréron and the Paris Newspapers; D'Arnaud has'[2]—Has, in effect, been a flaunting young fool; of dissolute, esurient, slightly profligate turn; occasionally helping in the Theatricals, and much studious to make himself notable, and useful to the Princely kind. A D'Arnaud of nearly no significance, to Friedrich or to anybody. A D'Arnaud whose bits of fooleries and struttings about, in the peacock or jackdaw way, might surely have been below the notice of a Trismegistus!

Friedrich, painfully made sensible what a skinless explosive Trismegistus he has got on hand, answers, I suppose, in words little or nothing,—in Letters, I observe, answers absolutely nothing, to Voltaire repeating and re-repeating;—does simply dismiss D'Arnaud (a '*bon diable*,' as Voltaire, to impartial people, calls him), or accept D'Arnaud's demission, and cut the poor fool adrift. Who sallies-out into infinite space, to Paris latterly ('alive there in 1805'); and claims henceforth perpetual oblivion from us and mankind. And now there will be peace in our garden of the gods, and perpetual azure will return?

Alas, D'Arnaud is not well gone, when there has begun brewing in threefold secrecy a mass of galvanic matter, which,

[1] Clerk was dismissed accordingly (one Tinois, an ingenious creature),—and *Collini* appointed in his stead.

[2] Voltaire to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 257), undated, 'November 1750.'

in few weeks more, filled the Heavens with miraculous foul gases and the blackness of darkness;—which, in short, exploded about New-year's time, as the world-famous *Voltaire-Hirsch Lawsuit*, still remembered, though only as a portent and mystery, by observant onlookers. Of which it is now our sad duty to say something; though nowhere, in the Annals of Jurisprudence, is there a more despicable thing, or a deeper-involved in lies and deliriums by current reporters of it, about which the sane mind can be called upon accidentally to speak a word. Beaten, riddled, shovelled, washed in many waters, by a patient though disgusted Predecessor in this field, there lies by me a copious but wearisome Narrative of this matter;—the more vivid portions of which, if rightly disengaged, and shown in sequence, may satisfy the curious.

Duvernet (who, I can guess, had talked with D'Arget on the subject) has, alone of the French Biographers, some glimmer of knowledge about it; Duvernet admits that it was a thing of Illegal Stockjobbing; that—

1°. 'That M. de Voltaire had agreed with a Jew named Hirsch to go to Dresden and, illegally, *purchase* a good lot of *Steuer-Scheine*' (Saxon Exchequer Bills, which are payable in gold to a *bonâ-fide Prussian* holding them, but are much in discount otherwise, as readers may remember); 'and given Hirsch a Draft on Paris, due after some weeks, for payment of the same; Hirsch leaving him a stock of jewels in pledge till the *Steuer-Scheine* themselves come to hand.

2°. 'That Hirsch, having things of his own in view with the money, sent no *Steuer-Scheine* from Dresden, nothing but vague lying talk instead of *Steuer*: so that Voltaire's suspicions naturally kindling, he stopped payment of the Paris Draft, and ordered Hirsch to come home at once.

3°. 'That Hirsch coming, a settlement was tried: "Give me back my Draft on Paris, you objectionable blockhead of a Hirsch; there are your Diamonds, there is something even for your expenses (some fair moiety, I think); and let me never see your unpleasant face again!" To which Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered' (says Duvernet, not substantially incorrect hitherto, though stepping along in total darkness, and very partial on Voltaire's behalf),—'Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered, "But you have changed some of them! I cannot take these!"

—and drove Voltaire quite to despair, and into the Law-Courts; which imprisoned Hirsch, and made him do justice.'[1]

In which last clause, still more in the conclusion, that it was 'to the triumph of Voltaire,' Duvernet does substantially mistake! And indeed, except as the best Parisian reflex of this matter, his Account is worth nothing:—though it may serve as Introduction to the following irrefragable Documents and more explicit featurings. We learn from him, and it is the one thing we learn of credible, That 'Voltaire, when it came to Law-Procedures, begged Maupertuis to speak for him to M. Jarriges,' a Prussian Frenchman, 'one of the Judges; and that Maupertuis answered, "I cannot interfere in a bad business (*me mêler d'une mauvaise affaire*)."' The other French Biographies, definable as '*Ignor-amus* speaking in a loud voice to *Ignor-atis*,' require to be altogether swept aside in this matter. Even 'Clog.' jumbling Voltaire's undated *Letters* into confusion thrice-confounded, and droning-out vituperatively in the dark, becomes a *minus* quantity in these Friedrich affairs. In regard to the Hirsch Process, our one irrefragable set of evidences is: The Prussian *Law-Report* by *Klein*,—especially the Documents produced in Court, and the Sentence given.[2] Other lights are to be gathered, with severe scrutiny and caution, from the circumambient contemporary rumour,—especially from the *Preface* to a 'Comedy' so-called of '*Tantale en Procès* (Tantalus,' Voltaire, 'at Law');—which *Preface* is evidently Hirsch's own Story, put into language for him by some humane friend, and addressed to a 'clear-seeing Public.'[3] 'And in fine,' says my Manu-

[1] Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), 170-173-175:—vague utterly; dateless (tries one date, and is mistaken even in the Year); wrong in nearly every detail; 'the *Staire* or *Steuer* was a *Bank*,' etc. etc.

[2] Ernst Ferdinand Klein, *Annalen der Gesetzgebung und Rechtsgelehrsamkeit in den Preussischen Staaten* (Berlin und Stettin, 1790), v. 215-260.

[3] *Tantale en Procès* (ascribed to Friedrich himself, by some wonderful persons!) is in *Supplément aux Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II.* (Cologne, 1789), i. 319 et sqq. Among the weakest of Comedies (might be by D'Arnaud, or some such hand); nothing in it worth reading except the Preface.

script, 'by sweeping-out the distinctly false, and well discriminating the indubitable from what is still in part dubitable, sufficient twilight' (abridgeable in a high degree, I hope!) 'rises over the Affair, to render it visible in all its main features.'

## *The Voltaire-Hirsch Transaction: Part I. Origin of Lawsuit* (10th November—25th December 1750)

'Saxon *Steuer-Schein*, some readers know, is, in the rough, equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Payable at the Saxon Treasury; to Prussians, in gold; to all other men, in paper only,—which (thanks to Brühl and his unheard-of expenditures and financierings) is now at a discount say of 25, or even 30 per cent. By Article Eleventh of the Dresden *Treaty of Peace*, King Friedrich, if our readers have not forgotten, got stipulated, That all Prussian holders of these *Scheine* should be paid in gold; interest at the due days; and at the due days principal itself:—in gold they, whatever became of others. No farther specifications, as to proof, method, limits or conditions of any kind, occur in regard to this Eleventh Article; which is a just one, beyond doubt, but most carelessly drawn-up. Apparently it trusts altogether to the personal honesty of all Prussian subjects: "Prove yourself a Prussian subject, and we pay your Steuer-Schein in real money." But now if a Saxon or other Non-Prussian, who can get no payment save in paper, were to have his Note smuggled or trafficked over into Prussia, and presented as a Prussian one? In our time, such traffic would start on the morrow morning; and in a week or two, all Notes whatsoever would be presented as Prussian, payable in gold! Not so in those days;—though a small contraband of that kind does by degrees threaten to establish itself, and Friedrich had to publish severe rescripts (one before this Hirsch-Voltaire business,[1] one still severer after), and menace it down again. The malpractice seems to have proved menaceable in that manner; nor was any new arrangement made upon it,—no change, till the Steuer-Scheine, by their gradual terms, were all paid either in real money or imaginary, and thus, in the course of years, the thing burnt to the socket, and went out.'

Voltaire's rash Adventure, dangerous Navigation and gradual Wreck, in this Forbidden Sea of Steuer-Scheine,—will become conceivable to readers, on study diligent enough of the following Documents and select Details:

[1] 10th August 1748 (Seyfarth, i. 62).

*Document First* (a small Missive, in Voltaire's hand)

*"Je prie instamment monsieur hersch de venir demain mardi matin à potsdam pour affaire pressante, et d'aporter* (sic) *avec luy les diamants qui doivent servir pour la representation de la tragedie qui se jouera à cinq heures de soir chez S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince henri.*

*"Ce lundy à midy.* VOLTAIRE."

Which being interpreted, rightly spelt, and dated (as by chance we can do) with distinctness, will run as follows in English:

"Potsdam, Monday, 9th November 1750.

"I earnestly request Mr. Hirsch to come tomorrow Tuesday morning to Potsdam, on business that is urgent; and to bring with him the Diamonds needed for the Tragedy which is to be represented, at five in the evening, in His Royal Highness Prince Henry's Apartment."[1]

'On Tuesday the 10th,' say the Old Newspapers, 'was *Rome Sauvée*';—with Voltaire, perceptible there as '*Cicéron*,'[2] in due splendour of diamonds; Hirsch having no doubt been punctual. A glorious enough Cicero;—and such a piece of 'urgent business' done with your Hirsch, just before emerging on the stage!

'Hirsch, in that *Narrative*, describes himself as a young innocent creature. Not very old, we will believe: but as to innocence!—For certain, he is named Abraham Hirsch, or Hirschel: a Berlin Jew of the Period; whom one inclines to figure as a florid oily man, of Semitic features, in the prime of life; who deals much in jewels, moneys, loans, exchanges, all kinds of Jew barter; whether absolutely in old clothes, we do not know,—certainly not unless there is a penny to be turned. The man is of oily Semitic type, not old in years,—there is a fraternal Hirsch, and also a paternal, who is head of the firm;—and this young one seems to be already old in Jew art. Speaks French and other dialects, in a Hebrew, partially intelligible manner; supplies Voltaire with diamonds for his stage-dresses, as we perceive. To all appearance, nearly destitute of human intellect, but with abundance of vulpine instead. Very cunning; stupid, seemingly, as a mule otherwise;—and, on the whole, resembling in various points of character a mule put into breeches, and made acquainted with the uses of money. He is come "on pressing business,"—perhaps not of stage-diamonds alone? Here now is *Document Second*; nearly of the same date; may be of the very same;—more likely is a few days later, and betokens mysterious dialogue and consultation held on Tuesday 10th. It is in two hands; written on some scrap or *torn* bit of paper, to judge by the length of the lines.

[1] Klein, v. 260.

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 209.

*Document Second*

In Voltaire's hand, this part:

"*Savoir*
*s'il est encore tems de*
*declarer les billets qu'on*
*a sur la steure.*
*si on en specifie le numero*
*dans la declaration.*"

"If it is still time to declare" (to announce in Saxony and demand payment for) "Notes one holds on the Steuer? If one is to specify the No. in the Declaration?"

In Hirsch's hand, this part:

"*l'on peut declarer des billets*
*sur la steure, qu'on a en depost*
*en pays etranger, et dont on*
*ne pourra savoir le numero que*
*dans quinze jours ou trois*
*Semaines.*" [1]

"One can declare Notes on the Steuer, which one holds in deposit in Foreign Countries; and of which one cannot state the No. till after a fortnight or three weeks."

'Which of these Two was the Serpent, which the Eve, in this *Steuer-Schein* Tree of Knowledge, that grew in the middle of Paradise, remains entirely uncertain. Hirsch, of course, says it was Voltaire; Voltaire (not aware that *Document Second* remained in existence) had denied that his Hirsch business was in any way concerned with *Steuer*;—and must have been a good deal struck, when *Document Second* came to light; though what could he do but still deny! Hirsch asserts himself to have objected the "illegality, the King's anger"; but that Voltaire answered in hints about his favour with the King; "about his power to make one a Court-Jeweller," if he liked; and so at last tempted the baby innocence of Hirsch;—for the rest, admits that the Steuer-Notes were expected to yield a Profit of 35 per cent:—and, in fact, a dramatic reader can imagine to himself dialogue enough, at different times, going on, partly by words, partly by hint, innuendo and dumb-show, between this Pair of Stage-Beauties. But for near a fortnight after *Document First*, there is nothing dated, or that can be clearly believed,—till,

'*Monday 23d November* 1750. It is credibly certain the Jew Hirsch came again, this day, to the Royal Schloss of Potsdam, to Voltaire's apartment there' (right over head of King Friedrich's, it is!)—'where, after such dialogue as can be guessed at, there was handed to Hirsch by Voltaire, in the form of Two negotiable Bills, a sum of about 2,250*l.*; with which the Jew is to make at once for Dresden, and buy Steuer-Scheine.[2] Steuer-Scheine without fail: "but in talking or corresponding on the matter, we are always to call them *Furs* or *Diamonds*,"—mystery of mysteries being the rule for us. This considerable sum of 2,250*l.* may it not otherwise, contrives Voltaire, be called a "Loan" to Jeweller Hirsch,

[1] Klein, 259. [2] Hirsch's Narrative, in Preface to *Tantale en Proces*, p. 340.

so obliging a Jeweller, to buy "Furs" or "Diamonds" with? At a gain of 35 per 100 Pieces, there will be above 800*l.* to me, after all expenses cleared: a very pretty stroke of business doable in few days!'—

'Monday 23d November:' The beautiful Wilhelmina, one remarks, is just making her packages; right sad to end such a Visit as this had been! Thursday night, from her first sleeping-place, there is a touching Farewell to her Brother;—tender, melodiously sorrowful, as the Song of the Swan.[1] To Voltaire she was always good; always liked Voltaire. Voltaire would be saying his Adieus, in state, among the others, to that high Being,—just in the hours while such a scandalous Hirsch-Concoction went on underground!

'As to the Two Bills and Voltaire's security for them, readers are to note as follows. Bill *First* is a Draft on Voltaire's Paris Banker for 40,000 livres (about 1,600*l.*), not payable for some weeks: "This I lend you, Monsieur Hirsch; mind, *lend* you,—to buy Furs!" "Yes, truly, what we call Furs;—and before the Bill falls payable, there will be effects for it in Monseigneur de Voltaire's hand; which is security enough for Monseigneur." The *Second* Bill, again'—Truth is, there were in succession two Second Bills, an *Intended*-Second (of this same Monday 23d), which did not quite suit, and an *Actual*-Second (two days later), which did. *Intended*-Second Bill was one for 4,000 thalers (about 600*l.*), drawn by Voltaire on the Sieur Ephraim,—a very famous Jew of Berlin now and henceforth, with whom as moneychanger, if not yet otherwise (which perhaps Ephraim thinks unlucky), Voltaire, it would seem, is in frequent communication. This Bill, Ephraim would not accept; told Hirsch he owed M. de Voltaire nothing; 'turned me rudely away,' says Hirsch (two of a trade, and no friends, he and I!)—so that there is nothing to be said of this Ephraim Bill; and, except as it elucidates some dark portions of the whirlpools, need not have been noticed at all. 'Hirsch,' continues my authority, 'got only Two available Bills; the first on Paris for 1,600*l.*, payable in some weeks; and, after a day or two, this other: The *Actual Bill Second*; which is a Draft for 4,430 thalers (about 650*l.*), by old Father Hirsch, head of the Firm, on Voltaire himself:—"Furs too with that, Monsieur Hirsch, at the rate of 35 per piece, you understand?" "Yea, truly, Monseigneur!"—Draft accepted by Voltaire, and the cash for it now handed to Hirsch Son: the only absolutely ready money he has yet got towards the affair.

'For these Two Bills, especially for this Second, I perceive, Voltaire holds borrowed jewels (borrowed in theatrical times, or partly bought, from the Hirsch Firm, and not paid for), which make him sure till he see the *Steuer* Papers themselves.—"And now off, my good Sieur Hirsch;

[1] Wilhelmina to Friedrich, 'Brietzen, 26th November, *jour funeste pour moi*' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 197).

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and know that if you please *me*, there are—things in my power which would suit a man in the Jeweller and Hebrew line!" Hirsch pushes home to Berlin; primed and loaded in this manner; Voltaire naturally anxious enough that the shot may hit. Alas, the shot will not even go-off, for some time: an ill omen!

'*Sunday 29th November*, Hirsch, we hear, is still in Berlin. Fancy the humour of Voltaire, after such a week as last! *Tuesday* December 1st, Hirsch still is not off: "Go, you son of Amalek!" urges Voltaire; and sends his Servant Picard, a very sharp fellow, for perhaps the third time,—who has orders now, as Hirsch discovers, to stay with him, not quit sight of him till he do go.[1] Hirsch's hour of departure for Dresden is not mentioned in the *Acts*; but I guess he could hardly get over Wednesday, with Picard dogging him on these terms; and must have taken the diligence on Wednesday night: to arrive in Dresden about December 4th. "Well; at least, our shot is off; has not burst-out, and lodged in our person here,—thanked be all the gods!'

'Off, sure enough:—and what should we say if the whole matter were already oozing out; if, on this same Sunday evening November 29th, not quite a week's time yet, the matter (as we learn long afterwards) had been privately whispered to his Majesty: 'That Voltaire has sent-off a Jew to buy Steuer-Scheine, and has promised to get him made Court-Jeweller!'[2] So; within a week, and before Hirsch is even gone! For men are very porous; weighty secrets oozing out of them, like quicksilver through clay jars. I could guess, Hirsch, by way of galling insolent Ephraim, had blabbed something: and in the course of five days, it has got to the very King,—this Kammerherr Voltaire being such a favourite and famous man as never was; the very bull's-eye of all kinds of Berlin gossip in these days. "Hm, Steuer-Scheine, and the Jew Hirsch to be Court-Jeweller, you say?" thinks the King, that Sunday night; but locks the rumour in his Royal mind, he, for his part; or dismisses it as incredible: "There ought to be impervious vessels too, among the porous!" Voltaire notices nothing particular, or nothing that he speaks of as particular. This must have been a horrid week to him, till Hirsch got away.' Hirsch is away (December 2d); in Dresden, safe enough; but—

'But the fortnight that follows is conceivable as still worse. Hirsch writing darkly, nothing to the purpose; Voltaire driving often into Berlin, hearing from Ephraim hints about, "No connexion with that House;" "If Monseigneur have intrusted Hirsch with money,—may there be a good account of it!" and the like. Black Care devouring

[1] Hirsch's Narrative; see Voltaire's Letter to D'Arget (*Œuvres*, lxiv. 11).

[2] Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 314 ('Letter to Friedrich, February 1751,'—*after* Catastrophe).

Monseigneur; but nothing definite; except the fact too evident, That Hirsch does not send or bring the smallest shadow of Steuer-Scheine,—"Peltries," or "Diamonds," we mean,—or any value whatever for that Paris Bill of ours, payable shortly, and which he has already got cashed in Dresden. Nothing but excuses, prevarications; stupid, incoherently deceptive jargon, as of a mule intent on playing fox with you. Vivid Correspondence is conceivable; but nothing of it definite to us, except this sample' (which we give translated):

*Document Third* (torn fraction in Voltaire's hand: To Hirsch, doubtless; early in December). * * "Not proper (*il ne fallait pas*) to negotiate Bills of Exchange, and never produce a single diamond"—bit of peltry, or ware of any kind, you son of Amalek! "Not proper to say: I have got money for your bills of exchange, and I bring you nothing back; and I will repay your money when you shall no longer be here" (in Germany at all). "Not proper to promise at 35 louis, and then say 30. To say 30, and then next morning 25. You should at least have produced goods (*il fallait en donner*) at the price current; very easy to do when one was on the spot. All your procedures have been faults hitherto."[1]

'These are dreadful symptoms. Steuer-Notes, promised at 35 discount, are not to be had except at 30. Say 30 then, and get done with it, mule of a scoundrel! Next day the 30 sinks to 25; and not a Steuer-Note, on any terms, comes to hand. And the mule of a scoundrel has drawn money, in Dresden yonder, for my Bill on Paris,—excellent to him for trade of his own! What is to be done with such an Ass of Balaam? He has got the bit in his teeth, it would seem. Heavens, he too is capable of stopping short, careless of spur and cudgel; and miraculously speaking to a *new* Prophet' (strange new 'Revealer of the Lord's Will,' in modern dialect), 'in this enlightened Eighteenth Century itself!—One thing the new Prophet can do: protest his Paris Bill.

'*December 12th*' (our next bit of certainty), 'Voltaire writes, haste, haste, to Paris, "Don't pay"; and intimates to Hirsch, "You will have to return your Dresden Banker his money for that Paris Bill. At Paris I have protested it, mark me; and there it never will be paid to him or you. And you must come home again instantly, job undone, lies not untold, you—!" Hirsch, with money in hand, appears not to have wanted for a briskish trade of his own in the Dresden marts. But this of cutting-off his supplies brings him instantly back:'—and at Berlin, *December 16th*, new facts emerge again of a definite nature.

'*Wednesday 16th December* 1750. "Today the King with Court and Voltaire come to Berlin for the Carnival;"[2] today also Voltaire, not in

[1] Klein, v. 259.

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 209.

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Carnival humour, has appointed his Jew to meet him. In the Royal Palace itself,—we hope, well remote from Friedrich's Apartment!—this sordid conference, needing one's choicest diplomacy withal, and such exquisite handling of bit and spur, goes on. And probably at great length. Of which, as the *finale*, and one clear feature significant to the fancy, here is,—for record of what they call "*Complete Settlement*," which it was far from turning out to be:

'*Document Fourth* (in Hirsch's hand, First Piece of it).

| | |
|---|---|
| "*Pour quittance generale promettant de rendre à Mr. de Voltaire tous billets, ordres et lettres de change à moy donnez jusqu'à ce jour*, 16 *Decembre* 1750." | "Account all settled; I promising to return M. de Voltaire all Letters, Orders and Bills of Exchange given me up to this day, 16th December 1750." |

(Hirsch signs. But you have forgotten something, Monsieur Hirsch! Whereupon)

| | |
|---|---|
| "*et promets de donner à Mr. de Voltaire dans le jour de demain ou après demain au plustard deux cent quartre-vingt frédérics d'or au lieu de deux cent quatre-vingt louis d'or, que je lui ai payez, le tout pour quittance generale, ce* 16 *Decembre* 1750, *à berlin.*" | "And promise to give M. de Voltaire, in the course of tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow at latest, 280 *frédérics d'or*, instead of 280 *louis d'or*" (gold *frédérics* the preferable coin, say experts) "which I have now paid him; whereby All will be settled." |

(Hirsch again signs; but has again forgotten something, most important thing. And)

| | |
|---|---|
| "*je lui remettrai surtout les* 40,000 *livres de billets de change sur paris qu'il mavoit donnez et flez.*" | "I will especially return him the Bill on Paris for 40,000 livres (1,600*l.*), which he had given and trusted to me,"—but has since protested, as is too evident. |

(and Hirsch signs for the last time).'[1]—Symptomatic, surely, of a haggly settlement, these *three* shots instead of one!—'Voltaire's return is:

| | |
|---|---|
| "*Pour quittance generale de tout compte soldé entre nous, tout payé au sieur abraham hersch à berlin*, 16 *Decembre* 1750.—*Voltaire*" | "Account all settled between us, payment of the Sieur Abraham Hirsch in full: Berlin, 16th December 1750." |

(which Second Piece, we perceive, is to lie in Hirsch's hand, to keep, if he find it valuable).

'This "*Complete Settlement*,"—little less than miraculous to Voltaire and us,—one finds, after sifting, to have been the fruit of Voltaire's exquisite skill in treating and tuning his Hirsch (no harshness of rebuke, rather some gleam of hope, of future bargains, help at Court): "Your expenses; compensation for protesting of that Bill on Paris? Tush, cannot we make all that good! In the first place, I will *buy* of you these

[1] Klein, pp. 258, 260.

Jewels" (this one discovers to have been the essence of the operation!), "all or the best part of them, which I have here in pawn for Papa's Bill: 650*l.* was it not? Well, suppose I on the instant take 450*l.* worth, or so, of these Jewels (I want a great many jewels); and you to pay me down a 200 or so of gold *louis* as balance,—gold *louis*, no, we will say *frédérics* rather. There now, that is settled. Nothing more between us but settles itself, if we continue friends!" Upon which Hirsch walked home, thankful for the good job in Jewels; wondering only what the Allowance for Expenses and Compensation will be. And Voltaire steps-out, new-burnished, into the Royal Carnival splendours, with a load rolled from his mind.

'This *Complete Settlement*, meanwhile, rests evidently on two legs, both of which are hollow. "What will the handsome Compensation be, I wonder?" thinks Hirsch;—and is horrorstruck to find shortly, that Voltaire considers 60 thalers (about 9*l.*) will be the fair sum! "More than ten times that!" is Hirsch's privately fixed idea. On the other hand, Voltaire has been asking himself, "My 450*l.* worth of Jewels, were they justly valued, though?" Jew Ephraim (exaggerative and an enemy to this Hirsch House) answers, "Justly? I would give from 300*l.* to 250*l.* for them!"—So that the legs both crumbling to powder, Complete Settlement crashes-down into chaos: and there ensues'—But we must endeavour to be briefer!

There ensues, for about a week following, such an inextricable scramble between the Sieur Hirsch and M. de Voltaire as,—as no reader, not himself in the Jew-Bill line, or paid for understanding it, could consent to have explained to him. Voltaire, by way of mending the bad-jewel bargain, will buy of Hirsch 200*l.* worth more jewels; gets the new 200*l.* worth in hand, cannot quite settle what articles will suit: 'This, think you? That, think you?' And intricately shuffles them about, to Hirsch and back. Hirsch, singular to notice, holds fast by that Protested Paris Bill; on frivolous pretexts, always forgets to bring that: 'May have its uses, that, in a Court of Justice yet!' Meetings there are, almost daily, in the Voltaire Palace-Apartment: *December 19th* and *December 24th*, there are Two *Documents* (which we must spare the reader, though he will hear of them again, as highly notable, especially of one of them, as notable in the extreme!)—indicating the abstrusest jewel-bargainings, scramblings, re-bargainings.

'My Jewels are truly valued!' asseverates Hirsch always: 'Ephraim is my enemy; ask Herr Reklam, chief Jeweller in Berlin, an impartial man!' The meetings are occasionally of stormy character; Voltaire's patience nearly out: 'But didn't I return you that Topaz Ring, value 75*l.*? And you have *not* deducted it; you—!' 'One day, Picard and he pulled a Ring" (doubtless this Topaz) 'off my finger,' says the pathetic

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Hirsch, 'and violently shoved me out of the room, slamming their door,' —and sent me home, along the corridors, in a very scurvy humour! Thus, under a skin of second settlement, there are two galvanic elements, getting ever more galvanic, which no skin of settlement can prevent exploding before long.

Explosion there accordingly was; most sad and dismal; which rang through all the Court circles of Berlin; and, like a sound of hooting and of weeping mixed, is audible over seas to this day. But let not the reader insist on tracing the course of it henceforth. Klein, though faithful and exact, is not a Pitaval; and we find in him errors of the press. The acutest Actuary might spend weeks over these distracted Money-accounts, and inconsistent Lists of Jewels bought and not bought; and would be unreadable if successful. Let us say, The business catches fire at this point; the Voltaire-Hirsch theatre is as if blown-up into mere whirlwinds of igneous ruin and smoky darkness. Henceforth all plunges into Lawsuit, into chaos of conflicting lies,—undecipherable, not worth deciphering. Let us give what few glimpses of the thing are clearly discernible at their successive dates, and leave the rest to picture itself in the reader's fancy.

It appears, that Meeting of *December 24th*, above alluded to, was followed by another on Christmas-day, which proved the final one. Final total explosion took place at this new meeting;—which, we find farther, was at Chasot's Lodging (the *Chapeau* of Hanbury), who is now in Town, like all the world, for Carnival. Hirsch does not directly venture on naming Chasot: but by implication, by glimmers of evidence elsewhere, one sufficiently discovers that it is he: Lieutenant-Colonel, King's Friend, a man glorious, especially ever since Hohenfriedberg, and that haul of the 'sixty-seven standards' all at once. In the way of Arbitration, Voltaire thinks Chasot might do something. In regard to those 450*l.* worth of bought Jewels, there is not such a judge in the world! Hirsch says: 'Next morning' (December 25th, morrow after that jumbly Account, with probable slamming of the door, and still worse!), 'Voltaire went to a Lieutenant-Colonel in the King's service; and asked him to send for me.'[1] This is Chasot; who knows these jewels well. Duvernet,—who had talked a good deal with D'Arget, in latter years, and alone of Frenchmen sometimes yields a true particle of feature in things Prussian,—Duvernet tells us, these Jewels were once Chasot's own: given him by a fond Duchess of Mecklenburg,—musical old Duchess, verging towards sixty; *honi soit*, my friend! What Hirsch gave Chasot for these Jewels is not a doubtful quantity; and may throw conviction into Hirsch, hopes Voltaire.

*December 25th*, 1750. The interview at Chasot's was not lengthy, but

[1] Duvernet (Second), p. 172; Hirsch's Narrative (in *Tantale*, p. 344).

it was decisive. Hirsch never brings that Paris Bill; privately fixed, on that point. Hirsch's claims, as we gradually unravel the intricate mule-mind of him, rise very high indeed. 'And as to the value of those Jewels, and what I allowed *you* for them, Monsieur Chasot; that is no rule: trade-profits, you know'—Nay, the mule intimates, as a last shift, That perhaps they are not the same Jewels; that perhaps M. de Voltaire has changed some of them! Whereupon the matter catches fire, irretrievably explodes. M. de Voltaire's patience flies quite done; and, fire-eyed fury now guiding, he springs upon the throat of Hirsch like a cat-o'-mountain; clutches Hirsch by the windpipe; tumbles him about the room: 'Infamous canaille, do you know whom you have got to do with? That it is in my power to stick you into a hole underground for the rest of your life? Sirrah, I will ruin and annihilate you!'—and 'tossed me about the room with his fist on my throat,' says Hirsch; 'offering to have pity nevertheless, if I would take back the Jewels, and return all writings.'[1] Eyes glancing like a rattlesnake's, as we perceive; and such a phenomenon as Hirsch had not expected, this Christmas! In short, the matter has here fairly exploded, and is blazing aloft, as a mass of intricate fuliginous ruin, not to be deciphered henceforth. Such a scene for Chasot on the Christmas-day at Berlin! And we have got to

## *Part II. The Lawsuit itself* (30th December 1750—18th and 26th February 1751)

Hirsch slunk hurriedly home, uncertain whether dead or alive. Old Hirsch, hearing of such explosion, considered his house and family ruined; and, being old and feeble, took to bed upon it, threatening to break his heart. Voltaire writes to Niece Denis, on the morrow; not hinting at the Hirsch matter, far from that; but in uncommonly dreary humour: 'My splendour here, my glory, never was the like of it; *mais, mais,' but,* and ever again *but,* at each new item,—in fact, the humour of a glorious Phœnix-Peacock suddenly douched and drenched in dirty water, and feeling frost at hand!'[2] Humour intelligible enough, when dates are compared.

Better than that, Voltaire is applying, on all points of the compass, to Legal and Influential Persons, for help in a Court of Law. To Chancellor Cocceji; to Jarriges (eminent Prussian Frenchman), President of Court; to Maupertuis, who knows Jarriges, but 'will not meddle in a bad business;'—at last, even to dull reverend Formey, whom he had not called-

[1] Narrative (in *Tantale*).

[2] 'To Madame Denis' (lxxiv. 279, 'Berlin Palace, 26th December 1750;'—and *ibid.* 249, 257, etc. of other dates).

1st Jan.-18th Feb. 1751]

on hitherto. Cocceji seems to have answered, to the effect, 'Most certainly: the Courts are wide open';—but as to 'help'! December 30th, the Suit, Voltaire *versus* Hirsch, 'comes to Protocol,'—that is, Cocceji, Jarriges, Lōper, three eminent men, have been named to try it; and Herr Hofrath Bell, Advocate for Voltaire Plaintiff, hands-in his First Statement that day. Berlin resounds, we may fancy how! Rumour, laughter and wonder are in all polite quarters; and continue, more or less vivid, for above two months coming. Here is one direct glimpse of Plaintiff, in this interim; which, we will give, though the eyes are none of the best: 'The first visit I,' Formey, 'had from Voltaire was in the afternoon of January 8th, 1751' (Suit begun ten days ago). 'I had, at the time, a large party of friends. Voltaire walked across the Apartment, without looking at anybody; and, taking me by the hand, made me lead him to a cabinet adjoining. His Lawsuit with a Jew was the matter on hand. He talked to me at large about his Lawsuit, and with the greatest vehemence; he wound-up by asking me to speak to Law-President M. de Jarriges (since Chancellor): I answered what was suitable;'—probably did speak to Jarriges, but might as well have held my tongue. 'Voltaire then took his leave: stepping athwart the former Apartment with some precipitation, he noticed my eldest little girl, then in her fourth year, who was gazing at the diamonds on his Cross of the Order of Merit. "Bagatelles, bagatelles, *mon enfant*!" said he, and disappeared.'[1]

On Newyear's-day, Friday 1st January 1751, Voltaire had legally applied to Herr Minister von Bismark, for Warrant to arrest Hirsch, as a person that will not give-up Papers not belonging to him. Warrant was granted, and Hirsch lodged in Limbo. Which worsens the state of poor old Father Hirsch; threatening now really to die, of heart-break and other causes. Hirsch Son, from the interior of Limbo, appeals to Bismark, 'Lord Chancellor Cocceji is seized of my Plea, your gracious Lordship!'—'All the same,' answers Bismark; 'produce *caution*, or you can't get out.' Hirsch produces caution; and gets out, after a day or two;—and has been 'brought to Protocol January 4th.' No delay in this Court: both parties, through their Advocates, are now brought to book; the points they agree-in will be sifted-out, and laid on this side as truth; what they differ-in, left lying on that side, as a mixture of lies to be operated on by farther processes and protocols.

We will not detail the Lawsuit;—what I chiefly admire in it is its brevity. Cocceji has not reformed in vain. Good Advocates, none other allowed; and no Advocate talks; he merely endeavours to think, see and discover; holds his tongue if he can discover nothing: that doubtless is one source of the brevity!—Many lies are stated by Hirsch, many

[1] Formey, i. 232.

by Voltaire: but the Judges, without difficulty, shovel these aside; and come step by step upon the truth. Hirsch says plainly, He was sent to buy *Steuer-Scheine* at 35 per cent discount; Voltaire entirely denies the Steuer-Notes; says, It was an affair of Peltries and Jewelries, originating in loans of money to this ungrateful Jew. Which necessitates much wriggling on the part of M. de Voltaire;—but he has himself written in a Lawyer's Office, in his young days, and knows how to twist a turn of expression. The Judges are not there to judge about Steuer-Notes; but they give you to understand that Voltaire's Peltry-and-Jewelry story is moonshine. Hirsch produces the Voltaire Scraps of Writing, already known to our readers; Voltaire says, 'Mere extinct jottings; which Hirsch has furtively picked-out of the grate,'—or may be said to have picked; Papers annihilated by our Bargain of December 16th, and which should have been in the grate, if they were not; this felon never having kept his word in that respect. Peltries and Jewelries, I say: he will not give me back that Paris Bill which was protested; pays me the other 3,000 crowns (Draft of 650*l.*) in Jewels over-valued by half.—'Jewels furtively changed since Plaintiff had them of me!' answers Hirsch;—and the steady Judges keep their sieves going.

The only Documents produced by Voltaire are Two; of *19th December* and of *24th December*;—which the reader has not yet seen, but ought now to gain some notion of, if possible. They affect once more, as that of December 16th had done, to be 'Final Settlements' (or Final Settlement of 19th, with *Codicil* of 24th); and turn on confused Lists of Jewels, bought, returned, re-bought (that 'Topaz-ring' torn from one's hand, a conspicuous item), which no reader would have patience to understand, except in the succinct form. Let all readers note them, however,—at least the first of them, that of December 19th; especially the words we mark in Italics, which have merited a sad place for *it* in the history of human sin and misery. Klein has given both Documents in engraved facsimile; we must help ourselves by simpler methods. Berlin, December 19th, 1750; Voltaire writes, Hirsch signs;—and the Italics are believed to be words foisted-in by M. de Voltaire, weeks after, while the Hirsch pleadings were getting stringent! Read,—a very sad memorial of M. de Voltaire,—

*Document Fifth* (in Voltaire's hand, written at *two* times; and the old writing *mended* in parts, to suit the new!).—"*For payment of* 3,000 *thalers by me due*, I have sold to M. de Voltaire, at the price costing by estimation and tax, with 2 per cent for my commission" ('*or gratification*,' written above), "the following Diamonds, taxed" (blotted into '*taxable*'), "as here adjoined; viz."—seven pieces of jewelry, pendeloques, etc., with price affixed, among which is the violated Topaz,—"the whole estimated by him" ('him' crossed-out, and '*me*' written over it), "being 3,640 thalers.

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Whereupon, received from Monsieur "de Voltaire" (what is very strange; not intelligible without study!) "the sum of 2,940 thalers, and he has given me back the Topaz, with 60 crowns for my trouble.—Berlin, 19th December 1750." (Hitherto in Voltaire's hand; after which Hirsch writes:) "*Aprouvé*, A. Hirschel."[1] And between these two lines ("... 1750" and "*Approved* ..."), there is crushed-in, as afterthought, "*valued by myself*" (Hirsch's self), "2,940, *add* 60, *is* 3,000." And, in fine, below the Hirsch signature, on what may be called the bottom margin, there is,—I think, avowedly Voltaire's and subsequent,—this: "*N.b.* that Hirsch's valuing of all the jewels" (present lot and former lot) "is, by real estimation, between twice and thrice too high:" of which, it is hoped, your Lordships will take notice!

Was there ever seen such a Paper; one end of it contradicting the other? Payment *to* M. de Voltaire, and payment *by* M. de Voltaire;—with other blottings and foistings, which print and italics will not represent! Hirsch denies he ever signed this Paper. Is not that you writing, then: '*Aprouvé*, A. Hirschel'?—'No!' and they convict him of falsity in that respect: the signature *is* his, but the Paper has been altered since he signed it. That is what the poor dark mortal meant to express; and in his mulish way, he has expressed into a falsity what was in itself a truth. There is not, on candid examination of Klein's Facsimiles and the other evidence, the smallest doubt but Voltaire altered, added and intercalated, in his own privacy, those words which we have printed in italics; *taxés* changed into *taxables* ('estimated at' into 'estimable at'), *him* for *me*, and so on; and above all, the now first line of the Paper, *For payment of* 3,000 *thalers by me due*, and in last line the words *valued by myself*, etc., are palpable interpolations, sheer falsifications, which Hirsch is made to continue signing after his back is turned!

No fact is more certain; and few are sadder in the history of M. de Voltaire. To that length has he been driven by stress of Fortune. Nay, when the Judges, not hiding their surprise at the form of this Document, asked, Will you swear it is all genuine? Voltaire answered, 'Yes, certainly!'—for what will a poor man not do in extreme stress of Fortune? Hirsch, as a Jew, is not permitted to make oath, where a Quasi-Christian will swear to the contrary, or he gladly would; and might justly. The Judges, willing to prevent chance of perjury, did not bring Voltaire to swearing, but contrived a way to justice without that.

*February 18th*, 1751, the Court arrives at a conclusion. Hirsch's

[1] Sic: that is always his *signature*; 'Abraham Hirsch*el*,' so given by Klein, while Klein and everybody *call* him Hirsch (*Stag*), as we have done,—if only to save a syllable on the bad bargain.

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Diamonds, whatever may have been written or forged, are not, nor were, worth more than their value, think the Judges. The Paris Bill is admitted to be Voltaire's, not Hirsch's, continue they;—and if Hirsch can prove that Voltaire has changed the Diamonds, not a likely fact, let him do so. The rest does not concern us. And to that effect, on the above day, runs their Sentence: 'You, Hirsch, shall restore the Paris Bill; mutual Papers to be all restored, or legally annihilated. Jewels to be valued by sworn Experts, and paid for at that price. Hirsch, if he can prove that the Jewels were changed, has liberty to try it, in a new Action. Hirsch, for falsely denying his Signature, is fined 10 thalers (thirty shillings), such lie being a contempt of court, whatever more.'

'Ha, fined, you Jew Villain!' hysterically shrieks Voltaire: 'in the wrong, *weren't* you, then; and fined thirty shillings?' hysterically trying to believe, and make others believe, that he has come-off triumphant. 'Beaten my Jew, haven't I?' says he to everybody, though inwardly well enough aware how it stands, and that he is a Phœnix douched, and has a tremor in the bones! Chancellor Cocceji was far from thinking it triumphant to him. Here is a small Note of Cocceji's, addressed to his two colleagues, Jarriges and Löper, which has been found among the Law Papers:

'*Berlin, 20th February* 1751. The Herr President von Jarriges and Privy-Councillor Löper are hereby officially requested to bring the remainder of the Voltaire Sentence to its fulfilment: I am myself not well, and can employ my time much better. The Herr von Voltaire has given-in a desperate Memorial (*ein desperates Memorial*) to this purport: "I swear that what is charged to me" (believed of me) "in the Sentence is true; and now request to have the Jewels valued." I have returned him this Paper, with notice that it must be signed by an Advocate.—COCCEJI.'[1]

So wrote Chancellor Cocceji, on the Saturday, washing his hands of this sorry business. Voltaire is ready to make desperate oath, if needful. We said once, M. de Voltaire was not given to lying; far the reverse. But yet, see, if you drive him into a corner with a sword at his throat,—alas,

[1] Klein, 256.

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yes, he will lie a little! Forgery lay still less in his habits; but he can do a stroke that way, too (one stroke, unique in his life, I do believe), if a wild-boar, with frothy tusks, is upon him. Tell it not in Gath,—except for scientific purposes! And be judicial, arithmetical, in passing sentence on it; not shrieky, mobbish, and flying-off into the Infinite!

Berlin, of course, is loud on these matters. 'The man whom the King delighted to honour, *this* is he, then!' King Friedrich has quitted Town, some while ago; returned to Potsdam 'January 30th.' Glad enough, I suppose, to be out of all this unmusical blowing of catcalls and indecent exposure. To Voltaire he has taken no notice; silently leaves Voltaire, in his nook of the Berlin Schloss, till the foul business get done. '*Voltaire filoute les Juifs* (picks Jew pockets),' writes he once to Wilhelmina: 'will get out of it by some *gambade* (summerset),' writes he another time; 'but'[1] —And takes the matter with boundless contempt, doubtless with some vexation, but with the minimum of noise, as a Royal gentleman might. Jew Hirsch is busy preparing for his new desperate Action; getting together proof that the Jewels have been changed. In proof Jew Hirsch will be weak; but in pleading, in public pamphlets, and keeping a winged Apollo fluttering disastrously in such a mud-bath, Jew Hirsch will be strong. Voltaire, 'out of magnanimous pity to him,' consents next week to an Agreement. Agreement is signed on Thursday 26th February 1751:—Papers all to be returned, Jewels nearly all, except one or two, paid at Hirsch's own price. Whereby, on the whole, as Klein computes, Voltaire lost about 150*l.*;—elsewhere I have seen it computed at 187*l.*: not the least matter which. Old Hirsch has died in the interim ('Of broken heart!' blubbers the Son); day not known.

And, on these terms, Voltaire gets out of the business;

[1] '31st December 1750' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 198); '3d February 1751' (*ib.* 201).

glad to close the intolerable rumour, at some cost of money. For all tongues were wagging; and, in defect of a *Times* Newspaper, it appears, there had Pamphlets come out; printed Satires, bound or in broadside;—sapid, exhilarative, for a season, and interesting to the idle mind. Of which, *Tantale en Procès* may still, for the sake of that *Preface* to it, be considered to have an obscure existence. And such, reduced to its authenticities, was the Adventure of the Steuer-Notes. A very bad Adventure indeed; unspeakably the worst that Voltaire ever tried, who had such talent in the finance line. On which poor History is really ashamed to have spent so much time; sorting it into clearness, in the disgust and sorrow of her soul. But perhaps it needed to be done. Let us hope, at least, it may not now need to be done again.[1]

This is the *First Act* of Voltaire's Tragic-Farce at the Court of Berlin: readers may conceive to what a bleared frost-bitten condition it has reduced the first Favonian efflorescence there. He considerably recovered in the *Second Act*, such the indelible charm of the Voltaire genius to Friedrich. But it is well known, the First Act rules all the others; and here, accordingly, the Third Act failed not to prove tragical. Out of First Act into Second the following *Extracts of Correspondence* will guide the reader, without commentary of ours.

Voltaire, left languishing at Berlin, has fallen sick, now that all is over;—no doubt, in part really sick, the unfortunate Phœnix-Peafowl, with such a tremor in his bones;—and would fain be near Friedrich and warmth again; fain persuade the outside world that all is sunshine with him. Voltaire's

[1] Besides the *Klein*, the *Tantale en Procès* and the Voltaire *Letters* cited above, there is (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxiv. pp. 61-106, as *Supplement* there), written off-hand, in the very thick of the Hirsch Affair, a considerable set of *Notes to D'Argel*, which might have been still more elucidative; but are, in their present dateless topsy-turvied condition, a very wonder of confusion to the studious reader!

March 1751]

Letters to Friedrich, if he wrote any, in this Jew time, are lost; here are Friedrich's Answers to Two,—one lost, which had been written from Berlin *after* the Jew affair was out of Court; and to another (not lost) after the Jew affair was done.

### 1°. *King Friedrich to Voltaire at Berlin*

'Potsdam, 24th February 1751.

'I was glad to receive you in my house; I esteemed your genius, your talents and acquirements; and I had reason to think that a man of your age, wearied with fencing against Authors, and exposing himself to the storm, came hither to take refuge as in a safe harbour.

'But, on arriving, you exacted of me, in a rather singular manner, Not to take Fréron to write me news from Paris; and I had the weakness, or the complaisance, to grant you this, though it is not for you to decide what persons I shall take into my service. D'Arnaud had faults towards you; a generous man would have pardoned them; a vindictive man hunts-down those whom he takes to hating. In a word, though to me D'Arnaud had done nothing, it was on your account that he had to go. You were with the Russian Minister, speaking of things you had no concern with' (Russian Excellency Gross, off home lately, in sudden dudgeon, like an angry skyrocket, nobody can guess why![1])—'and it was thought I had given you Commission.' 'You have had the most villainous affair in the world with a Jew. It has made a frightful scandal all over Town. And that Steuer-Schein business is so well known in Saxony, that they have made grievous complaints of it to me.

'For my own share, I have preserved peace in my house till your arrival: and I warn you, that if you have the passion of intriguing and caballing, you have applied to the wrong hand. I like peaceable composed people; who do not put into their conduct the violent passions of Tragedy. In case you can resolve to live like a Philosopher, I shall be glad to see you; but if you abandon yourself to all the violences of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the world, you will do me no good by coming hither, and you may as well stay in Berlin.'[2]—F.

To which Voltaire sighing pathetically in response, 'Wrong, ah yes, your Majesty;—and sick to death' (see farther down), —here is Friedrich's Second in Answer:

[1] Adelung, vii. 133 (about 1st December 1750).
[2] Preuss, xxii. 262 (*wanting* in the French Editions).

### 2°. *Friedrich to Voltaire again*

'Potsdam, 28th February 1751.

'If you wish to come hither, you can do so. I hear nothing of Lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it, I congratulate you; and I am glad that this scurvy affair is done. I hope you will have no more quarrels, neither with the *Old* nor with the *New Testament*. Such worryings (*ces sortes de compromis*) leave their mark on a man; and with the talents of the finest genius in France, you will not cover the stains which this conduct would fasten on your reputation in the long-run. A Bookseller Gosse'—(read *Jore*, your Majesty? Nobody ever heard of Gosse as an extant quantity: Jore, of Rouen, you mean, and his celebrated Lawsuit, about printing the *Henriade*, or I know not what, long since[1])—'a Bookseller Jore, an Opera Fiddler' (poor Travenol, wrong dog pincered by the ear), 'and a Jeweller Jew, these are, of a surety, names which in no sort of business ought to appear by the side of yours. I write this Letter with the rough common-sense of a German, who speaks what he thinks, without employing equivocal terms, and loose assuagements which disfigure the truth: it is for you to profit by it.—F.'[2]

So that Voltaire will have to languish: 'Wrong, yes;—and sick, nigh dead, your Majesty! Ah, could not one get to some Country Lodge near you, 'the *Marquisat*,' for instance? Live silent there, and see your face sometimes?'[3] Languishing very much;—gives cosy little dinners, however. Here are two other Excerpts; and these will suffice:

*Voltaire to Formey* ('*Berlin Palace*'; *datable, first days of March*): 'Will you, Monsieur, come and eat the King's roast meat (*rôt du Roi*), today, Thursday, at two o'clock, in a philosophic, warm and comfortable

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[1] Unbounded details on the Jore Case, and from 1731 to 1738 continual *Letters* on it, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*;—came to a head in 1736 (*ib.* lxix. 375); Jore penitent, 1738 (*ib.* i. 262), etc. etc.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 265.

[3] In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxii. 259-261, 263-266) are Four lamenting and repenting, wheedling and ultimately whining, *Letters* from Voltaire, none of them dated, which have much about 'my dreadful state of health,' my passion 'for reposing in that *Marquisat*,' etc.;—to one of which Four, or perhaps to the whole together, the above No. 2 of Friedrich seems to have been Answer. Of that indisputable '*Marquisat*' no Nicolai says a word; even careful Preuss passes 'Gosse' and it with shut lips.

March 1751]
manner (*philosophiquement et chaudement et doucement*). A couple of philosophers, without being courtiers, may dine in the Palace of a Philosopher-King: I should even take the liberty of sending one of his Majesty's Carriages for you,—at two precise. After dinner, you would be at hand for your Academy meeting.'[1] V.—How cosy!—And King Friedrich has relented, too; grants me the Marquisat; can refuse me nothing!

*Voltaire to D'Argental* (*Potsdam, 15th March* 1751). * * 'I could not accompany our Chamberlain' (Von Ammon, gone as Envoy to Paris, on a small matter[2]), 'through the muds and the snows,—'where I should have been buried; I was ill,' and had to go to the *Marquisat*. 'D'Arnaud and the pack of Scribblers would have been too glad. D'Arnaud, animated with the true love of glory, and not yet grown sufficiently illustrious by his own immortal Works, has done *one* of that kind,'—by his behaviour here. Has behaved to me—oh, like a miserable, envious, intriguing, lying little scoundrel; and made Berlin too hot for him: seduced Tinois my Clerk, stole bits of the *Pucelle* (brief *sight* of bits, for Prince Henri's sake) to ruin me.

'D'Arnaud sent his lies to Fréron for the Paris meridian' (that is his real crime); 'delightful news from canaille to canaille: "How Voltaire had lost a great Lawsuit, respectable Jew Banker cheated by Voltaire; that Voltaire was disgraced by the King," who of course loves Jews; "That Voltaire was ruined; was ill; nay, at last, that Voltaire was dead."' To the joy of Fréron, and the scoundrels that are printing one's *Pucelle*.

'Voltaire is still in life, however, my angels; and the King has been so good to me in my sickness, I should be the ungratefulest of men if I didn't still pass some months with him. When he left Berlin' (30th January, six weeks ago), 'and I was too ill to follow him, I was the sole animal of my species whom he lodged in his Palace there' (what a beautiful bit of colour to lay-on!)—'He left me equipages, cooks *et cetera*; and his mules and horses carted-out my temporary furniture (*meubles de passade*) to a delicious House of his, close by Potsdam' (*Marquisat* to wit, where I now stretch myself at ease; Niece Denis coming to live with me there,—talks of coming, if my angels knew it),—'and he has reserved for me a charming apartment in his palace of Potsdam, where I pass a part of the week.

'And, on close view, I still admire this Unique Genius; and he deigns to communicate himself to me;—and if I were not 300 leagues from you,

[1] Formey, i. 234.

[2] 'Commercial Treaty'; which he got done. See *Longchamp*, if any one is curious otherwise about this Gentleman: 'D'Hamon' they call him, and sometimes '*Damon*,'—to whom Niece Denis wanted to be Phyllis, according to Longchamp.

and had a little health, I should be the happiest of men.[1] [April-July 1751] * * * Oh my angels—

And, in short, better or worse, my *Second Act* is begun, as you perceive!—And certain readers will be apt to look in again, before all is over.

## CHAPTER VIII

### OST-FRIESLAND AND THE SHIPPING INTERESTS

Two Foreign Events, following on the heel of the Hirsch Lawsuit, were of interest to our Berlin friends, though not now of much to us or anybody. April 5th, 1751, the old King of Sweden, Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel, died; whereby not only our friend Wilhelm, the managing Landgraf, becomes Landgraf indeed (if he should ever turn-up on us again), but Princess Ulrique is henceforth Queen of Sweden, her Husband the new King. No doubt a welcome event to Princess Ulrique, the high brave-minded Lady; but which proved intrinsically an empty one, not to say worse than empty, to herself and her friends, in times following. Friedrich's connexion with Sweden, which he had been tightening lately by a Treaty of Alliance, came in the long-run to nothing for him, on the Swedish side; and on the Russian has already created umbrages, kindled abstruse suspicions, indignations,—Russian Excellency Gross, abruptly, at Berlin, demanding horses, not long since, and posting home without other leave-taking, to the surprise of mankind;—Russian Czarina evidently in the sullens against Friedrich, this long while; dull impenetrable clouds of anger lodging yonder, boding him no good. All which the Accession of Queen Ulrique will rather tend to aggravate than otherwise.[2]

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 320.

[2] Adelung, vii. 205 (Accession of Adolf Friedrich); *ib.* 133 (Gross's sudden Departure).

The Second Foreign Event is English, about a week prior in date, and is of still less moment: March 31st, 1751, Prince Fred, the Royal Heir-Apparent, has suddenly died. Had been ill, more or less, for an eight days past; was now thought better, though 'still coughing, and bringing-up phlegm,'—when on 'Wednesday night between nine and ten,' in some lengthier fit of that kind, he clapt his hand on his breast; and the terrified valet heard him say, '*Je suis mort!*' —and before his poor Wife could run forward with a light, he lay verily dead.[1] The Rising Sun in England is vanished, then. Yes; and with him his *Moons*, and considerable moony workings, and slushings hither and thither, which they have occasioned, in the muddy tide-currents of that Constitutional Country. Without interest to us here; or indeed elsewhere, —except perhaps that our dear Wilhelmina would hear of it; and have her sad reflections and reminiscences awakened by it; sad and many-voiced, perhaps of an almost doleful nature, being on a sick-bed at this time, poor Lady. She quitted Berlin months ago, as we observed,—her farewell Letter to Friedrich, written from the first stage homewards, and melodious as the voice of sorrowful true hearts to us and him, dates 'November 24th,' just while Voltaire (whom she always likes, and in a beautiful way protects, '*Frère Voltaire*,' as she calls him) was despatching Hirsch on that ill-omened Predatory *Steuer*-Mission. Her Brother is in real alarm for Wilhelmina, about this time; sending-out Cothenius his chief Doctor, and the like: but our dear Princess reëmerges from her eclipse; and we shall see her again, several times, if we be lucky.

And so poor Fred is ended;—and sulky people ask, in their cruel way, 'Why not?' A poor dissolute flabby fellow-creature; with a sad destiny, and a sadly conspicuous too. Could write Madrigals; be set to make Opposition cabals. Read this sudden Epitaph in doggerel; an uncommonly successful Piece of its kind; which is now his main monument with posterity. The 'Brother' (hero of Culloden),

[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 71.

the 'Sister' (Amelia, our Friedrich's first love, now growing gossipy and spiteful, poor Princess), are old friends:

'Here lies Prince Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his Father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his Brother,
Sooner than any other;
'Had it been his Sister,
There's no one would have missed her;
Had it been his whole generation,
Best of all for the Nation:
But since it's only Fred,
There's no more to be said.'[1]

### *Friedrich visits Ost-Friesland*

A thing of more importance to us, two months after that catastrophe in London, is Friedrich's first Visit to Ost-Friesland. May 31st, having done his Berlin-Potsdam Reviews and other current affairs, Friedrich sets-out on this Excursion. With Ost-Friesland for goal, but much business by the way. Towards Magdeburg, and a short visit to the Brunswick Kindred, first of all. There is much reviewing in the Magdeburg quarter, and thereafter in the Wesel; and reviewing and visiting all along: through Minden, Bielfeld, Lingen: not till July 13th does he cross the Ost-Friesland Border, and enter Embden. His three Brothers, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick were with him.[2] On catching view of Ost-Friesland Border, see, on the Border-Line, what an Arch got on its feet: Triumpha! Arch, of frondent ornaments, inscriptions and insignia; 'of quite extraordinary magnificence;' Arch which 'sets every one into the agreeablest admiration.' Above a hundred such Arches spanned the road at different points; multitudinous enthusiasm reverently escorting, 'more than 20,000' by count: till we enter Embden; where all is cannon-salvo, and three-times-three; the thunder-shots continuing, 'above 2,000 of them from the walls, not to speak of response from the ships in harbour.' Embden glad enough, as would appear, and Ost-Friesland

[1] Walpole, i. 436.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 506; Seyfarth, ii. 145; Rödenbeck, i. 216 (who gives a foolish German myth, of Voltaire's being passed-off for the King's Baboon, etc.; Voltaire not being there at all).

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glad enough, to see their new King. July 13th, 1751; after waiting above six years.

Next day, his Majesty gave audience to the new 'Asiatic Shipping Company' (of which anon), to the Stände, and Magisterial persons;—with many questions, I doubt not, about your new embankments, new improvements, prospects; there being much procedure that way, in all manner of kinds, since the new Dynasty came in, now six years ago. Embankments on your River, wide spaces changed from ooze to meadow; on the Dollart still more, which has lain 500 years hidden from the sun. Does any reader know the Dollart? Ost-Friesland has awakened to wonderful new industries within these six years; urged and guided by the new King, who has great things in view for it, besides what are in actual progress.

That of dikes, sea-embankments, for example; to Ost-Friesland, as to Holland, they are the first condition of existence; and, in the past times, of extreme Parliamentary vitality, have been slipping a good deal out of repair. Ems River, in those flat rainy countries, has ploughed-out for itself a very wide embouchure, as boundary between Gröningen and Ost-Friesland. Muddy Ems, bickering with the German Ocean, does not forget to act, if Parliamentary Commissioners do. These dikes, 120 miles of dike, mainly along both banks of this muddy Ems River, are now water-tight again, to the comfort of flax and clover: and this is but one item of the diking now on foot. Readers do not know the Dollart, that uppermost round gulf, not far from Embden itself, in the waste embouchure of Ems with its continents of mud and tide. Five hundred years ago, that ugly whirl of muddy surf, 100 square miles in area, was a fruitful field, '50 Villages upon it, one Town, several Monasteries and 50,000 souls' · till on Christmas midnight A.D. 1277, the winds and the storm-rains having got to their height, Ocean and Ems did, 'about midnight,' undermine the place, folded it over like a friable bedquilt or monstrous doomed griddle-

cake, and swallowed it all away. Most of it, they say, that night, the whole of it within ten years coming;[1]—and there it has hung, like an unlovely *goître* at the throat of Embden, ever since. One little dot of an Island, with six houses on it, near the Embden shore, is all that is left. Where probably his Majesty landed (July 15th, being in a Yacht that day); but did not see, afar off, the 'sunk steeple-top,' which is fabled to be visible at low-water.

Upon this Dollart itself there is now to be diking tried; King's Domain-Kammer showing the example. Which Official Body did accordingly (without Blue-Books, but in good working case otherwise) break ground, few months hence; and victoriously achieved a *Polder*, or Diked Territory, 'worth about 2,000*l.* annually;' 'which, in 1756, was sold to the *Stände*;' at twenty-five years purchase, let us say, or for 50,000*l.* An example of a convincing nature; which many others, and ever others, have followed since; to gradual considerable diminution of the Dollart, and relief of Ost-Friesland on this side. Furtherance of these things is much a concern of Friedrich's. The second day after his arrival, those audiences and ceremonials done, Friedrich and suite got on board a Yacht, and sailed about all over this Dollart, twenty miles out to sea; dined on board; and would have, if the weather was bright (which I hope), a pleasantly edifying day. The harbour is much in need of dredging, the building docks considerably in disrepair; but shall be refitted if this King live and prosper. He has declared Embden a 'Free Haven,' inviting trade to it from all peaceable Nations;—and readers do not know (though Sir Jonas Hanway and the jealous mercantile world well did) what magnificent Shipping Companies and Sea-Enterprises, of his devising, are afoot there. Of which, one word, and no second shall follow:

'September 1st, 1750, those Carrousel gaieties scarce done, "The

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 845, 846; Preuss, i. 308, 309.

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Asiatic Trading Company" stept formally into existence; Embden the Headquarters of it;[1] chief Manager a Ritter de la Touche; one of the Directors our fantastic Bielfeld, thus turned to practical value. A Company patronised, in all ways, by the King; but, for the rest, founded, not on his money; founded on voluntary shares, which, to the regret of Hanway and others, have had much popularity in commercial circles. Will trade to China. A thing looked-at with umbrage by the English, by the Dutch. A shame that English people should encourage such schemes, says Hanway. Which nevertheless many Dutch and many English private persons do,—among the latter, one English Lady (name unknown, but I always suspect "Miss Barbara Wyndham, of the College, Salisbury"), concerning whom there will be honourable notice by and by.

'At the time of Friedrich's visit, the Asiatic Company is in full vogue; making ready its first ship for Canton. First ship, *König von Preussen* (tons burden not given), actually sailed 17th February next (1752); and was followed by a second, named *Town of Embden*, on the 19th of September following; both of which prosperously reached Canton, and prosperously returned with cargoes of satisfactory profit. The first of them, *König von Preussen*, had been boarded in the Downs by an English Captain Thomson and his Frigate, and detained some days,—till Thomson "took Seven English seamen out of her." "Act of Parliament, express!" said his Grace of Newcastle. Which done, Thomson found that the English jealousies would have to hold their hand; no farther, whatever one's wishes may be.

'Nay, within a year hence, January 24th, 1753, Friedrich founded another Company for India: "*Bengalische Handelsgesellschaft*;" which also sent-out its pair of ships, perhaps oftener than once; and pointed, as the other was doing, to wide fields of enterprise, for some time. But luck was wanting. And, "in part, mismanagement," and, in whole, the Seven-Years War put an end to both Companies before long. Friedrich is full of these thoughts, among his other Industrialisms; and never quits them for discouragement, but tries again, when the obstacles cease to be insuperable. Ever since the acquisition of Ost-Friesland, the furtherance of Sea-Commerce had been one of Friedrich's chosen objects. "Let us carry our own goods at least, Silesian linens, Memel timbers, stock-fish; what need of the Dutch to do it?" And in many branches his progress had been remarkable,—especially in this carrying trade, while the War lasted, and crippled all Anti-English belligerents. Upon which, indeed, and the conduct of the English Privateers to him, there is a Controversy going-on with the English Court in those years (began in 1747), most distressful to his Grace or

[1] Patent, or *Freyheits-Brief*, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 457, 458.

Newcastle;—which in part explains those stingy procedures of Captain Thomson ("Home, you seven English sailors!") when the first Canton ship put to sea. That Controversy is by no means ended after three years, but on the contrary, after two years more, comes to a crisis quite shocking to his Grace of Newcastle, and defying all solution on his Grace's side,—the other Party, after such delays, five years waiting, having settled it for himself!' Of which, were the crisis come, we will give some account.

On the third day of his Visit, Friedrich drove to Aurich, the seat of Government, and official little Capital of Ost-Friesland; where triumphal arches, joyful reverences, concourses, demonstrations, sumptuous Dinner one item, awaited his Majesty: I know not if, in the way thither or back, he passed those 'Three Huge Oaks' (or the rotted stems or roots of them) 'under which the Ancient Frisians, Lords of all between Weser and Rhine, were wont to assemble in Parliament' (*without* Fourth Estate, or any Eloquence except of the purely Business sort),—or what his thoughts on the late Ost-Friesland Bandbox Parliaments may have been! He returned to Embden that night; and on the morrow started homewards; we may fancy, tolerably pleased with what he had seen.

'King Friedrich's main Objects of Pursuit in this Period,' says a certain Author, whom we often follow, 'I define as being Three. 1°. Reform of the Law; 2°. Furtherance of Husbandry and Industry in all kinds, especially of Shipping from Embden; 3°. Improvement of his own Domesticities and Household Enjoyments,'—renewal of the Reinsberg Program, in short.

'In the First of these objects,' continues he, 'King Friedrich's success was very considerable, and got him great fame in the world. In his Second head of efforts, that of improving the Industries and Husbandries among his People, his success, though less noised of in foreign parts, was to the near observer still more remarkable. A perennial business with him, this; which, even in the time of War, he never neglects; and which springs out like a stemmed flood, whenever Peace leaves him free for it. His labours by all methods to awaken new branches of industry, to cherish and further the old, are incessant, manifold, unwearied; and will surprise the uninstructed reader, when he comes to study them. An airy, poetising, bantering, lightly brilliant King, supposed to be serious

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mainly in things of War, how is he moiling and toiling, like an ever-vigilant Land-Steward, like the most industrious City Merchant, hardest-working Merchant's Clerk, to increase his industrial Capital by any the smallest item!

'One day, these things will deserve to be studied to the bottom; and to be set forth, by writing hands that are competent, for the instruction and example of Workers,—that is to say, of all men, Kings most of all, when there are again Kings. At present, I can only say they astonish me, and put me to shame: the unresting diligence displayed in them, and the immense sum-total of them,—what man, in any the noblest pursuit, can say that he has stood to it, six-and-forty years long, in the style of this man? Nor did the harvest fail; slow sure harvest, which sufficed a patient Friedrich in his own day; harvest now, in our day, visible to everybody: in a Prussia all shooting into manufactures, into commerces, opulences,—I only hope, not *too* fast, and on more solid terms than are universal at present! Those things might be didactic, truly, in various points, to this Generation; and worth looking back upon, from its high *laissez-faire* altitudes, its triumphant Scrip-transactions and continents of gold-nuggets,—pleasing, it doubts not, to all the gods. To write well of what is called "Political Economy" (meaning thereby increase of money's-worth) is reckoned meritorious, and our nearest approach to the rational sublime. But to accomplish said increase in a high and indisputable degree; and indisputably very much by your own endeavours wisely regulating those of others, does not that approach still nearer the sublime?

'To prevent disappointment, I ought to add that Friedrich is the reverse of orthodox in "Political Economy"; that he had not faith in Free-Trade, but the reverse;—nor had ever heard of those ultimate Evangels, unlimited Competition, fair Start, and perfervid Race by all the world (towards "*Cheap-and-Nasty*," as the likeliest winning-post for all the world), which have since been vouchsafed us. Probably in the world there was never less of a Free-Trader! Constraint, regulation, encouragement, discouragement, reward, punishment; these he never doubted were the method, and that government was good everywhere if wise, bad only if not wise. And sure enough these methods, where human justice and the earnest sense and insight of a Friedrich preside over them, have results which differ notably from opposite cases that can be imagined! The desperate notion of giving-up government altogether, as a relief from human blockheadism in your governors, and their want even of a wish to be just or wise, had not entered into the thoughts of Friedrich; nor driven him upon trying to believe that such, in regard to any Human Interest whatever, was, or could be except for a little while in extremely developed cases, the true way of managing it. How

disgusting, accordingly, is the Prussia of Friedrich to a Hanbury Williams; who has bad eyes and dirty spectacles, and hates Friedrich: how singular and lamentable to a Mirabeau Junior, who has good eyes, and loves him! No knave, no impertinent blockhead even, can follow his own beautiful devices here; but is instantly had up, or comes upon a turnpike strictly shut for him. "Was the like ever heard of?" snarls Hanbury furiously (as an angry dog might, in a labyrinth it sees not the least use for): "What unspeakable want of liberty!"—and reads to you as if he were lying outright; but generally is not, only exaggerating, tumbling upside-down, to a furious degree; knocking against the labyrinth *he* sees not the least use for. Mirabeau's Gospel of Free-Trade, preached in 1788,[1]—a comparatively recent Performance, though now some seventy or eighty years the senior of an English (unconscious) Facsimile, which we have all had the pleasure of knowing,—will fall to be noticed afterwards' (not by this Editor, we hope!).

'Many of Friedrich's restrictive notions,—as that of watching with such anxiety that "money" (gold or silver coin) be not carried out of the Country,—will be found mistakes, not in orthodox Dismal Science as now taught, but in the nature of things; and indeed the Dismal Science will generally excommunicate them in the lump,—too heedless that Fact has conspicuously vindicated the general sum-total of them, and declared it to be much truer than it seems to the Dismal Science. Dismal Science (if that were important to me) takes insufficient heed, and does not discriminate between times past and times present, times here and times there.'

Certain it is, King Friedrich's success in National Husbandry was very great. The details of the very many new Manufactures, new successful ever-spreading Enterprises, fostered into existence by Friedrich; his Canal-makings, Road-makings, Bog-drainings, Colonisings and unwearied endeavourings in that kind, will require a Technical Philosopher one day; and will well reward such study, and trouble of recording in a human manner; but must lie massed-up in mere outline on the present occasion. Friedrich, as Land-Father, Shepherd of the People, was great on the Husbandry side also; and we are to conceive him as a man of excellent practical sense, doing

[1] *Monarchie Prussienne* he calls it (*à Londres*, privately Paris, 1788), 8 voll. 8vo, which is a Dead-Sea of Statistics, compiled by industrious Major Mauvillon, with this fresh current of a 'Gospel' shining through it, very fresh and brisk, of few yards breadth;—dedicated to Papa, the true *Pro*tevangelist of the thing.

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unweariedly his best in that kind, all his life long. Alone among modern Kings; his late Father the one exception; and even his Father hardly surpassing him in that particular.

In regard to Embden and the Shipping interests, Ost-Friesland awakened very ardent speculations, which were a novelty in Prussian affairs; nothing of Foreign Trade, except into the limited Baltic, had been heard of there since the Great Elector's time. The Great Elector had ships, Forts on the Coast of Africa; and tried hard for Atlantic Trade,—out of this same Embden; where, being summoned to protect in the troubles, he had got some footing as Contingent Heir withal, and kept a 'Prussian Battalion' a good while. And now, on much fairer terms, not less diligently turned to account, it is his Great-Grandson's turn. Friedrich's successes in this department, the rather as Embden and Ost-Friesland have in our time ceased to be Prussian, are not much worth speaking of; but they connect themselves with some points still slightly memorable to us. How, for example, his vigilances and endeavours on this score brought him into rubbings, not collisions, but jealousies and gratings, with the English and Dutch, the reader will see anon.

Law-reform is gloriously prosperous; Husbandry the like, and Shipping Interest itself as yet. But in the Third grand Head, that of realising the Reinsberg Program, beautifying his Domesticities, and bringing his own Hearth and Household nearer the Ideal, Friedrich was nothing like so successful; in fact had no success at all. That flattering Reinsberg Program, it is singular how Friedrich cannot help trying it by every new chance, nor cast the notion out of him that there must be a kind of Muses'-Heaven realisable on Earth! That is the Biographic Phenomenon which has survived of those Years; and to that we will almost exclusively address ourselves, on behalf of ingenuous readers.

## CHAPTER IX

### SECOND ACT OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT

VOLTAIRE'S Visit lasted, in all, about Thirty-two Months; and is divisible into Three Acts or Stages. The first we have seen: how it commenced in brightness as of the sun, and ended, by that Hirsch business, in whirlwinds of smoke and soot,—Voltaire retiring, on his passionate prayer, to that silent Country-house which he calls the Marquisat; there to lie in hospital, and wash himself a little, and let the skies wash themselves.

The Hirsch business having blown-over, as all things do, Voltaire resumed his place among the Court-Planets, and did his revolutions; striving to forget that there ever was a Hirsch, or a soot-explosion of that nature. In words nobody reminded him of it, the King least of all: and by degrees matters were again tolerably glorious, and all might have gone well enough; though the primal perfect splendour, such fuliginous reminiscence being ineffaceable, never could be quite re-attained. The diamond Cross of Merit, the Chamberlain gold Key, hung bright upon the man; a man the admired of men. He had work to do: work of his own which he reckoned priceless (that immortal *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*; which he stood-by, and honestly did, while here; the one fixed axis in those fooleries and whirlings of his);—work for the King, 'two hours, one hour, a day,' which the King reckoned priceless in its sort. For Friedrich himself Voltaire has, with touches of real love coming out now and then, a very sincere admiration mixed with fear; and delights in shining to him, and being well with him, as the greatest pleasure now left in life. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and brilliant enough: plenty of society; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had

done it for him; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of window! Had the man been wise—But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very *ill-chained*; and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them!—

Reckoning-up the matter, one cannot find that Voltaire ever could have been a blessing at Berlin, either for Friedrich or himself; and it is to be owned that Friedrich was not wise in so longing for him, or clasping him so frankly in his arms. As Friedrich, by this time, probably begins to discover;—though indeed to Friedrich the thing is of finite moment; by no means of infinite, as it was to Voltaire. 'At worst, nothing but a little money thrown away!' thinks Friedrich: 'Sure enough, this is a strange Trismegistus, this of mine: star firework shall we call him, or terrestrial smoke-and-soot work? But one can fence oneself against the blind vagaries of the man; and get a great deal of good by him, in the lucid intervals.' To Voltaire himself the position is most agitating; but then its glories, were there nothing more! Besides he is always thinking to quit it shortly; which is a great sedative in troubles. What with intermittencies (safe hidings in one's *Marquisat*, or vacant interlunar cave), with alternations of offence and reconcilement; what with occasional actual flights to Paris (whitherward Voltaire is always busy to keep a postern open; and of which there is frequent talk, and almost continual thought, all along), flights to be called 'visits,' and privately intending to be final, but never proving so,—the Voltaire-Friedrich relation, if left to itself, might perhaps long have staggered about, and not ended as it did.

But, alas, no relation can be left to itself in this world,—especially if you have a porous skin! There were other French here, as well as Voltaire, revolving in the Court-circle; and that, beyond all others, proved the fatal circumstance to

him. '*Ne savez-vous pas*, Don't you know,' said he to Chancellor Jarriges one day, 'that when there are two Frenchmen in a Foreign Court or Country, one of them must die (*faut que l'un des deux périsse*)?'[1] Which shocked the mind of Jarriges; but had a kind of truth, too. Jew Hirsch, run-into for low smuggling purposes, had been a Cape of Storms, difficult to weather; but the continual lee-shore were those French,—with a heavy gale on, and one of the rashest pilots! He did strike the breakers there, at last; and it is well-known, total shipwreck was the issue. Our Second Act, holding-out dubiously, in continual perils, till Autumn 1752, will have to pass then into a Third of darker complexion, and into Catastrophe very dark indeed.

Catastrophe which, by farther ill accident, proved noisy in the extreme; producing world-wide shrieks from the one party, stone-silence from the other; which were answered by unlimited hooting, catcalling and haha-ing from all parts of the World-Theatre, upon both the shrieky and the silent party; catcalling not fallen quite dead to this day. To Friedrich the catcalling was not momentous (being used to such things); though to poor Voltaire it was unlimitedly so: —and to readers interested in this memorable Pair of Men, the rights and wrongs of the affair ought to be rendered authentically conceivable, now at last. Were it humanly possible,—after so much catcalling at random! Smelfungus has a right to say, speaking of this matter:

'Never was such a jumble of loud-roaring ignorances, delusions and confusions, as the current Records of it are. Editors, especially French Editors, treating of a Hyperborean, Cimmerian subject, like this, are easy-going creatures. And truly they have left it for us in a wonderful state. Dateless, much of it, by nature; and, by the lazy Editors, *mis*dated into very chaos; jumbling along there, in mad defiance of top and bottom; often the very Year given wrong:—full everywhere of lazy darkness, irradiated only by stupid rages, ill-directed mockeries:—and for issue, cheerfully malicious hootings from the general mob of mankind, with unbounded contempt of their betters; which is not

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 191; etc., etc.

pleasant to see. When mobs do get together, round any signal object; and editorial gentlemen, with talent for it, pour-out from their respective barrel-heads, in a persuasive manner, instead of knowledge, ignorance set on fire, they are capable of carrying it far!—Will it be possible to pick-out the small glimmerings of real light, from this mad dance of will-o'-wisps and fire-flies thrown into agitation?'

It will be very difficult, my friend;—why did not you yourself do it? Most true, 'those actual Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* of the time are a resource, and pretty much the sole one: Letters a good few, still extant; which all *had* their bit of meaning; and have it still, if well tortured till they give it out, or give some glimmer of it out':—but you have not tortured them; you have left it to me, if I would! As I assuredly will not (never fear, reader!)—except in the thriftiest degree.

## *Detached Features (not fabulous) of Voltaire and his Berlin-Potsdam Environment in* 1751-2

To the outside crowd of observers, and to himself in good moments, Voltaire represents his situation as the finest in the world:

'Potsdam is Sparta and Athens joined in one; nothing but reviewing and poetry day by day. The Algarottis, the Maupertuises, are here; have each his work, serious for himself; then gay Supper with a King, who is a great man and the soul of good company.' * * Sparta and Athens, I tell you: 'a Camp of Mars and the Garden of Epicurus; trumpets and violins, War and Philosophy. I have my time all to myself; am at Court and in freedom,—if I were not entirely free, neither an enormous Pension, nor a Gold Key tearing-out one's pocket, nor a halter (*licou*), which they call *cordon* of an *Order*, nor even the Suppers with a Philosopher who has gained five Battles, could yield me the least happiness.[1] Looked at by you, my outside friends,—ah, had I health, and *you* here, what a situation!

But seen from within, it is far otherwise. Alongside of these warblings

[1] *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 325, 326, 333 (Letters, to D'Argental and others, '27th April—8th May 1751').

of a heart grateful to the first of Kings, there goes on a series of utterances to Niece Denis, remarkable for the misery driven into meanness that can be read in them. Ill health, discontent, vague terror, suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange vague terror, shapeless or taking all shapes: a body diseased and a mind diseased. Fear, quaking continually for nothing at all, is not to be borne in a handsome manner. And it passes, often enough (in these poor *Letters*), into transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred, with a tendency to relieve oneself by private scandal of the house we are in. Seldom was a miserabler wrong-side seen to a bit of royal tapestry. A man hunted by the little devils that dwell unchained within himself; like Pentheus by the Mænads, like Actæon by his own Dogs. Nay, without devils, with only those terrible bowels of mine, and scorbutic gums, it is bad enough: 'Glorious promotions to me here,' sneers he bitterly; 'but one thing is indisputable, I have lost seven of my poor residue of teeth since I came!' In truth, we are in a sadly scorbutic state; and that, and the devils we lodge within ourselves, is the one real evil. Could not Suspicion — why cannot she!—take her natural rest; and all these terrors vanish? Oh, M. de Voltaire!—The practical purport, to Niece Denis, always is: Keep my retreat to Paris open; in the name of Heaven, no obstruction that way!

Miserable indeed; a man fatally unfit for his present element! But he has Two considerable Sedatives, all along; two, and no third visible to me. Sedative *First*: that he can, at any time, quit this illustrious Tartarus-Elysium, the envy of mankind;—and indeed, practically, he is always as if on the slip; thinking to be off shortly, for a time, or in permanence; can be off at once, if things grow too bad. Sedative *Second* is far better: His own labour on *Louis Quatorze*, which is steadily going on, and must have been a potent quietus in those Court-whirlwinds inward and outward.

From Berlin, already in Autumn 1750, Voltaire writes to D'Argental: 'I sha'n't go to Italy this Autumn' (nor ever in my life), 'as I had projected. But I will come to see *you* in the course of November' (far from it, I got into *Steuer-Scheine* then!)—And again, after some weeks: 'I have put-off my journey to Italy for a year. Next Winter too, therefore, I shall see you,' on the road thither. 'To my Country, since you live in it, I will make frequent visits,' very! 'Italy and the King of Prussia are two old passions with me; but I cannot treat Frédéric-le-

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Grand as I can the Holy Father, with a mere look in passing.'[1] Let this one, to which many might be added, serve as sample of Sedative First, or the power and intention to be off before long.

In regard to Sedative Second, again: * * 'The happiest circumstance is, "I brought with me all my *Louis-Fourteenth* Papers and Excerpts. I get from Leipzig, if no nearer, whatever Books are needed";' and labour faithfully at this immortal Production. Yes, day by day, to see growing, by the cunning of one's own right hand, such perennial Solomon's-Temple of a *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*:—which of your Kings, or truculent Tiglath-Pilesers, could do that? To poor me, even in the Potsdam tempests, it is possible: what ugliest day is not beautiful that sees a stone or two added there!—Daily Voltaire sees himself at work on his *Siècle*, on those fine terms; trowel in one hand, weapon of war in the other. And does actually accomplish it, in the course of this Year 1751,—with a great deal of punctuality and severe painstaking; which readers of our day, fallen careless of the subject, are little aware of, on Voltaire's behalf. Voltaire's reward was, that he did *not* go mad in that Berlin element, but had throughout a bower-anchor to ride by. 'The King of France continues me as Gentleman of the Chamber, say you; but has taken away my Title of Historiographer? That latter, however, shall still be my function. "My present independence has given weight to my verdicts on matters. Probably I never could have written this Book at Paris." A consolation for one's exile, *mon enfant*.'[2]

It is proper also to observe that, besides shining at the King's Suppers like no other, Voltaire applies himself honestly to do for his Majesty the small work required of him,—that of Verse-correcting now and then. Two Specimens exist; two Pieces criticised, *Ode aux Prussiens*, and *The Art of War*: portions of that Reprint now going on ('to the extent of Twelve Copies,'—woe lies in one of them, most unexpected by this time!) '*au Donjon du Château*';—under benefit of Voltaire's remarks. Which one reads curiously, not without some surprise.[3] Surprise, first at Voltaire's official fidelity; his frankness, rigorous strictness in this small duty: then at the kind of correcting, instructing and lessoning, that had been demanded of him by his Royal Pupil. Mere grammatical stylistic skin-deep work: nothing (or, at least, in these Specimens nothing) of attempt upon the interior structure, or the interior harmony even of utterance: solely the Parisian niceties, graces, laws of poetic language,

[1] To D'Argental, 'Berlin, 14th September,—Potsdam, 15th October, 1750' (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 220, 237).

[2] To Niece Denis (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 247, etc. etc.), '28th October 1750,' and subsequent dates.

[3] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. 276-303.

the *fas* and the *nefas* in regard to all that: this is what his Majesty would fain be taught from the fountain-head;—one wonders his Majesty did not learn to spell, which might have been got from a lower source!—And all this Voltaire does teach with great strictness. For example, in the very first line, in the very first word, set before him:

'*Prussiens, que la valeur conduisit à la gloire,*' so Friedrich had written (*Ode aux Prussiens*, which is Specimen First); and thus Voltaire criticises: 'The Hero here makes his *Prussiens* of two syllables; and afterwards, in another strophe, he grants them three. A King is master of his favours. At the same time, one does require a little uniformity; and the *iens* are usually of two syllables, as *liens*, *Silésiens*, *Autrichiens*; excepting the monosyllables *bien*, *rien*'—Enough, enough!—A severe, punctual, painstaking Voltaire, sitting with the schoolmaster's bonnet on head; ferula visible, if not actually in hand. For which, as appears, his Majesty was very grateful to the Trismegistus of men.

Voltaire's flatteries to Friedrich, in those scattered little Billets with their snatches of verse, are the prettiest in the world,—and approach very near to sincerity, though seldom quite attaining it. Something traceable of false, of suspicious, feline, nearly always, in those seductive warblings; which otherwise are the most melodious bits of idle ingenuity the human brain has ever spun from itself. For instance, this heading of a Note sent from one room to another,—perhaps with pieces of an *Ode aux Prussiens* accompanying:

'*Vous qui daignez me départir*
*Les fruits d'une Muse divine,*
*O roi! je ne puis consentir*
*Que, sans daigner m'en avertir,*
*Vous alliez prendre médecine.*

'*Je suis votre malade-né,*
*Et sur la casse et le séné*
*J'ai des notions non communes.*
*Nous sommes de même métier;*
*Faut-il de moi vous défier,*
'*Et cacher vos bonnes fortunes?*'

Was there ever such a turn given to taking physic! Still better is this other, the topic worse,—*hæmorrhoids* (a kind of annual or periodical affair with the Royal Patient, who used to feel improved after):

* * (Ten or twelve verses on another point; then suddenly—)

'*Que la veine hémorroïdale*
*De votre personne royale*
*Cesse de troubler le repos!*

'*Quand pourrai-je d'un style honnête*
*Dire: "Le cul de mon héros*
*Va tout aussi bien que sa tête"?*'[1]

A kittenish grace in these things, which is pleasant in so old a cat.

Smelfungus says: 'He is a consummate Artist in Speech, our Voltaire: that, if you take the word *speech* in its widest sense, and consider the much that can be spoken, and the infinitely more that cannot and should not, is Voltaire's supreme excellency among his fellow-creatures; never

[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 283, 267.

rivalled (to my poor judgment) anywhere before or since,—nor worth rivalling, if we knew it well.'

Another fine circumstance is, that Voltaire has frequent leave of absence; and in effect passes a great deal of his time altogether by himself, or in his own way otherwise. What with Friedrich's Review Journeys and Business Circuits, considerable separations do occur of themselves; and at any time, Voltaire has but to plead illness, which he often does, with ground and without, and get away for weeks, safe into the distance more or less remote. He is at the Marquisat (as we laboriously make out); at Berlin, in the empty Palace, perhaps in Lodgings of his own (though one would prefer the *gratis* method); nursing his maladies, which are many; writing his *Louis Quatorze*; 'lonely altogether, your Majesty, and sad of humour,'—yet giving his cosy little dinners, and running out, pretty often, if well invited, into the brilliancies and gaieties. No want of brilliant social life here, which can shine, more or less, and appreciate one's shining. The King's Supper-parties—Yes, and these, though the brightest, are not the only bright things in our Potsdam-Berlin world. Take with you, reader, one or two of the then and there Chief Figures; Voltaire's fellow-players; strutting and fretting their hour on that Stage of Life. They are mostly not quite strangers to you.

We know the sublime Perpetual President in his red wig, and sublime supremacy of Pure Science. A gloomy set figure; affecting the sententious, the emphatic and a composed impregnability,—like the Jove of Science. With immensities of gloomy vanity, not compressible at all times. Friedrich always strove to honour his Perpetual President, and duly adore the Pure Sciences in him; but inwardly could not quite manage it, though outwardly he failed in nothing. Impartial witnesses confess, the King had a great deal of trouble with his gloomings and him. 'Who is this Voltaire?' gloomily thinks the Perpetual President to himself. 'A fellow with a nimble tongue, that is all. Knows nothing

whatever of Pure Sciences, except what fraction or tincture he has begged or stolen from myself. And here is the King of the world in raptures with him!'

Voltaire from of old had faithfully done his kowtoos to this King of the Sciences; and, with a sort of terror, had suffered with incredible patience a great deal from him. But there comes an end to all things; Voltaire's patience not excepted. It lay in the fates that Maupertuis should steadily accumulate, day after day, and now more than ever heretofore, upon the sensitive Voltaire. Till, as will be seen, the sensitive Voltaire could endure it no longer; but had to explode upon this big Bully (accident lending a spark); to go-off like a Vesuvius of crackers, fire-serpents and sky-rockets; envelop the red wig, and much else, in delirious conflagration;—and produce the catastrophe of this Berlin Drama.

D'Argens, poor dissolute creature, is the best of the French lot. He has married, after so many temporary marriages with Actresses, one Actress in permanence, Mamselle Cochois, a patient kind being; and settled now, at Potsdam here, into perfectly composed household life. Really loves Friedrich, they say; the only Frenchman of them that does. Has abundance of light sputtery wit, and Provençal fire and ingenuity; no ill-nature against any man. Never injures anybody, nor lies at all about anything. A great friend of fine weather; regrets, of his inheritances in Provence, chiefly one item, and this not overmuch,—the bright southern sun. Sits shivering in winter-time, wrapping himself in more and more flannel, two dressing-gowns, two nightcaps:—loyal to this King, in good times and in evil.

Was the King's friend for thirty years; helped several meritorious people to his Majesty's notice; and never did any man a mischief in that quarter. An erect, guileless figure; very tall; with vivid countenance, chaotically vivid mind: full of bright sallies, irregular ingenuities; had a hot temper too, which did not often run away with him, but sometimes

did. He thrice made a visit to Provence,—in fact ran away from the King, feeling bantered and roasted to a merciless degree,—but thrice came back. 'At the end of the first stage, he had always privately forgiven the King, and determined that the pretended visit should really be a visit only.' 'Reads the King's Letters,' which are many to him, 'always bareheaded, in spite of the draughts.'[1]

Algarotti is too prudent, politely egoistic and self-contained, to take the trouble of hurting anybody, or get himself into trouble for love or hatred. He fell into disfavour not long after that unsuccessful little mission in the first Silesian War, of which the reader has lost remembrance. Good for nothing in diplomacy, thought Friedrich, but agreeable as company. 'Company in tents, in the seat of War, has its unpleasantness,' thought Algarotti;—and began very privately sounding the waters at Dresden for an eligible situation; so that there has ensued a quarrel since; then humble apologies followed by profound silence,—till now there is reconcilement. It is admitted Friedrich had some real love for Algarotti; Algarotti, as we gather, none at all for him; but only for his greatness. They parted again (February 1753) without quarrel, but for the last time;[2]—and I confess to a relief on the occasion.

Friedrich, readers know by this time, had a great appetite for conversation: he talked well, listened well; one of his chief enjoyments was, to give and receive from his fellow-creatures in that way. I hope, and indeed have evidence, that he required good sense as the staple; but in the form, he allowed great latitude. He by no means affected solemnity, rather the reverse; goes much upon the bantering vein; far too much, according to the complaining parties. Took pleasure (cruel mortal!) in stirring-up his company by the whip, and even by the whip applied to *raws*; for we find he had 'established,' like the Dublin Hackney-Coachman, 'raws for himself'; and habitually plied his implement there, when

[1] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 11-75, etc. etc.
[2] Algarotti Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 86).

desirous to get into the gallop. In an inhuman manner, said the suffering Cattle; who used to rebel against it, and go off in the sulks from time to time. It is certain he could, especially in his younger years, put-up with a great deal of zanyism, ingenious foolery and rough tumbling, if it had any basis to tumble on; though with years he became more saturnine.

By far his chief Artist in this kind, indeed properly the only one, was La Mettrie, whom we once saw transiently as Army-Surgeon at Fontenoy: he is now out of all that (flung out, with the dogs at his heels); has been safe in Berlin for three years past. Friedrich not only tolerates the poor madcap, but takes some pleasure in him · madcap we say, though poor La Mettrie had remarkable gifts, exuberant laughter one of them, and was far from intending to be mad. Not Zanyism, but Wisdom of the highest nature, was what he drove at,—unluckily, with open mouth, and mind all in tumult. La Mettrie had left the Army, soon after that busy Fontenoy evening: Chivalrous Grammont, his patron and protector, who had saved him from many scrapes, lay shot on the field. La Mettrie, rushing on with mouth open and mind in tumult, had, from of old, been continually getting into scrapes. Unorthodox to a degree; the Sorbonne greedy for him long since; such his audacities in print, his heavy hits, boisterous, quizzical, logical. And now he had set to attacking the Medical Faculty, to quizzing Medicine in his wild way; Doctor Astruc, Doctor This and That, of the first celebrity, taking it very ill. So that La Mettrie had to demit; to get out of France rather in a hurry, lest worse befell.

He had studied at Leyden, under Boerhaave. He had in fact considerable medical and other talent, had he not been so tumultuous and open-mouthed. He fled to Leyden; and shot forth, in safety there, his fiery darts upon Sorbonne and Faculty, at his own discretion,—which was always a *minimum* quantity:—he had, before long, made Leyden also too hot for him. His Books gained a kind of celebrity in the world;

awoke laughter and attention, among the adventurous of readers; astonishment at the blazing madcap (a *bon diable*, too, as one could see); and are still known to Catalogue-makers, —though, with one exception, *L'Homme Machine*, not otherwise, nor read at all. *L'Homme Machine* (Man a Machine) is the exceptional Book; smallest of Duodecimos to have so much wildfire in it. This *Man a Machine*, though tumultuous La Mettrie meant nothing but open-mouthed Wisdom by it, gave scandal in abundance; so that even the Leyden Magistrates were scandalised; and had to burn the afflicting little Duodecimo by the common hangman, and order La Mettrie to disappear instantly from their City.

Which he had to do,—towards King Friedrich, usual refuge of the persecuted; seldom inexorable, where there was worth, even under bad forms, recognisable; and not a friend to burning poor men or their books, if it could be helped. La Mettrie got some post, like D'Arget's, or still more nominal; 'readership'; some small pension to live upon; and shelter to shoot-forth his wildfire, when he could hold it no longer: fire, not of a malignant incendiary kind, but pleasantly lambent, though maddish, as Friedrich perceived. Thus had La Mettrie found a Goshen;—and stood in considerable favour, at Court and in Berlin Society in the years now current. According to Nicolai, Friedrich never esteemed La Mettrie, which is easy to believe, but found him a jester and ingenious madcap, out of whom a great deal of merriment could be had, over wine or the like. To judge by Nicolai's authentic specimen, their Colloquies ran sometimes pretty deep into the cynical, under showers of wildfire playing about; and the high-jinks must have been highish.[1] When there had been enough of this Friedrich would lend his La Mettrie to the French Excellency, Milord Tyrconnel, to oblige his Excellency, and get La Mettrie out of the way for a while. Milord is at Berlin; a Jacobite Irishman, of blusterous Irish qualities, though with plenty of sagacity and rough

[1] *Anekdoten*, vi. 197-227.

sense; likes La Mettrie; and is not much a favourite with Friedrich.

Tyrconnel had said, at first,—when Rothenburg, privately from Friedrich, came to consult him, 'What are, in practical form, those "assistances from the Most Christian Majesty," should we *make* Alliance with him, as your Excellency proposes, and chance to be attacked?'—'*Morbleu*, assistances enough' (enumerating several): '*mais morbleu, si vous nous trompez, vous serez écrasés* (if you deceive us, you will be squelched)!'[1] 'He had been chosen for his rough tongue,' says Valori; our French Court being piqued at Friedrich and his sarcasms. Tyrconnel gives splendid dinners; Voltaire often of them; does not love Potsdam, nor is loved by it. Nay, I sometimes think a certain *Demon Newswriter* (of whom by and by), but do not know, may be some hungry Attaché of Tyrconnel's. Hungry Attaché, shut-out from the divine Suppers and upper planetary movements, and reduced to look on them from his cold hutch, in a dog-like angry and hungry manner? His flying allusions to Voltaire, '*son* (Friedrich's) *squelette d'Apollon*, skeleton of an Apollo,' and the like, are barkings almost rabid.

Of the military sort, about this time, Keith and Rothenburg appear most frequently as guests or companions. Rothenburg had a great deal of Friedrich's regard: Winterfeld is more a practical Counsellor, and does not shine in learned circles, as Rothenburg may. A fiery soldier too, this Rothenburg, withal;—a man probably of many talents and qualities, though of distinctly decipherable there is next to no record of him or them. He had a Parisian Wife; who is sometimes on the point of coming with Niece Denis to Berlin, and of setting-up their two French households there; but never did it, either of them, to make an Uncle or a Husband happy. Rothenburg was bred a Catholic: 'he headed the subscription for the famous "*Katholische Kirche*,"' so delightful to the Pope and liberal Christians in those years; 'but

[1] Valori, ii. 130, etc.

never gave a sixpence of money,' says Voltaire once: Catholic *Kirk* was got completed with difficulty; stands there yet, like a large washbowl set, bottom uppermost, on the top of a narrowish tub; but none of Rothenburg's money is in it. In Voltaire's Correspondence there is frequent mention of him; not with any love, but with a certain secret respect, rather inclined to be disrespectful, if it durst or could: the eloquent vocal individual not quite at ease beside the more silent thinking and acting one. What we know is, Friedrich greatly loved the man. There is some straggle of *Correspondence* between Friedrich and him left; but it is worth nothing; gives no testimony of that, or of anything else noticeable:—and that is the one fact now almost alone significant of Rothenburg. Much loved and esteemed by the King; employed diplomatically, now and then; perhaps talked with on such subjects, which was the highest distinction. Poor man, he is in very bad health in these months; has never rightly recovered of his wounds; and dies in the last days of 1751,—to the bitter sorrow of the King, as is still on record. A highly respectable dim figure, far more important in Friedrich's History than he looks. As King's guest, he can in these months play no part.

Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim to us in the Books, is Marshal Keith; who has been growing gradually with the King, and with everybody, ever since he came to these parts in 1747. A man of Scotch type; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humour, is still audible to us through the foreign wrappages. Not given to talk, unless there is something to be said; but well capable of it then. Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly, and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him,—though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops. 'Very considerable military qualities in those Russians,' thinks Keith: 'im, er-

turbably obedient, patient; of a tough fibre, and are beautifully strict to your order, on the parade-ground or off.' 'Pooh, mere rubbish, *mon cher*,' thinks Friedrich always. To which Keith, unwilling to argue too long, will answer: 'Well, it is possible enough your Majesty may try them, some day; if I am wrong, it will be all the better for us!' Which Friedrich had occasion to remember by and by. Friedrich greatly respects this sagacious gentleman with the broad accent: his Brother, the Lord Marischal, is now in France: Ambassador at Paris, since September 1751:[1] 'Lord Marischal, a Jacobite, for Prussian Ambassador in Paris; Tyrconnel, a Jacobite, for French Ambassador in Berlin!' grumble the English.

### *Fractions of Events and Indications, from Voltaire himself, in this Time; more or less illuminative when reduced to Order*

Here, selected from more, are a few 'fire-flies,'—not dancing or distracted, but authentic all, and stuck each on its spit; shedding a feeble glimmer over the physiognomy of those Fifteen caliginous Months, to an imagination that is diligent. Fractional utterances of Voltaire to Friedrich and others (in abridged form, abridgment indicated): the exact dates are oftenest irretrievably gone; but the glimmer of light is indisputable, all the more as, on Voltaire's part, it is mostly involuntary. Grouping and sequence must be other than that of Time.

*Potsdam, 5th June* 1751.—King is off on that Ost-Friesland jaunt; Voltaire at Potsdam, 'at what they call the Marquisat,' in complete solitude,—preparing to die before long,—sends his Majesty some poor trifles of Scribbling, proofs of my love, Sire: "since I live solitary, when you are not at Potsdam, it would seem I came for you only" (note that, your Majesty)! * * "But in return for the rags here sent, I expect the Sixth Canto of your *Art*" (*Art de la Guerre*, one of the Two pupil-and-schoolmaster 'Specimens' mentioned above); "I expect the *Roof* to the Temple of Mars. It is for you, alone of men, to build that

[1] 'Left Potsdam 28th August' (Rödenbeck, i. 220).

Temple; as it was for Ovid to sing of Love, and for Horace to give an *Art of Poetry.*" (Laying it on pretty thick!) * *

Then again, later (after severe study, ferula in hand): "Sire, I return your Majesty your Six Cantos; I surrender at discretion (*lui laisse carte-blanche*) on that question of '*victoire.*' The whole Poem is worthy of you: if I had made this Journey only to see a thing so unique, I ought not to regret my Country." * * And again (still no date): "*Grand Dieu!* is not all that" (*History of the Great Elector,* by your Majesty, which I am devouring with such appetite) "neat, elegant, precise, and, above all, philosophical!"—"Sire, you are adorable; I will pass my days at your feet. Oh, never make game of me (*des niches*)!" Has he been at that, say you! "If the Kings of Denmark, Portugal, Spain, etc. did it, I should not care a pin; they are only Kings. But you are the greatest man that perhaps ever reigned."[1]

*Is on leave of absence, near by; wishes to be called again* (No date).—"Sire, if you like free criticism, if you tolerate sincere praises, if you wish to perfect a Work" (*Art de la Guerre,* or some other as sublime), "which you alone in Europe are capable of doing, you have only to bid a Hermit come upstairs. At your orders for all his life."[2]

*In Berlin Palace: please don't turn me out!* (No date)—* * "Next to you, I love work and retirement. Nobody whatever complains of me. I ask of your Majesty, in order to keep unaltered the happiness I owe to you, this favour, Not to turn me out of the Apartment you deigned to give me at Berlin, till I go for Paris" (always talking of that). "If I were to leave it, they would put in the Gazettes that I"—Oh, what wouldn't they put in, of one that, belonging to King Friedrich, lives as it were in the Disc of the Sun, conspicuous to everybody!—"I will go out" (of the Apartment) "when some Prince, with a Suite needing it to lodge in, comes; and then the thing will be honourable. Chasot" (gone to Paris) "has been talking"—unguarded things of me! 'I have not uttered the least complaint of Chasot: I never will of Chasot, nor of those who have set him on' (Maupertuis belike): 'I forgive everything, I!'[3]

*Rothenburg is ill; Voltaire has been to see him* ('Berlin, 14th,' no month; year, too surely, 1751, as we shall find! Letter is *in Verse*).—"Lieberkühn was going to kill poor Rothenburg; to send him off to Pluto,—for liking his dish a little;—monster Lieberkühn! But Doctor Joyous," your reader, La Mettrie,—led by, need I say whom?—"has brought him back to us:—think of Lieberkühn's solemn stare! Pretty contrasts,

[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 271, 273. [2] *Ib.* 281. [3] *Ib.* 270.

those, of sublime Quacksalverism, with Sense under the mask of Folly. May the hæmorrhoidal vein"—(follows *here*, note it, exquisite reader, that of "*cul de mon héros*," cited above!)— * *

And then (a day or two after; King too hæmorrhoidal to come twenty miles, but anxious to know): "Sire, no doubt Doctor Joyous (*le médecin joyeux*) has informed your Majesty that when we arrived, the Patient was sleeping tranquil; and Cothenius assured us, in Latin, that there was no danger. I know not what has passed since, but I am persuaded your Majesty approves my journey" (of a street or two),—*must* you speak of it, then!

*Goes to an Evening-Party now and then* (To Niece Denis).—* * 'Madam Tyrconnel' (French Excellency's Wife) 'has plenty of fine people at her house on an evening; perhaps too many' (one of the first houses in Berlin, this of my Lord Tyrconnel's, which we frequent a good deal). * * 'Madame got very well through her part of *Andromaque*' (in those old playacting times of ours): 'never saw actresses with finer eyes,'—how should you!

"As to Milord Tyrconnel, he is an Anglais of dignity,"—Irish in reality, and a thought blusterous. "He has a condensed (*serré*) caustic way of talk; and I know not what of frank which one finds in the English, and does not usually find in persons of his trade. French Tragedies played at Berlin, I myself taking part; an Englishman Envoy of France there: strange circumstances these, aren't they?"[1] Yes, that latter especially; and Milord Marischal our Prussian Envoy with you! Which the English note, sulkily, as a weather-symptom.

*At Potsdam, Big Devils of Grenadiers* (No date).—* * "But, Sire, one isn't always perched on the summit of Parnassus; one is a man. There are sicknesses about; I did not bring an athlete's health to these parts; and the scorbutic humour which is eating my life renders me truly, of all that are sick, the sickest. I am absolutely alone from morning till night. My one solace is the necessary pleasure of taking the air. I bethink me of walking, and clearing my head a little, in your Gardens at Potsdam. I fancy it is a permitted thing; I present myself, musing;—I find huge devils of Grenadiers, who clap bayonets in my belly, who cry *Furt, Sacrament*, and *Der König*" (*Off, Sackerment, The King*, quite tolerably spelt)! "And I take to my heels, as Austrians and Saxons would do before them. Have you ever read, that in Titus's or Marcus-Aurelius's Gardens, a poor devil of a Gaulish Poet"—In short, it shall be mended.[2]

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[1] To D'Argental this (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 289).

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 273.

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*Have been laying it on too thick* (No date; *in Verse*).—"Marcus Aurelius was wont to"—(Well, we know who that is: What of Marcus, then?)——"A certain lover of his glory" (*still in verse*) spoke "once, at Supper, of a magnanimity of Marcus's;—at which Marcus" (flattery too thick) "rather gloomed, and sat quite silent,—which was another fine saying of his" (*ends verse, starts prose*):

"Pardon, Sire, some hearts that are full of you! To justify myself, I dare supplicate your Majesty to give one glance at this Letter (lines pencil-marked), which has just come from M. de Chauvelin, Nephew of the famous *Garde-des-Sceaux*. Your Majesty cannot gloom at him, writing these from the fulness of his heart; nor at me, who"—Pooh; no, then! Perhaps do you a *niche* again,—poor restless fellow![1]

*Potsdam Palace* (No date): *Sire, may I change my room?* * * "I ascend to your ante-chambers, to find some one by whom I may ask permission to speak with you. I find nobody; I have to return:" and what I wanted was this, "your protection for my *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, which I am about to print in Berlin." Surely,—but also this:

"I am unwell, I am a sick man born. And withal I am obliged to work, almost as much as your Majesty. I pass the whole day alone. If you would permit that I might shift to the Apartment next the one I have,—to that where General Bredow slept last winter,—I should work more commodiously. My Secretary (Collini) and I could work together there. I should have a little more sun, which is a great point for me.—Only the whim of a sick man, perhaps! Well, even so, your Majesty will have pity on it. You promised to make me happy."[2]

*I suspect that I am suspected* (No date).—"Sire, if I am not brief, forgive me. Yesterday the faithful D'Arget told me with sorrow that in Paris people were talking of your Poem." Horrible; but, oh Sire,—me?—"I showed him the eighteen Letters that I received yesterday. They are from Cadiz," all about Finance, no blabbing there! "Permit me to send you now the last six from my Niece, numbered by her own hand" (no forgery, no suppression); "deign to cast your eyes on the places I have underlined, where she speaks of your Majesty, of D'Argens, of Potsdam, of D'Ammon" (to whom she can't be Phyllis, innocent being)!—*Mon cher Voltaire*, must I again do some *niche* upon you, then? Tie some tin-canister to your too-sensitive tail? What an element you inhabit within that poor skin of yours![3]

*Majesty invites us to a Literary Christening, Potsdam* (No date. These

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 280. [2] *Ib.* 277. [3] *Ib.* 269.

'Six Twins' are the "*Art de la Guerre*," in Six Chants; part of that revised Edition which is getting printed '*Au Donjon du Château*'; time must be, well on in 1751). Friedrich writes to Voltaire:

"I have just been brought to bed of Six Twins; which require to be baptized, in the name of Apollo, in the waters of Hippocrene. *La Henriade* is requested to become godmother: you will have the goodness to bring her, this evening at five, to the Father's Apartment. D'Arget *Lucina* will be there; and the Imagination of *Man-a-Machine* will hold the poor infants over the Font."[1]

*Deign to say if I have offended.*—* * "As they write to me from Paris that I am in disgrace with you, I dare to beg very earnestly that you will deign to say if I have displeased in anything! May go wrong by ignorance or from over-zeal; but with my heart never! I live in the profoundest retreat; giving to study my whole"—"Your assurances once vouchsafed" (famous Document of August 23d). "I write only to my Niece. I" (a page more of this)—have my sorrows and merits, and absolutely no silence at all.[2] 'In the gift of Speech he is the most brilliant of mankind,' said Smelfungus; but in the gift of Silence what a deficiency! Friedrich will have to do that for Two, it would seem.

*Berlin, 28th December* 1751: *Louis Quatorze; and Death of Rothenburg.*—'Our *Louis Quatorze* is out. But, Heavens, see, your Majesty: a Pirate Printer, at Frankfurt-on-Oder, has been going on parallel with us, all the while; and here is his foul blotch of an Edition on sale, too! Bielfeld,' fantastic fellow, 'had proof-sheets; Bielfeld sent them to a Professor there, though I don't blame Bielfeld: result too evident. Protect me, your Majesty; Order all wagons, especially wagons for Leipzig, to be stopped, to be searched, and the Books thrown out,—it costs you but a word!'

Quite a simple thing: "All Prussia to the rescue!" thinks an ardent Proprietor of these Proof-sheets. But then, next day, hears that Rothenburg is dead. That the silent Rothenburg lay dying, while the vocal Voltaire was writing these fooleries, to a King sunk in grief. "Repent, be sorry, be ashamed!" he says to himself; and does instantly try;—but with little success; Frankfurt-on-Oder, with its Bielfeld proof-sheets, still jangling along, contemptibly audible, for some time.[3] And afterwards, from Frankfurt-on-Mayn new sorrow rises on *Louis Quatorze*, as will be seen.—Friedrich's grief for Rothenburg was deep and severe; 'he had visited him that last night,' say the Books; 'and quitted his bedside, silent, and all in tears.' It is mainly what of Biography the silent Rothenburg now has.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 266. [2] *Ib.* 289. [3] *Ib.* 285-7.

From the current Narratives, as they are called, readers will recollect, out of this Voltaire Period, two small particles of Event amid such an ocean of noisy froth,—two and hardly more: that of the 'Orange-Skin,' and that of the 'Dirty Linen.' Let us put these two on their basis; and pass on:

*The Orange-Skin* (Potsdam, 2d September 1751, To Niece Denis).—Good Heavens, *mon enfant*, what is this I hear (through the great Dionysius'-Ear I maintain, at such expense to myself)! * * 'La Mettrie, a man of no consequence, who talks familiarly with the King after their reading; and with me too, now and then: La Mettrie swore to me, that, speaking to the King, one of those days, of my supposed favour, and the bit of jealousy it excites, the King answered him: "I shall want him still about a year:—you squeeze the orange, you throw away the skin (*on en jette l'écorce*)!"' Here is a pretty bit of babble (lie, most likely, and bit of mischievous fun) from Dr. Joyous. 'It cannot be true, No! And yet—and yet—?' Words cannot express the agonising doubts, the questionings, occasionally the horror of Voltaire: poor sick soul, keeping a Dionysius'-Ear to boot! This blurt of La Mettrie's goes through him like a shot of electricity through an elderly sick Household-Cat; and he speaks of it again and ever again,—though we will not farther.

*Dirty Linen* (Potsdam, 24th July 1752, To Niece Denis).—* * 'Maupertuis has discreetly set the rumour going, that I found the King's Works very bad; that I said to some one, on Verses from the King coming in, "Will he never tire, then, of sending me his dirty linen to wash?" You obliging Maupertuis!'

Rumour says, it was General Mannstein, once Aide-de-Camp in Russia, who had come to have his *Work on Russia* revised (excellent Work, often quoted by us[1]), when the unfortunate Royal Verses came. Perhaps M. de Voltaire did say it:—why not, had it only been prudent? He really likes those Verses much more than I; but knows well enough, *sub rosâ*, what kind of Verses they are. This also is a horrible suspicion; that the King should hear of this,—as doubtless the King did, though without going delirious upon it at all.[2] Thank *you*, my Perpetual President, not the less!—

*Of Maupertuis, in successive Phases.*— * * "Maupertuis is not of very engaging ways; he takes my dimensions harshly with his quadrant: it

[1] Did get out at last,—in England, through Lord Marischal and David Hume: see *Preface* to it (London, 1760).

[2] 'To Niece Denis,' dates as above (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 408, lxxv. 17).

is said there enters something of envy into his *data*." * * "A somewhat surly gentleman; not too sociable; and, truth to say, considerably sunk here" (*assez baissé*, my D'Argental).

* * "I endure Maupertuis, not having been able to soften him. In all countries there are insociable fellows, with whom you are obliged to live, though it is difficult. He has never forgiven me for"—'omitting to cite him,' etc.—'At Paris he had got the Academy of Sciences into trouble, and himself into general dislike (*détester*); then came this Berlin offer. "Old Fleuri, when Maupertuis called to take leave, repeated that verse of Virgil, *Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido*. Fleuri might have whispered as much to himself: but he was a mild sovereign lord, and reigned in a gentle polite manner. I swear to you, Maupertuis does not, in his shop" (the Academy here)—"where, God be thanked, I never go.

"He has printed a little Pamphlet on Happiness (*Sur le Bonheur*); it is very dry and miserable. Reminds you of Advertisements for things lost,—so poor a chance of finding them again. Happiness is not what he gives to those who read him, to those who live with him; he is not himself happy, and would be sorry that others were" (to Niece Denis this).

* * "A very sweet life here, Madame" (Madame d'Argental, an outside party): "it would have been more so, if Maupertuis had liked. The wish to please, is no part of his geometrical studies; the problem of being agreeable to live with, is not one he has solved."[1]—Add this Anecdote, which is partly D'Arget's, and worth credit:

'Voltaire had dinner-party, Maupertuis one of them; party still in the drawing-room, dinner just coming up. "President, your Book, *Sur le Bonheur*, has given me pleasure," said Voltaire, politely' (very politely, considering what we have just read); '"given me pleasure,—a few obscurities excepted, of which we will talk together some evening." "Obscurities?" said Maupertuis, in a gloomy arbitrary tone: "There may be such for you, Monsieur!" Voltaire laid his hand on the President's shoulder' (yellow wig near by), 'looked at him in silence, with many-twinkling glance, gaiety the topmost expression, but by no means the sole one: "President, I esteem you, *Je vous estime, mon Président*: you are brave; you want war: we will have it. But, in the mean while, let us eat the King's roast meat."'[2]

Friedrich's Answers to these Voltaire Letters, if he wrote

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 330, 504 (4th May 1751, and 14th March 1752, to the D'Argentals; to Niece Denis (6th November 1750, and 24th August 1751), lxxiv. 250, 385.

[2] Duvernet (*ad form* of him, always), p. 176.

any, are all gone. Probably he answered almost nothing; what we have of his relates always to specific business, receipt of *Louis Quatorze*, and the like; and is always in friendly tone. Handsomely keeping Silence for Two! Here is a snatch from him, on neutral figures and movements of the time:

*Friedrich to Wilhelmina* (November 17th, 1751).—'I think the Margraf of Anspach will not have stayed long with you. He is not made to taste the sweets of society: his passion for hunting, and the tippling life he leads this long time, throw him out when he comes among reasonable persons.'

* * 'I expect my Sister of Brunswick, with the Duke and their eldest Girl, the 4th of next month,'—to Carnival here. 'It is seven years since the Queen (our Mamma) has seen her. She holds a small Board of Wit at Brunswick; of which your Doctor,'—(Doctor Superville, Dutch-French, whose perennial merit now is, That he did not burn Wilhelmina's *Memoirs*, but left them safe to posterity, for long centuries),—'of which your Doctor is the director and oracle. You would burst outright into laughing when she speaks of those matters. Her natural vivacity and haste has not left her time to get to the bottom of anything; she skips continually from one subject to the other, and gives twenty decisions in a minute.'[1]

About a month before Rothenburg's death, which was so tragical to Friedrich, there had fallen out, with a hideous dash of farce in it, the death of La Mettrie. Here are Two Accounts, by different hands,—which represent to us an immensity of babble in the then Voltaire circle.

*La Mettrie dies.*—Two accounts: 1°. King Friedrich's: to Wilhelmina. '21st November 1751. * * We have lost poor La Mettrie. He died for a piece of fun: ate, out of banter, a whole pheasant-pie; had a horrible indigestion; took it into his head to have blood let, and convince the German Doctors that bleeding was good in indigestion. But it succeeded ill with him: he took a violent fever, which passed into putrid; and carried him off. He is regretted by all that knew him. He was gay; *bon diable*, good Doctor, and very bad Author: by avoiding to read his Books, one could manage to be well content with himself.'[2]

2°. Voltaire's: to Niece Denis (*not* his first to her): Potsdam, 24th December 1751. * * 'No end to my astonishment. Milord

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 202:—On Superville, see Preuss's Note, *ibid.* 56.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 203.

Tyrconnel,' always ailing (died here himself), 'sends to ask La Mettrie to come and see him, to cure him or amuse him. The King grudges to part with his Reader, who makes him laugh. La Mettrie sets out; arrives at his Patient's just when Madame Tyrconnel is sitting down to table: he eats and drinks, talks and laughs more than all the guests; when he has got crammed (*en a jusqu'au menton*), they bring him a pie, of eagle disguised as pheasant, which had arrived from the North, plenty of bad lard, pork-hash and ginger in it; my gentleman eats the whole pie, and dies next day at Lord Tyrconnel's, assisted by two Doctors,' Cothenius and Lieberkühn, 'whom he used to mock at. * * How I should have liked to ask him, at the article of death, about that Orange-skin!'[1]

Add this trait too, from authentic Nicolai, to complete the matter: 'An Irish Priest, Father Macmahon, Tyrconnel's Chaplain' (more power to him), 'wanted to convert La Mettrie: he pushed into the sick-room; —encouraged by some who wished to make La Mettrie contemptible to Friedrich' (the charitable souls). 'La Mettrie would have nothing to do with this Priest and his talk; who, however, still sat and waited. La Mettrie, in a twinge of agony, cried out, "*Jésus Marie!*" "*Ah, vous voilà enfin retourné à ces noms consolateurs!*" exclaimed the Irishman. To which La Mettrie answered (in polite language, to the effect), "Bother you!" and expired a few minutes after.'[2]

Enough of this poor madcap. Friedrich's *Eloge* of him, read to the Academy some time after, it was generally thought (and with great justice), might as well have been spared. The Piece has nothing noisy, nothing untrue; but what has it of importance? And surely the subject was questionable, or more. La Mettrie might have done without Eulogy from a King of men.

* * 'He had been used to put himself at once on the most familiar footing with the King' (says Thiébault, *un*believable). 'Entered the King's apartment as he would that of a friend; plunged down whenever he liked, which was often, and lay upon the sofas: if it was warm, took off his stock, unbuttoned his waistcoat, flung his periwig on the floor;'[3] —highly probable, thinks stupid Thiébault!

'The truth is,' says Nicolai, 'the King put no real value on La Mettrie. He considered him as a merry-andrew fellow, who might amuse you, when half-seas over (*entre deux vins*). De la Mettrie showed himself unworthy of any favour he had. Not only did he babble, and repeat about Town what he heard at the King's table; but he told everything in a false way, and with malicious twists and additions. This he especially did at Lord Tyrconnel, the then French Ambassador's

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 439, 450. [2] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20 *n*.
[3] Thiébault, v. 405 (calls him '*La Métherie*'; knows, as usual, nothing).

table, where at last he died.'[1] But could not take the *Orange-skin* along with him; alas, no!—

On the whole, be not too severe on poor Voltaire! He is very fidgety, noisy; something of a pickthank, of a wheedler; but, above all, he is scorbutic, dyspeptic; hagridden, as soul seldom was; and (in his oblique way) *appeals* to Friedrich and us,—not in vain. And, in short, we perceive, after the First Act of the Piece, beginning in preternatural radiances, ending in whirlwinds of flaming soot, he has been getting-on with his Second Act better than could be expected. Gyrating again among the bright planets, circum-jovial moons, in the Court Firmament; is again in favour, and might—Alas, he had his *fellow*-moons, his Maupertuis above all! Incurable that Maupertuis misery; gets worse and worse, steadily from the first day. No smallest entity that intervenes, not even a wandering La Beaumelle with his Book of *Pensées*, but is capable of worsening it. Take this of Smelfungus; this Pair of Cabinet Sketches,—'hasty outlines; extant chiefly,' he declares, 'by Voltaire's blame':

*La Beaumelle.*—'Voltaire has a fatal talent of getting into quarrels with insignificant accidental people; and instead of silently, with cautious finger, disengaging any bramble that catches to him, and thankfully passing on, attacks it indignantly with potent steel implements, wood-axes, war-axes; brandishing and hewing;—till he has stirred-up a whole wilderness of bramble-bush, and is himself bramble-chips all over. M. Angliviel de la Beaumelle, for example, was nothing but a bramble: some conceited Licentiate of Theology, who, finding the Presbytery of Geneva too narrow a field, had gone to Copenhagen, as Professor of Rhetoric or some such thing; and, finding that field also too narrow, and not to be widened by attempts at Literature, *Mes Pensées* and the like, in such barbarous Country,—had now' (end of 1751) 'come to Berlin; and has Presentation Copies of *Mes Pensées, ou le Qu'en dira-t-on*, flying right and left, in hopes of doing better there. Of these *Pensées* (Thoughts so-called) I will give but one specimen' (another, that of 'King Friedrich a common man,' being carefully suppressed in the Berlin Copies, of La Beaumelle's distributing):

"There have been greater Poets than Voltaire; there was never any

[1] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20.

so well recompensed: and why? Because Taste (*goût*, inclination) sets no limits to its recompenses. The King of Prussia overloads men of talent with his benefits for precisely the reasons which induce a little German Prince to overload with benefits a buffoon or a dwarf."[1] Could there be a phenomenon more indisputably of bramble nature?

'He had no success at Berlin, in spite of his merits; could not come near the King at all; but assiduously frequented Maupertuis, the flower of human thinkers in that era,—who was very humane to him in consequence. "How is it, O flower of human thinkers, that I cannot get on with his Majesty, or make the least way?" "*Hélas, Monsieur*, you have enemies!" answered he of the red wig; and told La Beaumelle (hear it, ye Heavens), That M. de Voltaire had called his Majesty's attention to the *Pensée* given above, one evening at Supper Royal; "heard it myself, Monsieur—husht!" Upon which—

'"Upon which, see, paltry La Beaumelle has become my enemy for life!" shrieks Voltaire many times afterwards: "And it was false, I declare to Heaven, and again declare; it was not I, it was D'Argens quizzing me about it, that called his Majesty's attention to that *Pensée* of Blockhead La Beaumelle,—you treacherous Perpetual President, stirring-up enemies against me, and betraying secrets of the King's table." Sorrow on your red wig, and you!—It is certain La Beaumelle, soon after this, left Berlin: not in love with Voltaire. And there soon appeared, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, a Pirate Edition of our brand-new *Siècle de Louis Quatorze* (with Annotations scurrilous and flimsy);—La Beaumelle the professed Perpetrator; "who received for the job 7*l.* 10*s.* net!"[2] asseverates the well-informed Voltaire. Oh, M. de Voltaire, and why not leave it to him, then? Poor devil, he got put into the Bastille too, by and by; Royal Persons being touched by some of his stupid footnotes.

'La Beaumelle had a long course of it, up and down the world, in and out of the Bastille; writing much, with inconsiderable recompense, and always in a wooden manner, worthy of his First vocation in the Geneva time. "A man of pleasing physiognomy," says Formey, "and expressed himself well. I received his visit 14th January 1752,"—to which latter small circumstance (welcome as a fixed date to us here) La Beaumelle's Biography is now pretty much reduced for mankind.[3] He continued Maupertuis's adorer; and was not a bad creature, only a dull wooden one, with obstinate temper. A *Life of Maupertuis* of his writing was sent forth lately,[4] after lying hidden a hundred years: but it is dull, dead, painfully ligneous, like all the rest; and of new or of pleasant tells us nothing.

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxvii. 220 *n*.
[2] *Ibid.* xxvii. 219, 236.
[3] Formey, ii. 221.
[4] *Vie de Maupertuis* (cited above), Paris, 1856.

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'His enmity to M. de Voltaire did prove perpetual:—a bramble that might have been dealt with by fingers, or by fingers and scissors, but could not by axes, and their hewing and brandishing. "This is the ninety-fifth anonymous calumny of La Beaumelle's, this that you have sent me!" says Voltaire once. The first stroke or two had torn the bramble quite on end: "He says he will pursue you to Hell even," writes one of the Voltaire kind friends from Frankfurt, on that 7*l.* 10*s.* business. "*A l'Enfer?*" answers M. de Voltaire, with a toss: "Well, I should think so, he, and at a good rate of speed. But whether he will find *me* there, must be a question!" If you want to have an insignificant accidental fellow trouble you all your days, this is the way of handling him when he first catches hold.'

*Abbé de Prades.*—'De Prades, "Abbé de Prades, Reader to the King," though happily not an enemy of Voltaire's, is in some sort La Beaumelle's counterpart, or brother with a difference; concerning whom also, one wants only to know the exact date of his arrival. As La Beaumelle felt too strait-tied in the Geneva vestures (where it had been good for him to adjust himself, and stay); so did De Prades in the Sorbonne ditto,—and burst-out, on taking Orders, not into eloquent Preachings or edifying Devotional Exercises; but into loud blurts of mere heresy and heterodoxy. Blurts which were very loud, and I believe very stupid; which failed of being sublime even to the Philosophic world; and kindled the Sorbonne into burning his Book, and almost burning himself, had not he at once run for it.

'Ran to Holland, and there continued blurting more at large,—decidedly stupid for most part, thinks Voltaire, "but with glorious Passages, worth your Majesty's attention;"—upon which, D'Alembert too helping, poor De Prades was invited to the Readership, vacant by La Mettrie's eagle-pie; and came gladly, and stayed. At what date? one occasionally asks: for there are Royal Letters, dateless, but written in his hand, that raise such question in the utter dimness otherwise. Date is 'September 1752.'[1] Farther question one does not ask about De Prades. Rather an emphatic intrusive kind of fellow, I should guess;—wrote, he, not Friedrich, that *Abridgment of Fleury's Ecclesiastical History*, and other the like dreary Pieces, which used to be inflicted on mankind as Friedrich's.

'For the rest, having place and small pension,—not, like La Beaumelle, obliged to pirate and annotate for 7*l.* 10*s.*,—he went on steadily, a good while; got a Canonry of Glogau' (small Catholic benefice, bad if it was not better than its now occupant);—'and unluckily, in the Seven-Years-War time, fell into treasonous Correspondence with his Countrymen;

[1] Preuss i. 368; ii. 115.

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which it was feared might be fatal, when found out. But no, not fatal. Friedrich did lock him in Magdeburg for some months; then let him out: "Home to Glogau, sirrah; stick to your Canonry henceforth, and let us hear no more of you at all!" Which shall be his fate in these pages also.'

Good, my friend; no more of him, then! Only recollect 'September 1752,' if dateless Royal Letters in De Prades's hand turn up.

## CHAPTER X

### DEMON NEWSWRITER, OF 1752

It must be owned, the King's French Colony of Wits were a sorry set of people. They tempt one to ask, What is the good of wit, then, if this be it? Here are people sparkling with wit, and have not understanding enough to discern what lies under their nose. Cannot live wisely with anybody, least of all with one another.

In fact, it is tragic to think how ill this King succeeded in the matter of gathering friends. With the whole world to choose from, one fancies always he might have done better! But no, he could not;—and chiefly for this reason: His love of Wisdom was nothing like deep enough, reverent enough, and his love of *Esprit* (the mere Garment or Phantasm of Wisdom) was too deep. Friends do not drop into one's mouth. One must know how to choose friends; and that of *esprit*, though a pretty thing, is by no means the one requisite, if indeed it be a requisite at all. This present Wit Colony was the best that Friedrich ever had; and we may all see how good it was. He took, at last more and more, into bantering his Table-Companions (which I do not wonder at), as the chief good he could get of them. And had, as we said, especially in his later time, in the manner of Dublin Hackney-Coachmen, established upon each animal its *raw*; and makes it skip amazingly at touch of the whip. 'Cruel mortal!'

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thought his cattle:—but, after all, how could he well help it, with such a set?

Native Literary Men, German or Swiss, there also were about Friedrich's Court: of them happily he did not require *esprit*; but put them into his Academy; or employed them in practical functions, where honesty and good sense were the qualities needed. Worthy men, several of these; but unmemorable nearly all. We will mention Sulzer alone,—and not for *Theories* and *Philosophies of the Fine Arts*[1] (which then had their multitudes of readers); but for a Speech of Friedrich's to him once, which has often been repeated. Sulzer has a fine rugged wholesome Swiss-German physiognomy, both of face and mind; and got his admirations, as the Berlin *Hugh Blair* that then was: a Sulzer whom Friedrich always rather liked.

Friedrich had made him School Inspector; loved to talk a little with him, about business, were it nothing else. 'Well, Monsieur Sulzer, how are your Schools getting on?' asked the King one day,—long after this, but nobody will tell me exactly when, though the fact is certain enough: 'How goes our Education business?' 'Surely not ill, your Majesty; and much better in late years,' answered Sulzer.—'In late years: why?' 'Well, your Majesty, in former time, the notion being that mankind were naturally inclined to evil, a system of severity prevailed in schools: but now, when we recognise that the inborn inclination of men is rather to good than to evil, schoolmasters have adopted a more generous procedure.'—'Inclination rather to good?' said Friedrich, shaking his old head, with a sad smile: 'Alas, dear Sulzer, *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, I see you don't know that damned race of creatures (*Er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race*) as I do!'[2] Here is a speech for you! 'Pardon the King, who was himself so

[1] *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste*, 3 voll.; etc. etc.

[2] Nicolai, iii. 274;—the thing appears to have been said in French ('*Je vois bien, mon cher Sulzer, que vous ne connaissez pas, comme moi, cette race maudite à laquelle nous appartenons*'); but the German form is irresistibly attractive, and is now heard proverbially from time to time in certain mouths.

beneficent and excellent a King!' cry several Editors of the rosepink type. This present Editor, for his share, will at once forgive; but how can he ever forget!—

'Perhaps I mistake,' owns Voltaire, in his Pasquinade of a *Vie Privée*, 'but it seems to me, at these Suppers there was a great deal of *esprit* (real wit and brilliancy) going. The King had it, and made others have; and, what is extraordinary, I never felt myself so free at any table.' 'Conversation most pleasant,' testifies another, 'most instructive, animated; not to be matched, I should guess, elsewhere in the world.'[1] Very sprightly indeed: and a fund of good sense, a basis of practicality and fact, necessary to be in it withal; though otherwise it can foam-over (if some La Mettrie be there, and a good deal of wine in him) to very great heights.

### *A Demon Newswriter gives an 'Idea' of Friedrich; intelligible to the Knowing Classes in England and elsewhere*

Practically, I can add only, That these suppers of the gods begin commonly at half-past eight ('Concert just over'); and last till towards midnight,—not later conveniently, as the King must be up at five (in Summer-time at four), and 'needs between five and six hours of sleep.' Or would the reader care to consult a Piece expressly treating on all these points; kind of *Manuscript Newspaper*, fallen into my hands, which seems to have had a widish circulation in its day.[2] I have met with Two Copies of it, in this Country: one of them, to appearance, once the property of George Selwyn. The other is among the Robinson Papers: doubtless very luculent to Robinson, who is now home in England, but remembers many a thing. Judging from various symptoms, I could guess this MS. to have been much about, in the

[1] Bielfeld, *Letters;* Voltaire, *Vie Privée.*

[2] '*Idée de la Personne, de la Manière de Vivre, et de la Cour du Roi de Prusse:* juin 1752.' In the *Robinson Papers* (one Copy) now in the British Museum.

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English Aristocratic Circles of that time; and to have, in some measure, given said Circles their 'Idea' (as they were pleased to reckon it) of that wonderful and questionable King: —highly distracted 'Idea'; which, in diluted form, is still the staple English one.

By the label, *Demon Newswriter*, it is not meant that the Author of this poor Paper was an actual Devil, or infernal Spiritual Essence of miraculous spectral nature. By no means! Beyond doubt, he is some poor Frenchman, more or less definable as flesh-and-blood; gesturing about, visibly, at Berlin in 1752; in cocked-hat and bright shoe-buckles; grinning elaborate salutations to certain of his fellow-creatures there. Possibly some hungry *Attaché* of Milord Tyrconnel's Legation; fatally shut-out from the beatitudes of this barbarous Court, and willing to seek solacement, and turn a dishonest penny, in the *per-contra* course? Who he is, we need not know or care: too evident, he has the sad quality of transmuting, in his dirty organs, heavenly Brilliancy, more or less, into infernal Darkness and Hatefulness; which I reckon to have been, at all times, the principal function of a Devil;—function still carried on extensively, under Firms of another title, in this world.

Some snatches we will give. For, though it does not much concern a Man or King, seriously busy, what the idle outer world may see good to talk of him, his Biographers, in time subsequent, are called to notice the matter, as part of his Life-element, and characteristic of the world he had round him. Friedrich's affairs were much a wonder to his contemporaries. Especially his Domesticities, an item naturally obscure to the outer world, were wonderful; sure to be commented upon, to all lengths; and by the unintelligent, first of all. Of contemporary mankind, as we have sometimes said, nobody was more lied of:—of which, let this of the Demon Newswriter be example, one instead of many. The Demon Newswriter, deriving only from outside gossip and eavesdropping, is wrong very often,—in fact, he is seldom

right, except on points which have been Officially fixed, and are within reach of an inquisitive Clerk of Legation. Wrong often enough, even in regard to external particulars, how much more as to internal;—and will need checking, as we go along.

Demon speaks first of Friedrich's stature, 5ft. 6in. (as we know better than this Demon); 'pretty well proportioned, not handsome, and even something of awkward (*gauche*), acquired by a constrained bearing' (head slightly off the perpendicular, acquired by his flute, say the better-informed). 'Is of the greatest politeness. Fine tone of voice,—fine even in swearing, which is as common with him as with a grenadier,' adds this Demon; not worth attending to, on such points.

'Has never had a nightcap' (sleeps bareheaded; in his later times, would sleep in his hat, which was always soft as duffel, kneaded to softness as its first duty, and did very well): 'Never a nightcap, dressing-gown, or pair of slippers' (*true*); 'only a kind of cloth cloak' (*not quite*), 'much worn and very dirty, for being powdered in. The whole year round he goes in the uniform of his First Battalion of Guards:—blue with red facings, button-hole trimmings in silver, frogs at the inner end; his coat buttons close to the shape; waistcoat is plain yellow' (straw-colour); 'hat' (three-cornered) 'has edging of Spanish lace, white plume' (horizontal, resting on the lace all round): 'boots on his legs all his life. He cannot walk with shoes' (pooh, you—!).

'He rises daily at five:'—No, he doesn't at all! In fact, we had better clap the lid on this Demon, ill-informed as to all these points; and, on such suggestion, give the real account of them, distilled from Preuss, and the abundant authentic sources.

Preuss says (if readers could but remember him): 'An Almanac lies on the King's Table, marking for each day what specific duties the day will bring. From five to six hours of sleep: in summer he rises about three, seldom after four; in winter perhaps an hour later. In his older time, seven hours sleep came to be the stipulated quantity; and he would sleep occasionally eight hours or even nine, in certain medical predicaments. Not so in his younger years: four A.M. and five, the set hours then. Summer and winter, fire is lighted for him a quarter of an hour before. King rises; gets into his clothes: "stockings, breeches, boots, he did sitting on the bed" (for one loves to be particular); the rest in front of the fire, in standing posture. Washing followed; more compendious than his Father's used to be.

'Letters specifically to his address, a courier (leaving Berlin, 9 P.M.) had brought him in the dead of night: these, on the instant of the King's calling "Here!" a valet in the antechamber brought in to him,

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to be read while his hair was being done. His uniform the King did not at once put on; but got into a *Casaquin'* (loose article of the dressing-gown kind, only shorter than ours) 'of rich stuff, sometimes of velvet with precious silver embroideries. These Casaquins were commonly sky-blue (which colour he liked), presents from his Sisters and Nieces. Letters being glanced over, and hair-club done, the Lifeguard General-Adjutant hands-in the Potsdam Report (all strangers that have entered Potsdam or left it, the principal item): this, with a Berlin Report, which had come with the Letters; and what of Army-Reports had arrived (Adjutant-General delivering these),—were now glanced over. And so, by five o'clock in the summer morning, by six in the winter, one sees, in the gross, what one's day's-work is to be; the miscellaneous *stones* of it are now mostly here, only mortar and walling of them to be thought of. General-Adjutant and his affairs are first settled: on each thing a word or two, which the General-Adjutant (always a highly confidential Officer, a Hacke, a Winterfeld, or the like) pointedly takes down.

'General-Adjutant gone, the King, in sky-blue casaquin' (often in very faded condition) 'steps into his writing-room; walks about, reading his Letters more completely; drinking, first, several glasses of water; then coffee, perhaps three cups with or without milk' (likes coffee, and very strong). 'After coffee he takes his flute; steps about practising, fantasying: he has been heard to say, speaking of music and its effects on the soul, That during this fantasying he would get to considering all manner of things, with no thought of what he was playing; and that sometimes even the luckiest ideas about business-matters have occurred to him while dandling with the flute. Sauntering so, he is gradually breakfasting withal: will eat, intermittently, small chocolate cakes; and after his coffee, cherries, figs, grapes, fruits in their season' (very fond of fruit, and has elaborate hot-houses). So passes the early morning.

'Between nine and ten, most of one's plan-work being got through, the questions of the day are settled, or laid hold of for settling. Between nine and ten, King takes to reading the "Excerpts"' (I suppose, of the more intricate or lengthier things) 'of Yesterday, which his three Cabinet Raths' (Clerk Eichel and the other Two) 'have prepared for him. King summons these three, one after the other, according to their Department; hands them the Letters just read, the Excerpts now decided on, and signifies, in a minimum of words, what the answers are to be,—Clerk, always in full dress, listening with both his ears, and pencil in hand. May have, of Answers, *Cabinet-Orders* so-called, perhaps a dozen, to be ready with before evening.[1]

[1] 'In a certain Copy or Final-Register Book' (Herr Preuss's Windfall, of

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'Eichel and Company dismissed, King flings-off his casaquin, takes his regimental coat; has his hair touched-off with pomade, with powder; and is buttoned and ready in about five minutes;—ready for Parade, which is at the stroke of eleven, instead of later, as it used to be in Papa's time. If eleven is not yet come, he will get on horseback; go sweeping about, oftenest with errands still, at all events in the free solitude of air, till Parade-time do come. The Parole' (Sentry's-*word* of the Day) 'he has already given his Adjutant-General. Parole, which only the Adjutant and Commandant had known till now, is formally given out; and the troops go through their exercises, manœuvres, under a strictness of criticism which never abates.' "Parade he by no chance ever misses," says our Demon friend.

'At the stroke of twelve,' continues Preuss, 'dinner is served. Dinner threefold; that is, a second table and a third. Only two courses, dishes only eight, even at the King's Table (eight also at the Marshal's or second Table); guests from seven to ten. Dinner plentiful and savoury (for the King had his favourites among edibles), by no means caring to be splendid,—yearly expense of threefold Dinner (done accurately by contract) was 1,800*l.*' Linsenbarth we saw at the Third Table, and how he fared. 'The dinner-service was of beautiful porcelain; not silver, still less gold, except on the grandest occasions. Every guest eats at discretion,'—of course!—'and drinks at discretion, Moselle or Pontac' (kind of claret); 'Champagne and Hungary are handed round on the King's signal. King himself drinks Bergerac, or other clarets, with water. Dinner lasts till two;—if the conversation be seductive, it has been known to stretch to four. The King's great passion is for talk of the right kind; he himself talks a great deal, tippling wine-and-water to the end, and keeps on a level with the rising tide.

'With a bow from Majesty, dinner ends; guests gently, with a little saunter of talk to some of them, all vanish; and the King is in his own Apartment again. Generally flute-playing for about half an hour; till Eichel and the others come with their day's work: tray-loads of Cabinet-Orders, I can fancy; which are to be "executed," that is, to be glanced-through, and signed. Signature for most part is all; but there are Marginalia and Postscripts, too, in great number, often of a spicy biting character; which, in our time, are in request among the curious.' Herr Preuss, who has right to speak, declares that the spice of mockery has been exaggerated; and that serious sense is always the aim both of Document and of Signer. Preuss had a windfall; 12,000 of these Pieces, or more, in a lump, in the way of gift; which fell on him like manna,—

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which *infrà*), 'entitled *Kabinetsordenkopialbuch*, of One of the three Clerks, years 1746-1752, there are, on the average, ten *Cabinet-Orders* daily, Sundays included' (Preuss, i. 352 *n.*).

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and led, it is said, to those Friedrich studies, extensive faithful quarryings in that vast wilderness of sliding shingle and chaotic boulders.

'Coffee follows this despatch of Eichel and Consorts; the day now one's own.' Scandalous rumours, prose and verse, connect themselves with this particular epoch of the day; which appear to be wholly *lies*. Of which presently. 'In this after-dinner period fall the literary labours,' says Preuss:—a facile pen, this King's; only two hours of an afternoon allowed it, instead of all day and the top of the morning. 'About six, or earlier even, came the Reader' (La Mettrie or another), came artists, came learned talk. At seven is Concert, which lasts for an hour; half-past eight is Supper.'[1]

Demon Newswriter says, of the Concert: 'It is mostly of wind-instruments,' King himself often taking part with his flute; 'performers the best in Europe. He has three'—what shall we call them? of male gender,—'a counter-alt, and Mamsell Astrua, an Italian; they are unique voices. He cannot bear mediocrity. It is but seldom he has any singing here. To be admitted, needs the most intimate favour; now and then some young Lord, of distinction, if he meet with such.' Concert, very well;—but let us now, suppressing any little abhorrences, hear him on another subject:

'Dinner lasts one hour' (says our Demon, no better informed): 'upon which the King returns to his Apartment with bows. It pretty often happens that he takes with him one of his young fellows. These are all handsome, like a picture (*faits à peindre*), and of the beautifulest face,'—adds he, still worse informed; poisonous malice mixing itself, this time, with the human darkness, and reducing it to diabolic. This Demon's Paper abounds with similar allusions; as do the more desperate sort of Voltaire utterances,—*Vie Privée* treating it as known fact; Letters to Denis in occasional paroxysms, as rumour of detestable nature, probably true of one who is so detestable, at least so formidable, to a guilty sinner his Guest. Others, not to be called diabolical, as Herr Dr. Büsching, for example, speak of it as a thing credible; as good as known to the well-informed. And, beyond the least question, there did a thrice-abominable rumour of that kind run, whispering audibly, over all the world; and gain belief from those who had appetite. A most melancholy business. Solacing to human envy; explaining also, to the dark human intellect, why this King had commonly no Women at his Court. A most melancholy portion of my raw-material, this; concerning which, since one must speak of it, here is what little I have to say:

1°. That proof of the *negative*, in this or any such case, is by the nature of it impossible. That it is indisputable Friedrich did not now

[1] Preuss, i. 344-347 (and, with intermittencies, pp. 356, 361, 363, etc. to 376), abridged.

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live with his Wife, nor seem to concern himself with the empire of women at all; having, except now and then his Sisters and some Foreign Princess on short visit, no women in this Court; and though a great judge of Female merits, graces and accomplishments, seems to worship women in that remote way alone, and not in any nearer. Which occasioned great astonishment in a world used so much to the contrary. And gave rise to many conjectures among the idle of mankind, "What, on Earth, or under Earth, can be the meaning of it?"—and among others, to the above scandalous rumour, as some solacement to human malice and impertinent curiosity.

2°. That an opposite rumour,—which would indeed have been pretty fatal to this one, but perhaps still more disgraceful in the eyes of a Demon Newswriter,—was equally current; and was much elaborated by the curious impertinent. Till Nicolai got hold of it, in Herr Dr. Zimmermann's responsible hands; and conclusively knocked it on the head.[1]

3°. That, for me, proof in the affirmative, or probable indication that way, has not anywhere turned-up. Nowhere for me, in these extensive minings and siftings. Not the least of probable indication; but contrariwise, here and there, rather definite indications pointing directly the opposite way.[2] Friedrich, in his own utterances and occasional rhymes, is abundantly cynical; now and then rises to a kind of epic cynicism, on this very matter. But at no time can the painful critic call it cynicism as of *other* than an observer; always a kind of vinegar cleanness in it, *except* in theory. Cynicism of an impartial observer in a dirty element, observer epically sensible (when provoked to it) of the brutal contemptibilities which lie in Human Life, alongside of its big struttings and pretensions. In Friedrich's utterances there is that kind of cynicism undeniable;—and yet he had a modesty almost female in regard to his own person; 'no servant having ever seen him in an exposed state.'[3] Which had considerably strengthened rumour No. 2. O ye poor impious Long-eared,—Long-eared I will call you, instead of Two-horned and with only One hoof cloven! Among the tragical platitudes of Human Nature, nothing so fills a considering brother mortal with sorrow and despair, as this innate tendency of the common crowd in regard to its Great Men, whensoever, or almost whensoever, the Heavens do, at long intervals, vouchsafe us, as their all-including blessing, anything of such! Practical '*Blasphemy*,' is it not, if you reflect? Strangely possible that sin, even now. And ought to be religiously abhorred by every soul that

[1] See Zimmermann's *Fragmente*, and Nicolai patiently pounding it to powder (whoever is curious on this disgusting subject).

[2] For example ('*Correspondence with Fredersdorf*'), *Œuvres*, xxvii. III. 145.

[3] Preuss, i. 376.

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has the least piety or nobleness. Act not the mutinous flunky, my friend; though there be great wages going in that line.

4°. That in these circumstances, and taking into view the otherwise known qualities of this high Fellow-Creature, the present Editor does not, for his own share, value the rumour at a pin's fee. And leaves it, and recommends his readers to leave it, hanging by its own head, in the sad subterranean regions,—till (probably not for a long while yet) it drop to a far Deeper and dolefuler Region, out of our way altogether.

'Lamentable, yes,' comments Diogenes; 'and especially so, that the idle public has a hankering for such things! But are there no obscene details at all, then? grumbles the disappointed idle public to itself, something of reproach in its tone. A public idle-minded; much depraved in every way. Thus, too, you will observe of dogs: two dogs, at meeting, run, first of all, to the shameful parts of the constitution; institute a strict examination, more or less satisfactory, in that department. That once settled, their interest in ulterior matters seems pretty much to die away, and they are ready to part again, as from a problem done.'—Enough, oh, enough!

Practically we are getting no good of our Demon;—and will dismiss him, after a taste or two more.

This Demon Newswriter has, evidently, never been to Potsdam, which he figures as the abode of horrid cruelty, a kind of Tartarus on Earth;—where there is a dreadful scarcity of women, for one item; lamentable to one's moral feelings. Scarcity nothing like so great, even among the soldier-classes, as the Demon Newswriter imagines to himself; nor productive of the results lamented. Prussian soldiers are not encouraged to marry, if it will hurt the service; nor do their wives march with the Regiment except in such proportions as there may be sewing, washing and the like women's work fairly wanted in their respective Companies: the Potsdam First Battalion, I understand, is hardly permitted to marry at all. And in regard to lamentable results, that of "*Liebsten Scheine*, Sweetheart-*Tickets*,"—or actual military legalising of Temporary Marriages, with regular privileges attached, and fixed rules to be observed,—might perhaps be the notablest point, and the *semi*-lamentablest, to a man or demon in the habit of lamenting.[1] For the rest, a considerably dreadful place this Potsdam, to the flaccid, esurient and disorderly of mankind;—'and strict as Fate' (Demon correct for once) 'in inexorably punishing military sins.

'This King,' he says, 'has a great deal of *esprit*; much less of real knowledge (*connaissances*) than is pretended. He excels only in the

[1] Preuss, i. 426.

military part; really excellent there. Has a facile expeditious pen and head; understands what you say to him, at the first word. Not taking nor wishing advice; never suffering replies or remonstrances, not even from his Mother. Pretty well acquainted with works of *Esprit*, whether in Prose or in Verse: burning' (very hot indeed) 'to distinguish himself by performance of that kind; but unable to reach the Beautiful, unless held-up by somebody (*étayé*). It is said that, in a splenetic moment, his Skeleton of an Apollo' (*squelette d'Apollon*, M. de Voltaire, who is lean exceedingly) 'exclaimed once, some time ago, "When is it, then, that he will have done sending me his dirty linen to wash?"

'The King is of a sharp mocking tongue withal; pricking into whoever displeases him; often careless of policy in that. Understands nothing of Finance, or still less of Trade; always looking direct towards more money, which he loves much; incapable of sowing' (as some of *us* do!) 'for a distant harvest. Treats almost all the world as slaves. All his subjects are held in hard shackles. Rigorous for the least shortcoming, where his interest is hurt:—never pardons any fault which tends to inexactitude in the Military Service. Spandau very full,'—though I did not myself count. 'Keeps in his pay nobody but those useful to him, and capable of doing employments well' (*true, always*); 'and the instant he has no more need of them, dismissing them with nothing' (*false, generally*). 'The Subsidies imposed on his subjects are heavy; in constant proportion to their Feudal Properties, and their Leases of Domains (*Contrats et Baux*); and, what is dreadful, are exacted with the same rigour if your Property gets into debt,'—no remission by the iron grip of this King in the name of the State! Sell, if you can find a Purchaser; or get confiscated altogether; that is your only remedy. Surely a tyrant of a King.

'People who get nearest him will tell you that his Politeness is not natural, but a remnant of old habit, when he had need of everybody, against the persecutions of his Father. He respects his Mother; the only Female for whom he has a sort of attention. He esteems his Wife, and cannot endure her; has been married nineteen years, and has not yet addressed one word to her' (how true!). 'It was but a few days ago she handed him a letter, petitioning some things of which she had the most pressing want. He took the Letter, with that smiling, polite and gracious air which he assumes at pleasure; and without breaking the seal, tore the Letter up before her face, made her a profound bow and turned his back on her.' Was there ever such a Pluto varnished into Literary Rosepink? Very proper Majesty for the Tartarus that here is.

* * 'The Queen-Mother,' continues our Small Devil, 'is a good fat woman, who lives and moves in her own way (*rondement*). She has 16,000*l.* a year for keeping-up her House. It is said she hoards. Four

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days in the week she has Apartment' (Royal Soirée); 'to which you cannot go without express invitation. There is supper-table of twenty-four covers; only eight dishes, served in a shabby manner (*indécemment*) by six little scoundrels of Pages. Men and women of the Country' (shivering Natives, cheering their dull abode) 'go and eat there. Steward Royal sends the invitations. At eleven, everybody has withdrawn. Other days, this Queen eats by herself. Stewardess Royal and three maids of Honour have their separate table; two dishes the whole. She is shabbily lodged' (in my opinon), 'when at the Palace. Her Monbijou which is close to Berlin' (now well within it), 'would be pretty enough, for a private person.

'The Queen Regnant is the best woman in the world. All the year' (*not quite*) 'she dines alone. Has Apartment on Thursdays; everybody gone at nine o'clock. Her morsels are cut for her, her steps are counted, and her words are dictated; she is miserable, and does what she can to hide it'—according to our Small Devil. 'She has scarcely the necessaries of life allowed her,'—spends regularly two-thirds of her income in charitable objects; translates French-Calvinist Devotional Works, for benefit of the German mind; and complains to no Small Devil, of never so sympathising nature. 'At Court she is lodged on the second floor' (scandalous). 'Schönhausen her Country House, with the exception of the Garden which is pretty enough,—our Shopkeepers of the Rue St. Honoré would sniff at such a lodging.

'Princess Amelia is rather amiable' (thank you for nothing, Small Devil); 'often out of temper because—this is so shocking a place for Ladies, especially for maiden Ladies. Lives with her Mother; special income very small;—Coadjutress of Quedlinburg; will be actual Abbess' in a year or two.[1]

'Eldest Prince, Heir-Apparent,'—do not speak of him, Small Devil, for you are misinformed in every feature and particular:—enough, 'he is facsimile of his Brother. He has only 18,000*l.* a year, for self, Wife, Household and Children' (two, both Boys);—'and is said' (falsely) 'to hoard, and to follow Trade, extensive Trade, with his Brother's Woods.

'Prince Henri, who is just going to be married,'—thank you, Demon, for reminding us of that. Bride is Wilhelmina, Princess of Hessen-Cassel. Marriage, 25th June 1752;—did not prove, in the end, very happy. A small contemporary event; which would concern Voltaire and others that concern us. Three months ago, April 14th, 1752, the Berlin Powder-Magazine flew aloft with horrible crash;[2]—and would be audible to Voltaire, in this his Second Act. Events, audible or not, never cease.

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[1] 11th April 1756; Preuss, xxvii. p. xxxiv. (of *Preface*).

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte* (iii. 531) the details.

'Prince Henri,' in Demon's opinion, 'is the amiablest of the House. He is polite, generous, and loves good company. Has 12,000*l.* a year left him by Papa.' Not enough, as it proved. 'If, on this Marriage, his Brother, who detests him' (witness Reinsberg and other evidences, now and onward), 'gives him nothing, he won't be well off. They are furnishing a House for him, where he will lodge after wedding. Is reported to be—*Potsdamiste*' (says the scandalous Small Devil, whom we are weary of contradicting),—Potsdamite, in certain respects. 'Poor Princess, what a destiny for you!

'Prince Ferdinand, little scraping of a creature (*petit chafouin*), crapulous to excess, niggardly in the extreme, whom everybody avoids,' —much more whose Portrait, by a Magic-lantern of this kind: which let us hastily shut, and fling into the cellar!—'Little Ferdinand, besides his 15,000*l.* a year, Papa's bequest, gets considerable sums given him. Has lodging in the King's House; goes shifting and visiting about, wherever he can live gratis; and strives all he can to amass money. Has to be in boots and uniform every three days. Three months of the year practically with his regiment: but the shifts he has for avoiding expense are astonishing.' * *

What an illuminative 'Idea' are the Walpole-Selwyn Circles picking-up for their money!—

## CHAPTER XI

### THIRD ACT AND CATASTROPHE OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT

MEANTIME there has a fine Controversy risen, of mathematical, philosophical and at length of very miscellaneous nature, concerning that König-Maupertuis dissentience on the *Law of Thrift*. Wonderful Controversy, much occupying the so-called Philosophic or Scientific world; especially the idler population that inhabit there. Upon this item of the Infinitely Little,—which has in our time sunk into Nothing-at-all, and but for Voltaire, and the accident of his living near it, would be forgotten altogether,—we must not enter into details; but a few words to render Voltaire's share in it intelligible will be, in the highest degree, necessary. Here, in brief form, rough

and ready, are the successive stages of the Business; the origin and first stage of which have been known to us for some time past:

'*September* 1750, König, his well-meant visit to Berlin proving so futile, had left Maupertuis in the humour we saw;—pirouetting round his Apartment, in tempests of rage at such contradiction of sinners on his sublime Law of Thrift; and fulminating permission to König: "No time to read your Paper of Contradictions; publish it in Leipzig, in Jericho; anywhere in the Earth, in Heaven, in the Other Place, where you have the opportunity!" König, returning on these terms, had nothing for it but to publish his Paper; and did publish it, in the Leipzig *Acta Eruditorum* for March 1751. There it stands, legible to this day: and if any of the human species should again think of reading it, I believe it will be found a reasonable, solid and decisive Paper; of steadfast, openly articulate, by no means insolent, tone; considerably modifying Maupertuis's Law of Thrift, or Minimum of Action;—fatal to the claim of its being a "Sublime Discovery," or indeed, so far as *true*, any discovery at all.[1] By way of finis to the Paper, there is given, what proves extremely important to us, an Excerpt from an old *Letter of Leibnitz's*; which perhaps it will be better to present here *in corpore*, as so much turned on it afterwards. König thus winds up:

'"I add only a word, in finishing; and that is, that it appears Mr. Leibnits had a theory of Action, perhaps much more extensive than one would suspect at present. There is a Letter written by him to Mr. Hermann" (an ancient mathematical sage at Basel), "where he uses these expressions: '*Action is not what you think; the consideration of Time enters into it; Action is as the product of the mass by the space and the velocity, or as the time by the* vis viva. *I have remarked that in the modifications of motion, the action becomes usually a maximum or a minimum:—and from this there might several propositions of great consequence be deduced. It might serve to determine the curves described by bodies under attraction to one or more centres. I had meant to treat of these things in the Second Part of my* Dynamique; *which I suppressed, the reception of the First, by prejudice in many quarters, having disgusted me.*'"[2] Your

[1] In *Acta Eruditorum* (Lipsiæ, 1751): '*De universali Principio Æquilibrii et Motûs.*' By no means uncivil to Maupertuis; though obliged to controvert him. For example: '*Quæ itaque de Minimâ Actionis in modificationibus modum obtinente in genere proferuntur vehementer laudo;*' *continent nempe* '*fœcundum longeque pulcherrimum Dynamices sublimioris principium, cujus vim in difficillimis quæstionibus sæpe expertus fui.*'

[2] *Maupertuisiana*, No. ii. 22 (from *Acta Eruditorum*, ubi suprà). In *Maupertuisiana* No. iv. 166, is the whole Letter, 'Hanover, 16th October 1707;' no

Minimum of Action, it would appear, then, is in some cases a Maximum; nothing can be said but that, in every case it is *either* a Maximum or Minimum. What a stroke for our *Law of Thrift*, the 'at last conclusive Proof' of an Intelligent Creator, as the Perpetual President had fancied it! "So-ho, what is this! My Discovery an Error? And Leibnitz discovered it, so far as true?"—

'*May 28th—8th October* 1751. Maupertuis, compressing himself what he can, writes to König: "Very good, Monsieur. But please inform me where is that Letter of Leibnitz's; I have never seen or heard of it before,—and I want to make use of it myself." To which König answers: "Henzi gave it me, in Copy,"—(unfortunate Conspirator Henzi, who lost his head three years ago, by sentence of the Oligarch Government at Berne):[1]—"he, poor fellow, had no end of Papers and Excerpts; had, as we know, above a hundred volumes of the latter kind; this, and some other Letters of Leibnitz's, among them,—I send you the whole Letter, copied faithfully from his Copy."[2] To that effect, still in perfect good-humour, was König's reply to his Maupertuis.

'"Hm, Copy? By Henzi?" grumbles Maupertuis to himself:—Search in Berne, then; it must be there, if anywhere!" To König Maupertuis answers nothing: but sulkily resolves on having Search made;—and, to give solemnity to the matter, requests his Excellency Marquis de Paulmy, the French Ambassador at Berne, to ask the Government there,—Government having seized all Henzi's Papers, on beheading him. Excellency Paulmy does, accordingly, make inquiry in the highest quarter; some inquiries up and down. Not the least account of this, or of any Leibnitz Letter, to be had from among Henzi's Papers,—the "hundred volumes," seemingly, exist no longer;—Original of this

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*address* left, judged to be to Hermann. *Maupertuisiana* (Hamburg, 1753) is a mere Bookseller's or even Bookbinder's Farrago, with printed *Titlepage* and *List*, of the chief Pamphlets which had appeared on this Business (sixteen by count, various type, all 8vo size, in my copy). Of which only No. ii. (König's *Appel au Public*) and No. iv. (2d edition of said *Appel*, with *Appendix of Correspondence*) are illuminative to read.

[1] Government by 'The Two Hundred'; of Select-Vestry nature, very stiff, arbitrary and become rife in abuses; against whom had risen angry mutterings more than once, and in 1749 a Select Plot (not select *enough*, for they discovered it in time). Poor Ex-Captain Henzi, 'Clerk of the Salt-Office,' most frugal, studious and quiet of men; a very miracle, it would appear, of genius, solid learning, philosophy and piety,—not the chief or first of the conspirators, but by far the most distinguished,—was laid hold of, July 2d, 1749, and beheaded, with another of them, a day or two after. Much bewailed in a private way, even by the better kinds of people. (Copious account of him in *Adelung*, vii. 86-91.)

[2] 'The Hague, 26th June,' in *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 130.

Leibnitz Piece is nowhere. For eight months the highest Authorities have been looking about (with one knows not what vivacity or skill in searching), and have found nothing whatever.' Stage second of the Business finishes in this manner.

How lucky for the Perpetual President, had he stopped here! To König and the common contradiction of sinners he could have opposed, as it was apparently his purpose to do, an Olympian silence, 'Pshaw!' Whereby the small matter, interesting to few, would have dropped gently into dubiety, into oblivion, and been got well rid of. But this of the great Leibnitz, touching on one's *Law of Thrift*; and not only 'discovering' it, half a century beforehand, but discovering that it was not true: to Leibnitz one must speak;—and the abstruse question is, What is one to say? 'Find me the original; let us be certain, first:' that you can say; that is one clear point; and pretty much the only one. The rest, at this time, as I conjecture, may have been not a little abstruse to the Perpetual President!

And now, had the Perpetual President but stopped here, there might still have rested a saving shadow of suspicion on König's Excerpt, That it was not exact, that it might be wrong in some vital point:—'You never showed me the Original, Monsieur!' Unluckily, the Perpetual President did not stop. One cannot well fancy him believing, now or ever, that König had forged the Excerpt. Most likely he had the fatal persuasion that these were Leibnitz's words; and the question, What was to be said or done, if the Original *should* turn up? might justly be alarming to a Son of the Pure Sciences. But at this point a new door of escape disclosed itself: 'Where is the Original, I say!'—and he rushed, full speed, into that; galloping triumphantly, feeling all safe.

*October 7th* (1751), Maupertuis summons his Academy: "Messieurs, permit me to submit a case perhaps requiring your attention. One of our number dissents from your President's Discovery of the Law of Thrift; which surely he is free to do: but furthermore he gives an Excerpt purporting to be from Leibnitz; whereby it would appear

that your President's Discovery, sanctioned in your Acts as new, is not new, but Leibnitz's (so far as it is good for anything),—possibly stolen, therefore; and, at any rate, fifty-four years old. In self-defence, I have demanded to see the Original of said Excerpt; and the Honourable Member in question does not produce it. What say you?" "Shame to him!" say they all'—(there seem to be but few Scientific Members, and most of them, it is insinuated, have Pensions from the King through their Perpetual President);—'and determine to make a Star-chamber matter of it!

'Accordingly, next day, *October 8th*, Secretary Formey writes officially to König, "Produce that Letter within one month,"—and has got his Majesty to order, That our Prussian Minister at the Hague shall take charge of delivering such message, and shall mark on what day. Thing serious, you see!—Prussian Minister at the Hague delivers, and dockets accordingly. To König's astonishment; who is in a scene of deep trouble at this time; Royal Highness the Stadtholder suddenly dead, or dying: "died October 22d; leaving a very young Heir, and a very sorrowful Widow and Country." Much to think of, that lies apart from the Maupertuis matter! Which latter, however, is so very serious too, his Prussian Majesty's Minister at Berne is now charged to make new perquisition for the Leibnitz Original there: In short, within one month that Document is peremptorily wanted at Berlin.'

High proceedings these;—and calculated to have one result, if no other. Namely, that, at this point, as readers can fancy, the idler Public, seeing a street-quarrel in progress, began to take interest in the Question of *Minimum*; and quasi-scientific gentlemen to gather round, and express, with cheery capable look, their opinions,—still legible in the vanished *Jugemens Libres* (of Hamburg), *Gazette de Savans* (Leipzig), and other poor Shadows of *Journals*, if you daringly evoke them from the other side of Styx. Which, the whole matter being now so indisputably extinct, shadowy, Stygian, we will not here be guilty of doing; but hasten to the catastrophes, that have still a memorability.

'König, having in fact nothing more to say about the Leibnitz Excerpt, was in no breathless haste to obey his summons; he sat almost two months before answering anything. Did then write, however, in a friendly strain to Maupertuis (December 10th, 1751).[1] Almost

[1] *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 132.

on which same day, as it chanced, the *Académie*, after *two*-months dignified waiting, had in brief terms repeated its order on König.[1] To which König makes no special answer (having as good as answered the day before);—but does silently send off to Switzerland to make inquiries; and does write once or twice more, when there is occasion for explaining;—always in a clear, sonorous, manfully firm and respectful tone: "That he himself had, or has, no kind of reason to doubt the authenticity of the Leibnitz Letter; that to himself (and, so far as he can judge, to Maupertuis) the question of its authenticity is without special interest;—he, König, having thrown it in as a mere marginal illustration, which decides nothing, either for or against the Law of Thrift. That he has, in obedience to the Academy, caused search to be made in Switzerland, especially at Basel, where he judged the chance might lie; but that of this particular Letter nothing has come to light; that he has two other Leibnitz Letters, of indifferent tenor, in the late Henzi's hand, if these will serve in aught,[2]—but what farther can he do?' In short, König speaks always in a clear business-like manful tone; the one person that makes a really respectful and respectable figure in this Controversy of the Infinitely Little. A man whom, viewed from this quiet distance, it seems almost inconceivably absurd to have suspected of forging for so small an object. Oh, my President, that *dira regnandi cupido!*—

'Question is, however, What the Academy will do? One Member, "the best Geometer among them"' (whose name is not given, but which the Berlin Academy should write in big letters across this sad Page of their Annals, by way of erasure to the same), 'dissented from the high line of procedure; asserting König's innocence in this matter; nay, hinting agreement with König's opinion. But was met by such a storm, that he withdrew from the deliberations; which henceforth went their own bad course, unanimous though slow. And so the matter pendulates all through Winter 1751-2, and was much the theme of idle men.'

Voltaire heard of it vaguely all along; but not with distinctness till the end of July following. As Spring advanced, Maupertuis had fallen ill of lungs,—threatened with spitting of blood ('owing to excess of brandy,' hints the malicious Voltaire, 'which is fashionable at St. Malo,' birthplace of Maupertuis),—and could not farther direct the Academy in

[1] December 11th, 1751 (*ibid.* 137).

[2] *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 155; and *ibid.* 172-192, the two Letters themselves.

this affair. The Academy needs no direction farther. Here, very soon, for a sick President's consolation, is what the Academy decides on, by way of catastrophe:

*Thursday Evening, 13th April* 1752, The Academy met; Curator, Monsieur de Keith, presiding; about a score of acting Members present. To whom Curator de Keith, as the first thing, reads a magnanimous brief Letter from our Perpetual President: 'That, for two reasons, he cannot attend on this important occasion: First, because he is too ill, which would itself be conclusive; but secondly, and *à fortiori*, because he is in some sense a party to the cause, and ought not if he could.' Whereupon, Secretary Formey having done his Documentary flourishings, Curator Euler,—(great in Algebra, apparently not very great in common sense and the rules of good temper),—reads considerable 'Report';[1] reciting, not in a dishonest, but in a dim wearisome way, the various steps of the Affair, as readers already know them; and concludes with this extraordinary practical result: 'Things being so (*les choses étant telles*); the Fragment being of itself suspect' (what could Leibnitz know of Maxima and Minima? They were not developed till one Euler did it, quite in late years!),[2] 'of itself suspect; and Monsieur Kŏnig having failed to' etc. etc.,—'it is assuredly manifest that his cause is one of the worst (*des plus mauvaises*), and that this Fragment has been forged.' Singular to think! 'And the Academy, all things duly considered, will not hesitate to declare it false (*supposé*), and thereby deprive it publicly of all authority which may have been ascribed to it' (*Hear, Hear!* from all parts).

Curator de Keith then collects the votes,—twenty-three in all; some sixteen are of working Members; two are from accidental Strangers ('travelling students,' say the enemy); the rest from Curators of Quality:—Vote is unanimous, 'Adopt the Report. Fragment evidently forged, and cannot have the least shadow of authority (*aucune ombre d'autorité*). Forged by whom, we do not now ask; nor what the Academy could, on plain grounds, now do to Monsieur Kŏnig' (*not* nail his ears to the pump, oh no!); 'enough, it *is* forged, and so remains.' Signed 'Curator de Keith,' and Six other Office-bearers; 'Formey, Perpetual Secretary,' closing the list.

At the name Keith, a slight shadow (very slight, for how could Keith help himself?) crosses the mind: 'Is this, by ill luck, the Feldmarschall Keith?' No, reader; this is Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; he of Wesel, with 'Effigy nailed to the Gallows' long since; whom none of us cares for. Sulzer, I notice too, is of this long-eared Sanhedrim. *Ach, mein*

[1] Is No. i. of *Maupertuisiana*.

[2] *Maupertuisiana*, No. i. 22.

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*lieber Sulzer*, you don't know (do you, then?) *diese verdammte Race*,—to what heights and depths of stupid malice, and malignant length of ear, they are capable of going. 'Thursday 13th April,' this is Forger König's doom:—and, what is observable, next morning, with a crash audible through Nature, the Powder-Magazine flew aloft, killing several persons![1] Had no hand, he, I hope, in that latter atrocity?

On authentic sight of this Sentence (for which König had at once, on hearing of it, applied to Formey, and which comes to him, without help of Formey, through the Public Newspapers), König, in a brief, proud enough, but perfectly quiet, mild and manful manner, resigns his Membership. 'Ceases, from this day (June 18th, 1752), to have the honour of belonging to your Academy; "an honour I had been the prouder of, as it came to me unasked";—and will wish you, from the outside henceforth, successful campaigns in the field of Science.'[2] And sets about preparing his Pamphlet to instruct mankind on the subject. Maupertuis, it appears, did write, and made others write to König's Sovereign Lady, the Dowager Princess of Orange, 'How extremely handsome it would be, could her Most Serene Highness, a friend to Pure Science, be pleased to induce Monsieur König not to continue this painful Controversy, but to sit quiet with what he had got.'[3] Which her Most Serene Highness by no means thought the suitable course. Still less did König himself; whose *Appeal to the Public*, with *Defence of Appeal*,—reasonably well done, as usual, and followed and accompanied by the multitude of Commentators,—appeared in due course.[4] Till, before long, the Public was thoroughly instructed; and nobody, hardly the signing Curators, or thin Euler himself, not to speak of Perpetual Formey, who had never been strong in the matter, could well believe in 'forgery,' or care to speak farther on such a subject. Subject gone wholly to the Stygian Fens, long since; 'forgery' not now imaginable by anybody!

The rumour of these things rose high and wide; and the quantity of publishing upon them, quasi-scientifically and otherwise, in the serious vein and the jocose, was greater than we should fancy.[5] Voltaire, for about a month past, had been fully aware of the case (24th July 1752, writing

[1] Suprà, p. 347.

[2] *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 129. [3] Voltaire (infrà).

[4] 'Sept. 1752, König's *Appel*' (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 60 *n.*).

[5] 'Letter from a Marquis'; 'Letter from Mr. T * * * to M. S * * * *' (Mr. T. lives in London;—'*je traverse le* Queen's Square, *et je rencontre notre ami D* * *: "*Avez-vous lu* l'Appel au Public?" *dit-il*'—); 'Letter by Euler in the Berlin Gazette,' etc. etc. (in *Maupertuisiana*).

to Niece, 'heard yesterday'); not without commentary to oneself and others. Voltaire, with a kind of love to König, and a very real hatred to Maupertuis and to oppression generally, took pen himself, among the others (König's *Appeal* just out),—could not help doing it, though he had better not! The following small Piece is perhaps the one, if there be one, still worth resuscitating from the Inane Kingdoms. Appeared in the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* (mild-shining Quarterly Review of those days), *July—September* Number.

### '*Answer from*' (*very privately Voltaire, calling himself*) '*a Berlin Academician to a Paris One*

'*Berlin, 18th September* 1752. This is the exact truth, in reply to your inquiry. M. Moreau de Maupertuis in a Pamphlet entitled *Essai de Cosmologie*, pretended that the only proof of the Existence of God is the circumstance that AR'+*n*RB is a Minimum.' (*Only* proof: *voilà!*) 'He asserts that in all possible cases, "Action is a Minimum," what has been demonstrated false; and he says, "He discovered this Law of Minimum," what is not less false.

'M. König, as well as other Mathematicians, wrote against this strange assertion; and, among other things, M. König cited some sentences of a Letter by Leibnitz, in which that great man says, He has observed "that, in the modifications of motion, the Action usually becomes either a Maximum or else a Minimum."

'M. Moreau de Maupertuis imagined that, by producing this Fragment, it had been intended to snatch from him the glory of his pretended discovery,—though Leibnitz says precisely the contrary of what he advances. He forced some pensioned members of the Academy, who are dependent on him, to summon M. König'—as we know too well; and cannot bear to have repeated to us, even in the briefest and spiciest form! 'Sentence (*Jugement*) on M. König, which declares him guilty of having assaulted the glory of the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis by *forging* a Leibnitz Letter.'—'Wrote then, and made write, to her Serene Highness the Princess of Orange, who was indignant at so insolent'—* * and in fine,

'Thus the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis has been convicted, in the face of Scientific Europe, not only of plagiarism and blunder, but of having abused his place to suppress free discussion, and to persecute an honest man who had no crime but that of not being of his opinion. Several members of our Academy have protested against so crying a procedure;

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and would leave the Academy, were it not for fear of displeasing the King, who is protector of it.'[1]

King Friedrich's position, in the middle of all this, was becoming uncomfortable. Of the controversy he understood, or cared to understand, nothing; had to believe steadily that his Academy must be right; that König was some loose bird, envious of an eagle Maupertuis, sitting aloft on his high Academic perch: this Friedrich took for the truth of the matter;—and could not let himself imagine that his sublime Perpetual President, who was usually very prudent and Jove-like, had been led, by his truculent vanity (which Friedrich knew to be immense in the man, though kept well out of sight), into such playing of fantastic tricks before high Heaven and other onlookers. This view of the matter had hitherto been Friedrich's; nor do I know that he ever inwardly departed from it;—as outwardly he, for certain, never did; standing, King-like, clear always for his Perpetual President, till this hurricane of Pamphlets blew by. Voltaire's little Piece, therefore, was the unwelcomest possible.

This new bolt of electric fire launched upon the storm-tost President from Berlin itself, and even from the King's House itself,—by whom, too clearly recognisable,—what an irritating thing! Unseemly, in fact, on Voltaire's part; but could not be helped by a Voltaire charged with electricity. Friedrich, evidently in considerable indignation, finding that public measures would but worsen the uproar, took pen in hand; wrote rapidly the indignant *Letter from an Academician of Berlin to an Academician of Paris*:[2] which Piece of some length, we cannot give here; but will briefly describe as manifesting no real knowledge of the *Law-of-Thrift* Controversy; but as taking the above loose view of it, and as directed principally against, 'the pretended Member of our Academy' (mischievous Voltaire, to wit), whom it characterises as 'such a manifest retailer of lies,' a 'concocter of stupid libels':

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxiii. 227 (in *Maupertuisiana*, No. xvi.).
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 59-64 (not dated; datable 'October 1752').

'have you ever seen an action more malicious, more dastardly, more infamous?'—and other hard terms, the hardest he can find. This is the privilege of anonymity, on both sides of it.

But imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the gods (as, on the set days, is duly the case); with such a consciousness, burning like Bude light, though close veiled, on the part of Host and Guest! The Friedrich-Voltaire relation is evidently under sore stress of weather, in those winter-autumn months of 1752,—brown leaves, splashy rains and winds moaning outwardly withal. And, alas, the irrepressibly electric Voltaire, still far from having ended, still only just beginning his Anti-Maupertuis discharges, has, in the interim, privately got his *Doctor Akakia* ready. Compared to which, the former missile is as a popgun to a park of artillery shotted with old nails and broken glass!—Such a constraint, at the Royal dinner-table, amid wine and wit, could not continue. The credible account is, it soon cracked asunder; and, after the conceivable sputterings, sparklings and flashings of various complexion, issued in lambent airs of 'tacit mutual understanding; and in reading of *Akakia* together,—with peals of laughter from the King,' as the common French Biographers assert.

'Readers know *Akakia*,'[1] says Smelfungus: 'it is one of the famous feats of Satirical Pyrotechny; only too pleasant to the corrupt Race of Adam! There is not much, or indeed anything, of true poetic humour in it: but there is a gaiety of malice, a dexterity, felicity, inexhaustibility of laughing mockery and light banter, capable of driving a Perpetual President delirious. What an Explosion of glass-crackers, fire-balls, flaming-serpents;—generally, of sleeping gunpowder, in its most artistic forms,—flaming-out sky-high over all the Parish, on a sudden! The almost-sublime of Maupertuis, which exists in large quantities, here is a new artist who knows how to treat it. The engineer of the Sublime (always painfully engineering thitherward without effect),—an engineer of the Comic steps-in on him, blows him up with his own petards in a most unexampled manner. Not an owlery has that poor Maupertuis, in the struggle to be sublime (often nearly successful, but never once quite), happened to drop from him, but Voltaire picks it up; manipulates it, reduces

[1] *Diatribe du Docteur Akakia* (in Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxi. 19-62).

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it to the sublimely ridiculous; lodges it, in the form of burning dust, about the head of *mon Président*. Needless to say of the Comic engineer that he is unfair, perversely exaggerative, reiterative, on the owleries of poor Maupertuis;—it is his function to *be* all that. Clever, but wrong, do you say? Well, yes:—and yet the ridiculous does require ridicule; wise Nature has silently so ordered. And if ever truculent President in red wig, with his absurd truculences, tyrannies and perpetual struggles after the sublime, did deserve to be exploded in laughter, it could not have been more consummately done;—though perversely always, as must be owned.

'"The hole bored through the Earth," for instance: really, one sometimes reflects on such a thing; How you would see daylight, and the antipodal gentleman (if he bent a little over) foot to foot; how a little stone flung into it would exactly (but for air and friction) *reach* the other side of the world; would then, in a computable few moments, come back quiescent to your hand, and so continue forevermore;—with other the like uncriminal fancies.

'"The Latin Town," again: truly, if learning the Ancient Languages be human Education, it might, with a Greek Ditto, supersede the Universities, and prove excellently serviceable in our struggle Heavenward by that particular route. I can assure M. de Voltaire, it was once practically proposed to this King's Great-grandfather, the Grosse Kurfürst;—who looked into it, with face puckered to the intensest, in his great care for furtherance of the Terrestrial Sciences and Wisdoms; but forbore for that time.[1] Then as to "Dissecting the Brains of Patagonians"; what harm, if you can get them gross enough? And as to that of "exalting your mind to predict the future," does not, in fact, man look *before* and *after*; are not Memory and (in a small degree) Prophecy the Two Faculties he has?

'These things,—which are mostly to be found in the "*Lettres de Maupertuis*" (Dresden, 1752, then a brand-new Book), but are now clipt-out from the Maupertuis Treatises,—we can fancy to be almost sublimities. Almost, unfortunately not altogether. And then there is such a Sisyphus-effort visible in dragging them aloft so far: and the nimble wicked Voltaire so seizes his moment, trips poor Sisyphus; and sends him down, heels-over-head, in a torrent of roaring débris! "From gradual transpiration of our vital force comes Death; which perhaps, by precautions, might be indefinitely retarded," says Maupertuis. "Yes, truly," answers the other: "if we got ourselves japanned, coated with resinous varnish (*induits de poix résineux*); who knows!" Not a sublime owlery can you

[1] Minute details about it in Stenzel, ii. 234-238; who quotes 'Erman' (a poor old friend of ours) '*Sur le Projet d'une Ville Savante dans le Brandebourg* (Berlin, 1792)': date of the Project was 1667.

drop, but it is manipulated, ground-down, put in rifled cannon, comes back on you as tempests of burning dust.' Enough to send Maupertuis pirouetting through the world, with red wig unquenchably on fire!

Peals of laughter (once you are allowed to be non-official) could not fail, as an ovation, from the King;—so report the French Biographers. But there was, besides, strict promise that the Piece should be suppressed: 'Never do to send our President pirouetting through the world in this manner, with his wig on fire; promise me, on your honour!' Voltaire promised. But, alas, how could Voltaire perform! Once more the Rhadamanthine fact is: Voltaire, as King's Chamberlain, was bound, without any promise, to forbear, and rigidly suppress such an *Akakia* against the King's Perpetual President. But withal let candid readers consider how difficult it was to do. The absurd blusterous Turkey-cock, who has, every now and then, been tyrannising over you for twenty years, here you have him filled with gunpowder, so to speak, and the train laid. There wants but one spark—(edition printed in Holland, edition done in Berlin, plenty of editions made or makable by a little surreptitious legerdemain,—and I never knew whether it was *Akakia* in print, or *Akakia* in manuscript, that King and King's Chamberlain were now reading together, nor does it matter much):—your Turkey surreptitiously stuffed with gunpowder, I say; train ready waiting; one flint-spark will shoot him aloft, scatter him as flaming ruin on all the winds: and you are, once and always, to withhold said spark. Perhaps, had *Akakia* not yet been written—But all lies ready there; one spark will do it, at any moment;—and there are unguarded moments, and the Tempter must prevail!—

On what day *Akakia* blazed-out at Berlin, surreptitiously forwarded from Holland or otherwise, I could never yet learn (so stupid these reporters). But 'on November 2d' the King makes a Visit to sick Maupertuis, which is published in all the Newspapers;[1]—and one might guess the *Akakia* con-

[1] Rödenbeck, *in die; Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 531, '2d November 1752, 5 P.M.'

flagration, and cruel haha-ings of mankind, to have been tacitly the cause. Then or later, sure enough, *Akakia* does blaze aloft about that time; and all Berlin, and all the world, is in conversation over Maupertuis and it,—30,000 copies sold in Paris:—and Friedrich naturally was in a towering passion at his Chamberlain. Nothing for the Chamberlain but to fly his presence; to shriek, piteously, 'Accident, your Majesty! Fatal treachery and accident; after such precautions too!'—and fall sick to death (which is always a resource one has); and get into private lodgings in the *Tauben-Strasse*,[1] till one either die, or grow fit to be seen again: 'Ah, Sire'—let us give the Voltaire shriek of *Not-guilty*, with the Friedrich Answer; both dateless unluckily:

*Voltaire.* '*Ah, mon Dieu*, Sire, in the state I am in! I swear to you again, on my life, which I could renounce without pain, that it is a frightful calumny. I conjure you to summon all my people, and confront them. What? You will judge me without hearing me! I demand justice or death.'

*Friedrich.* 'Your effrontery astonishes me. After what you have done, and what is clear as day, you persist, instead of owning yourself culpable. Do not imagine you will make people believe that black is white; when one' (*on*, meaning *I*) 'does not see, the reason is, one does not want to see everything. But if you drive the affair to extremity,—all shall be made public; and it will be seen whether, if your Works deserve statues, your conduct does not deserve chains.'[2]

Most dark element (not in date only), with terrific thunder-and-lightning. Nothing for it but to keep one's room, mostly one's bed,—'Ah, Sire, sick to death!'

December 24th, 1752, there is one thing dismally distinct, Voltaire himself looking on (they say), from his windows in Dove Street: the Public Burning of *Akakia*, near there, by the common Hangman. Figure it; and Voltaire's reflections on it:—haggardly clear that Act Third is culminating; and

[1] At a 'Hofrath Francheville's (kind of subaltern Literary Character, see Denina, ii. 57), '*Tauben-Strasse* (Dove Street), No. 20': stayed there till 'March 1753' (Note by Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 306 *n.*).

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 302, 301.

that the final catastrophe is inevitable and nigh. We must be brief. On the eighth day after this dread spectacle (New-year's-day 1753), Voltaire sends, in a Packet to the Palace, his Gold Key and Cross of Merit. On the interior wrappage is an Inscription in verse: 'I received them with loving emotion, I return them with grief; as a broken-hearted Lover returns the Portrait of his Mistress:

*'Je les reçus avec tendresse,*
*Je vous les rends avec douleur;*
*C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extrême ardeur,*
*Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse.'*

And,—in a Letter enclosed, tender as the Song of Swans,—has one wish: Permission for the waters of Plombières, some alleviations amid kind nursing friends there; and to die craving blessings on your Majesty.[1]

Friedrich, though in hot wrath, has not quite come that length. Friedrich, the same day, towards evening, sends Fredersdorf to him, with Decorations back. And a long dialogue ensues between Fredersdorf and Voltaire; in which Collini, not eaves-dropping, 'heard the voice of M. de Voltaire at times very loud.' Precise result unknown. After which, for three months more, follows waiting and hesitation and negotiation, also quite obscure. Confused hithering and thithering about permission for Plombières, about repentance, sorrow, amendment, blame; in the end, reconciliation, or what is to pass for such. Recorded for us in that whirl of misdated Letter-clippings; in those Narratives, ignorant, and pretending to know: perhaps the darkest Section in History, Sacred or Profane,—were it of moment to us, here or elsewhere!

Voltaire has got permission to return to Potsdam; Apartment in the Palace ready again: but he still lingers in Dove Street; too ill, in real truth, for Potsdam society on those new terms. Does not quit Francheville's 'till March 5th'; and then only for another Lodging, called 'the Belvedere,' of

[1] Collini, p. 48; *Letter*, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 305.

suburban or rural kind. His case is intricate to a degree. He is sick of body; spectre-haunted withal, more than ever; —often thinks Friedrich, provoked, will refuse him leave. And, alas, he would so fain *not* go, as well as go! Leave for Plombières,—leave in the angrily-contemptuous shape, 'Go, then, forever and a day!'—Voltaire can at once have: but to get it in the friendly shape, and as if for a time only? His prospects at Paris, at Versailles, are none of the best; to return as if dismissed will never do! Would fain not go, withal;—and has to diplomatise at Potsdam, by D'Argens, De Prades, and at Paris simultaneously, by Richelieu, D'Argenson and friends. He is greatly to be pitied;—even Friedrich pities him, the martyr of bodily ailments and of spiritual; and sends him 'extract of quinquina' at one time.[1] Three miserable months; which only an Œdipus could read, and an Œdipus who had nothing else to do! The issue is well known. Of precise or indisputable, on the road thither, here are fractions that will suffice:

*Voltaire to one Bagieu his Doctor, at Paris* ('Berlin, 19th December' 1752, week *before* his *Akakia* was burnt). * * 'Wish I could set-out on the instant, and put myself into your hands and into the arms of my family! I brought to Berlin about a score of teeth, there remain to me something like six; I brought two eyes, I have nearly lost one of them; I brought no erysipelas, and I have got one, which I take a great deal of care of.' 'Meanwhile I have buried almost all my Doctors; even La Mettrie. Remains only that I bury Codénius,' (Cothenius), 'who looks too stiff, however,'—and, at any rate, return to *you* in Spring, when roads and weather improve.[2]

*Friedrich to Voltaire* (Potsdam, uncertain date). 'There was no need of that pretext about the waters of Plombières, in demanding your leave (*congé*). You can quit my service when you like: but, before going, be so good as return me the Contract of your Engagement, the Key' (Chamberlain's), 'the Cross' (of Merit), 'and the Volume of Verses which I confided to you.

'I wish my Works, and only they, had been what you and König attacked. Them I sacrifice, with a great deal of willingness, to persons who think of increasing their own reputation by lessening that of others.

[1] Letter of Voltaire's.

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 141.

[1st Jan.-25th March 1753]

I have not the folly nor vanity of certain Authors. The cabals of literary people seem to me the disgrace of Literature. I do not the less esteem honourable cultivators of Literature; it is only the caballers and their leaders that are degraded in my eyes. On this, I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping.—FRIEDRICH.[1]

*Voltaire spectrally given* (Collini *loquitur*). 'One evening walking in the garden' (at rural Belvedere,—after March 5th), 'talking of our situation, he asked me, "Could you drive a coach-and-two?" I stared at him a moment; but knowing that there must be no direct contradiction of his ideas, I said, "Yes,"—"Well, then, listen; I have thought of a method for getting away. You could buy two horses; a chariot after that. So soon as we have horses, it will not appear strange that we lay-in a little hay."—"Yes, Monsieur; and what should we do with that?" said I. "*Le voici* (this is it). We will fill the chariot with hay. In the middle of the hay we will put all our baggage. I will place myself, disguised, on the top of the hay; and give myself out for a Calvinist Curate going to see one of his Daughters married in the next Town. You shall drive: we take the shortest road for the Saxon Border; safe there, we sell chariot, horses, hay; then straight to Leipzig, by post." At which point, or soon after, he burst into laughing.'[2]

*Voltaire to Friedrich* ('Berlin, Belvedere,' rural lodging,[3] '12th March' 1753). 'Sire, I have had a Letter from Kōnig, quite open, as my heart is. I think it my duty to send your Majesty a duplicate of my Answer.' 'Will submit to you every step of my conduct; of my whole life, in whatever place I end it. I am Kōnig's friend; but assuredly I am much more attached to your Majesty; and if he were capable the least in the world of failing in respect' (as is rumoured), I would'—Enough!

*Friedrich relents* (To Voltaire; De Prades writing, Friedrich covertly dictating: no date). 'The King has held his Consistory; and it has there been discussed, Whether your case was a mortal sin or a venial? In truth, all the Doctors owned that it was mortal, and even exceedingly confirmed as such by repeated lapses and relapses. Nevertheless, by the plenitude of the grace of Beelzebub, which rests in the said King, he thinks he can absolve you, if not in whole, yet in part. This would be, of course, in virtue of some act of contrition and penitence imposed on you: but as, in the Empire of Satan, there is a great respect had of

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[1] In De Prades's hand: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 308-9: Friedrich's own Minute to De Prades has, instead of these last three lines: 'That I have not the folly and vanity of authors, and that the cabals of literary people seem to me the depth of degradation,' etc.

[2] Collini, p. 53.

[3] 'In the *Stralauer Vorstadt* (*hodie*, Woodmarket Street):' Preuss's Note to this Letter, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 306 *n*.

25th March 1753]

genius, I think, on the whole, that, for the sake of your talents, one might pardon a good many things which do discredit to your heart. These are the Sovereign Pontiff's words; which I have carefully taken down. They are a Prophecy rather.'[1]

*Voltaire to De Prades* ('Belvedere, 15th March' 1753). 'Dear Abbé,—Your style has not appeared to me soft. You are a frank Secretary of State:—nevertheless I give you warning, it is to be a settled point that I embrace you before going. I shall not be able to kiss you; my lips are too choppy from my devil of a disorder' (*scurvy*, I hear). 'You will easily dispense with my kisses; but don't dispense, I pray you, with my warm and true friendship.

'I own I am in despair at quitting you, and quitting the King; but it is a thing indispensable. Consider with our dear Marquis' (D'Argens), 'with Fredersdorf,—*parbleu*, with the King himself, How you can manage that I have the consolation of seeing him before I go. I absolutely will have it; I will embrace with my two arms the Abbé and the Marquis. The Marquis sha'n't be kissed, any more than you; nor the King either. But I shall perhaps fall blubbering; I am weak, I am a drenched hen. I shall make a foolish figure: never mind; I must, once more, have sight of you two. If I cannot throw myself at the King's feet, the Plombières waters will kill me. I await your answer, to quit this Country as a happy or as a miserable man. Depend on me for life.—V.'[2]—This is the last of these obscure Documents.

Three days after which, 'evening of March 18th,'[3] Voltaire, Collini with him and all his packages, sets-out for Potsdam; King's guest once more. Sees the King in person 'after dinner, next day'; stays with him almost a week, 'quite gay together,' 'some private quizzing even of Maupertuis' (if we could believe Collini or his master on that point); means 'to return in October, when quite refitted,'—does at least (note it, reader), on that ground, retain his Cross and Key, and his Gift of the *Œuvre de Poésies*: which he had much better have left! And finally, morning of March 25th, 1753,[4] drives off,—towards Dresden, where there are Printing Affairs to settle, and which is the nearest safe City;—and Friedrich and he, intending so or not, have seen one another for the last time. Not quite intending that extremity, either of them, I

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 307.
[2] *Ibid.* 308.
[3] Collini, pp. 55, 56.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 56; see Rödenbeck, i. 252.

should think; but both aware that living together was a thing to be avoided henceforth.

'Take care of your health, above all; and don't forget that I expect to see you again after the Waters!' such was Friedrich's adieu, say the French Biographers,[1] 'who is himself just going-off to the Silesian Reviews,' add they;—who does, in reality, drive to Berlin that day; but not to the Silesian Reviews till May following. As Voltaire himself will experience, to his cost!

## CHAPTER XII

### OF THE AFTERPIECE, WHICH PROVED STILL MORE TRAGICAL

VOLTAIRE, once safe on Saxon ground, was in no extreme haste for Plombières. He deliberately settled his Printing Affairs at Dresden; then at Leipzig;—and scattered through Newspapers, or what portholes he had, various fiery darts against Maupertuis; aggravating the humours in Berlin, and provoking Maupertuis to write him an express Letter. Letter which is too curious, especially the Answer it gets, to be quite omitted:

*Maupertuis to Voltaire* (at Leipzig)

'Berlin, 3d April 1753. If it is true that you design to attack me again' (with your *La-Beaumelle* doggeries and scurrilous discussions), I declare to you that I have still health enough to find you wherever you are, and to take the most signal vengeance on you (*vengeance la plus éclatante*). Thank the respect and the obedience which have hitherto restrained my arm, and saved you from the worst adventure you have ever yet had.—MAUPERTUIS.'

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[1] Collini, p. 57; Duvernet, p. 186; *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 187 ('will return in October').

*Voltaire's Answer* (from Leipzig, a few days after)

'*M. le Président*,—I have had the honour to receive your Letter. You inform me that you are well; that your strength is entirely returned; and that, if I publish La Beaumelle's Letter' (private Letter of his, lent me by a Friend, which proves that *you* set him against me), you will come and assassinate me. What ingratitude to your poor medical man Akakia! * * If you exalt your soul so as to discern futurity, you will see that if you come on that errand to Leipzig, where you are no better liked than in other places, and where your Letter is in safe Legal hands, you run some risk of being hanged. Poor me, indeed, you will find in bed; and I shall have nothing for you but my syringe and vessel of dishonour: but so soon as I have gained a little strength, I will have my pistols charged *cum pulvere pyrio*; and multiplying the mass by the square of the velocity, so as to reduce the action and you to zero, I will put some lead in your head;—it appears to have need of it. *Adieu, mon Président.*—AKAKIA.'[1]

Here, in the history of Duelling, or challengings to mortal combat, is a unique article! At which the whole world haha'd again; perhaps King Friedrich himself; though he was dreadfully provoked at it, too; 'No mending of that fellow!' —and took a resolution in consequence, as will be seen.

Dresden and Leipzig done with, Voltaire accepted an invitation to the Court of Sachsen-Gotha (most polite Serene Highnesses there, and especially a charming Duchess,—who set him upon doing the *Annales de l'Empire*, decidedly his worst Book). 'About April 21st' Voltaire arrived, stayed till the last days of May;[2] and had, for five weeks, a beautiful time at Gotha;—Wilhelmina's Daughter there (young Duchess of Würtemburg, on visit, as it chanced),[3] and all manner of graces, melodies and beneficences; a little working, too, at the *Annales*, in the big Library, between-whiles. Five decidedly melodious weeks. Beautiful interlude, or half-hour of orchestral

[1] Duvernet, pp. 186, 187; *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxi. 55-60.

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 182 *n.* (Clogenson's Note).

[3] Wilhelmina-Friedrich Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. III. 258, 249).

fiddling in this Voltaire Drama; half-hour which could not last! On the heel of which there unhappily followed an Afterpiece or codicil to the Berlin Visit; which, so to speak, set the whole theatre on fire, and finished by explosion worse than *Akakia* itself. A thing still famous to mankind;—of which some intelligible notion must be left with readers.

The essence of the story is briefly this. Voltaire, by his fine deportment in parting with Friedrich, had been allowed to retain his Decorations, his Letter of Agreement, his Royal *Book of Poésies* (one of those 'Twelve Copies,' printed *au Donjon du Château*, in happier times!)—and, in short, to go his ways as a friend, not as a runaway or one dismissed. But now, by his late procedures at Leipzig, and 'firings out of portholes' in that manner, he had awakened Friedrich's indignation again,—Friedrich's regret at allowing him to take those articles with him; and produced a resolution in Friedrich to have them back. They are not generally articles of much moment; but as marks of friendship, they are now all falsities. One of the articles might be of frightful importance: that Book of Poesies; thrice-private *Œuvre de Poésies*, in which are satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head: one shudders to think what fires a spiteful Voltaire might cause by publishing these! This was Friedrich's idea;—and by no means a chimerical one, as the Fact proved; said *Œuvre* being actually reprinted upon him, at Paris afterwards (not by Voltaire), in the crisis of the Seven-Years War, to put him out with his Uncle of England, whom it quizzed in passages.[1] 'We will have those articles back,' thinks Friedrich; 'that *Œuvre* most especially! No difficulty: wait for him at Frankfurt, as he passes home; demand them of him there.' And has (directly on those new 'firings

[1] Title of it is, *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris, pretending to be 'Potsdam,' 1760), 1 vol. 12mo: at Paris, 'in January' this; whereupon, at Berlin, with despatch, 'April 9th,' 'the real edition' (properly castrated) was sent forth) under title, *Poésies Diverses*, 1 vol. big 8vo (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. Preface, p. x. See Formey, ii. 225, under date misprinted '1763').

through portholes' at Leipzig) bidden Fredersdorf take measures accordingly.[1]

Fredersdorf did so; early in April and onward had his Official Person waiting at Frankfurt (one Freytag, our Prussian Resident there, very celebrated ever since), vigilant in the extreme for Voltaire's arrival,—and who did not miss that event. Voltaire, arriving at last (May 31st), did, with Freytag's hand laid gently on his sleeve, at once give-up what of the articles he had about him;—the *Œuvre*, unluckily, not one of them; and agreed to be under mild arrest ('*Parole d'honneur*; in the *Lion d'Or* Hôtel here!') till said *Œuvre* should come up. Under Fredersdorf's guidance, all this, and what follows; King Friedrich, after the general Order given, had nothing more to do with it, and was gone upon his Reviews.

In the course of two weeks or more the *Œuvre de Poésie* did come. Voltaire was impatient to go. And he might perhaps have at once gone, had Freytag been clearly instructed, so as to know the essential from the unessential here. But he was not;—poor subaltern Freytag had to say, on Voltaire's urgencies; 'I will at once report to Berlin; if the answer be (as we hope), "All right," you are that moment at liberty!' This was a thing unexpected, astonishing to Voltaire; a thing demanding patience, silence: in three days more, with silence, as turns out, it would have been all beautifully over,—but he was not strong in those qualities!

Voltaire's arrest hitherto had been merely on his word of honour, 'I promise, on my honour, not to go beyond the Garden of this Inn.' But he now, without warning anybody, privately revoked said word of honour; and Collini and he, next morning, whisked shiftily into a hackney-coach, and were on the edge of being clear off. To Freytag's terror and horror; who, however, caught them in time: and was rigorous enough now, and loud enough;—street-mob gathering round the transaction; Voltaire very loud, and Freytag too,—the

[1] 'Friedrich to Wilhelmina, 12th April 1753' (*Œuvres*, xxvii. 111. 227).

matter taking fire here; and scenes occurring, which Voltaire has painted in a highly flagrant manner!

On the third day, Answer from Berlin had come, as expected; answer (as to the old score): 'All right; let him go!' But to punctual Freytag's mind, here is now a new considerable item of sundries: insult to his Majesty, to wit; breaking his Majesty's arrest, in such insolent loud manner: —and Freytag finds that he must write anew. Post is very slow; and, though Fredersdorf answers constantly, from Berlin, 'Let him go, let him go,' there have to be writings and re-writings; and it is not till July 7th (after a detention, not of nearly three weeks, as it might and would have been, but of five and a day) that Voltaire gets off, and then too at full gallop, and in a very unseemly way.

This is authentically the world-famous Frankfurt Affair;—done by Fredersdorf, as we say; Friedrich, absent in Silesia, or in Preussen even, having no hand in it, except the original Order left with Fredersdorf. Voltaire has used his flamingest colours on this occasion, being indeed dreadfully provoked and chagrined; painting the thing in a very flagrant manner,—known to all readers. Voltaire's flagrant Narrative had the round of the world to itself, for a hundred years; and did its share of execution against Friedrich. Till at length, recently, a precise impartial hand, the Herr Varnhagen, thought of looking into the Archives; and has, in a distinct, minute and entertaining way, explained the truth of it to everybody;—leaving the Voltaire Narrative in rather sad condition.[1] We have little room; but must give, compressed, from Varnhagen and the other evidences, a few of the characteristic points. The story falls into two Parts.

*Part I. Fredersdorf sends Instructions; the 'Œuvre de Poésie' is got; but—*

*April 11th*, 1753 (few days after that of Maupertuis's Cartel, Voltaire

[1] Varnhagen von Ense, *Voltaire in Frankfurt am Mayn*, 1753 (separate, as here, 12mo, pp. 92; or in *Berliner Kalender* for 1846).

31st May 1753]

having set to firing through portholes again, and the King being swift in his resolution on it), Factotum Fredersdorf, who has a free-flowing yet a steady and compact pen, directs Herr Freytag, our Resident at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, To procure from the Authorities there, on Majesty's request, the necessary powers; then vigilantly to look-out for Voltaire's arrival; to detain the said Voltaire, and, if necessary, arrest him, till he deliver certain articles belonging to his Majesty: Cross of Merit, Gold Key, printed *Œuvre de Poésies* and Writings (*Skripturen*) of his Majesty's; in short, various articles,—the specification of which is somewhat indistinct. In Fredersdorf's writing, all this; not so mathematically luminous and indisputable as in Eichel's it would have been. Freytag put questions, and there passed several Letters between Fredersdorf and him; but it was always uncomfortably hazy to Freytag, and he never understood or guessed that the *Œuvre de Poésies* was the vital item, and the rest formal in comparison. Which is justly considered to have been an unlucky circumstance, as matters turned. For help to himself, Freytag is to take counsel with one Hofrath Schmidt; a substantial experienced Burgher of Frankfurt, whose rathship is Prussian.

*April 21st*, Freytag answers, That Schmidt and he received his Majesty's All-gracious Orders the day before yesterday (Post takes eight days, it would seem); that they have procured the necessary powers; and are now, and will be, diligently watchful to execute the same. Which, one must say, they in right earnest are; patrolling about, with lips strictly closed, eyes vividly open; and have a man or two privately on watch at the likely stations, on the possible highways;—and so continue, Voltaire doing his *Annals of the Empire*, and enjoying himself at Gotha, for weeks after,[1]—much unconscious of their patrolling.

Freytag is in no respect a shining Diplomatist;—probably some *Emeritus* Lieutenant, doing his function for 30*l.* a year: but does it in a practical solid manner. Writes with stiff brevity, stiff but distinct; with perfect observance of grammar both in French and German; with good practical sense, and faithful effort to do aright what his order is: no trace of 'Monsir,' of 'Œuvre de Poéshie,' to be found in Freytag; and most, or all, of the ridiculous burs stuck on him by Voltaire, are to be pulled off again as—as fibs, or fictions, solacing to the afflicted Wit. Freytag is not of quick or bright intellect: and unluckily, just at the crisis of Voltaire's actual arrival, both Schmidt and Fredersdorf are off to Embden, where there is 'Grand Meeting of the Embden Shipping Company' (with comfortable dividends, let us hope),—and have left Freytag to his own resources, in case of emergency.

*Thursday May 31st*, 'about eight in the evening,' Voltaire does arrive,—most prosperous journey hitherto, by Cassel, Marburg, Warburg, and

[1] 'Left Gotha 25th May' (Clog. in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxv. 192 *n.*).

other places famous then or since; Landgraf of Hessen (wise Wilhelm, whom we knew) honourably lodging him; innkeepers calling him 'Your Excellency,' or 'M. le Comte';—and puts-up at the Golden Lion at Frankfurt, where rooms have been ordered; Freytag well aware, though he says nothing.

*Friday morning June 1st*, 'his Excellency and Suite' (Voltaire and Collini) have their horses harnessed, carriage out, and are about taking the road again,—when Freytag, escorted by a Dr. Rücker, 'Frankfurt Magistrate *de mauvaise mine*,'[1] and a Prussian recruiting Lieutenant, presents himself in Voltaire's apartment! Readers know Voltaire's account and Monsir Collini's; and may now hear Freytag's own, which is painted from fact:

'Introductory civilities done (*nach gemachten Politessen*), I made him acquainted with the will of your most All-gracious Majesty. He was much astonished (*bestürzt*,' no wonder); 'he shut his eyes, and flung himself back in his chair.'[2] Calls-in his friend Collini, whom, at first, I had requested to withdraw. Two coffers are produced, and opened, by Collini; visitation, punctual, long and painful, lasted from nine A.M. till five P.M. Packets are made,—a great many Papers, 'and one Poem which he was unwilling to quit' (perilous *La Pucelle*);—inventories are drawn, duly signed. Packets are signeted, mutually sealed, Rücker claps-on the Town-seal first, Freytag and Voltaire following with theirs. 'He made thousand protestations of his fidelity to your Majesty; became pretty weak' (like fainting, think you, Herr Resident?), 'and indeed he looks like a skeleton.'—'We then made demand of the Book, *Œuvre de Poésies*: That, he said, was in the Big Case; and he knew not whether at Leipzig or Hamburg' (knew very well where it was); and finding nothing else would do, wrote for it, showing Freytag the Letter; and engaged, on his word of honour, not to stir hence till it arrived.

Upon which,—what is farther to be noted, though all seems now settled,—Freytag, at Voltaire's earnest entreaty, 'for behoof of Madame Denis, a beloved Niece, Monsieur, who is waiting for me hourly at Strasburg, whom such fright might be the death of!'—puts on paper a few words (the few which Voltaire has twisted into 'Monsir,' 'Poéshies' and so forth), to the effect, 'That whenever the *Œuvre* comes, Voltaire shall actually have leave to go.' And so, after eight-hours labour (nine A.M. to five P.M.), everything is hushed again. Voltaire, much shocked and astonished, poor soul, 'sits quietly down to his *Annales*' (says Collini),—to working, more or less; a resource he often flies to, in such cases. Madame Denis, on receiving his bad news at Strasburg, sets off towards him: arrives some days before the *Œuvre* and its Big Case. King Friedrich had gone, May 1st, for some weeks, to his

[1] Collini, p. 77.

[2] Varnhagen, p. 16.

18th June 1753]

Silesian Reviews; June 1st (very day of this great sorting in the Lion d'Or), he is off again, to utmost Prussia this time;—and knows, hitherto and till quite the end, nothing, except that Voltaire has not turned-up anywhere.

* * Voltaire cannot have done much at his *Annals*, in this interim at the Golden Lion, 'where he has liberty to walk in the Garden.' He has been, and is, secretly corresponding, complaining and applying, all round, at a great rate: to Count Stadion the Imperial Excellency at Mainz, to French friends, to Princess Wilhelmina, ultimately to Friedrich himself.[1] He has been receiving visits, from Serene Highnesses, 'Duke of Meiningen' and the like, who happen to be in Town. Visit from iniquitous Dutch Bookseller, Van Duren (Printer of the *Anti-Macchiavel*); with whom we had such controversy once. Iniquitous, now opulent and prosperous, Van Duren, happening to be here, will have the pleasure of calling on an old distinguished friend: distinguished friend, at sight of him entering the Garden, steps hastily up, gives him a box on the ear, without words but an interjection or two; and vanishes within doors. That is something! 'Monsieur,' said Collini, striving to weep, but unable, 'you have had a blow from the greatest man in the world.'[2] In short, Voltaire has been exciting great sensation in Frankfurt; and keeping Freytag in perpetual fear and trouble.

*Monday* 18*th June*, the Big Case, lumbering along, does arrive. It is carried straight to Freytag's; and at eleven in the morning, Collini eagerly attends to have it opened. Freytag,—to whom Schmidt has returned from Embden, but no Answer from Potsdam, or the least light about those *Skripturen*,—is in the depths of embarrassment; cannot open, till he know completely what items and *Skripturen* he is to make sure of on opening: 'I cannot, till the King's answer come!'—'But your written promise to Voltaire?' 'Tush, that was my own private promise, Monsieur; my own private prediction of what would happen; a thing *pro formâ*, and to save Madame Denis's life. Patience; perhaps it will arrive this very day. Come again to me at three P.M.;—there is Berlin post today; then again in three days:—I surely expect the Order will come by this post or next; God grant it may be by this!' Collini attends at three; there is Note from Fredersdorf: King's Majesty absent in Preussen all this while; expected now in two days. Freytag's face

[1] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 207-14, etc. Letters to Stadion (of strange enough tenor: see Varnhagen, pp. 30, etc.). In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 303, and in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 185, is the Letter to Friedrich (dateless, totally misplaced, and rendered unintelligible, in both Works): Letter *sent* through Wilhelmina (see her fine remarks in forwarding it, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. III. 234.

[2] Collini, p. 182.

visibly brightens: 'Wait till next post; three days more, only wait!'[1] And in fact, by next post, as we find, the *Open-Sesame* did punctually come. Voltaire, and all this big cawing rookery of miseries and rages, would have at once taken wing again, into the serene blue, could Voltaire but have had patience three days more! But that was difficult for him, too difficult.

## *Part II. Voltaire, in spite of his efforts, does get away* (June 20th—July 7th)

*Wednesday June 20th*, Voltaire and Collini ('word of honour' fallen dubious to them, dubious or more),—having laid their plan, striving to think it fair in the circumstances,—walk out from the Lion d'Or, 'Voltaire in black-velvet coat,'[2] with their valuablest effects (*La Pucelle* and money-box included); leaving Madame Denis to wait the disimprisonment of *Œuvre de Poésie*, and wind-up the general business. Walk out very gingerly,—duck into a hackney-coach; and attempt to escape by the Mainz Gate! Freytag's spy runs breathless with the news; never was a Freytag in such taking. Terrified Freytag has to 'throw-on his coat'; order-out three men to gallop by various routes; jump into some Excellency's coach (kind Excellency lent it), which is luckily standing yoked near by; and shoot with the velocity of life and death towards Mainz Gate. Voltaire, whom the well-affected Porter, suspecting something, has rather been retarding, is still there: 'Arrested, in the King's name!'—and there is such a scene! For Freytag, too, is now raging, ignited by such percussion of the terrors; and speaks, not like what they call 'a learned sergeant,' but like a drilled sergeant in heat of battle: Voltaire's tongue, also, and Collini's,—'Your Excellency never heard such brazen-faced lies thrown on a man; that I had offered, for 1,000 thalers, to let them go; that I had'—In short, the thing has caught fire; broken into flaming chaos come again.

'Freytag' (to give one snatch from Collini's side) 'got into the carriage along with us, and led us, in this way, across the mob of people to Schmidt's' (to see what was to be done with us). 'Sentries were put at the gate to keep-out the mob; we are led into a kind of counting-room; clerk, maid- and man-servants are about; Madam Schmidt passes before Voltaire with a disdainful air, to listen to Freytag, recounting,' in the tone of a *learned* sergeant, what the matter is. They seize our effects; under violent protest, worse than vain. 'Voltaire demands to have at least his snuff box, cannot do without snuff; they answer, 'It is usual to take everything.'

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[1] Varnhagen, pp. 39-41.

[2] *Ib.* p. 46.

20th June-7th July 1753]

'His,' Voltaire's, 'eyes were sparkling with fury; from time to time he lifted them on mine, as if to interrogate me. All on a sudden, noticing a door half-open, he dashes through it, and is out. Madam Schmidt forms her squad, shopmen and three maid-servants; and, at their head, rushes after. "What?" cries he, "cannot I be allowed to—to vomit, then?"' They form circle round him, till he do it; call-out Collini, who finds him 'bent-down, with his fingers in his throat, attempting to vomit; and is terrified; "*Mon Dieu*, are you ill, then?" He answered in a low voice, tears in his eyes, "*Fingo, fingo* (I pretend),"' and Collini leads him back, *re infectâ*. 'The Author of the *Henriade* and *Mérope*; what a spectacle!'[1] * * 'Not for two hours had they done with their writings and arrangings. Our portfolios and *cassette* (money-box) were thrown into an empty trunk' (what else could they be thrown into?)—'which was locked with a padlock, and sealed with a paper, Voltaire's arms on the one end, and Schmidt's cipher on the other. Dorn, Freytag's Clerk, was bidden lead us away. Sign of the *Bouc*' (or *Billy-Goat*; there henceforth; *Lion d'Or* refusing to be concerned with us farther); twelve soldiers; Madame Denis with curtains of bayonets,—and other well-known flagrancies. * * The 7th of July, Voltaire did actually go; and then in an extreme hurry,—by his own blame, again.

These final passages we touch only in the lump; Voltaire's own Narrative of these being so copious, flamingly impressive, and still known to everybody. How much better for Voltaire and us, had nobody ever known it; had it never been written; had the poor hubbub, no better than a chance street-riot all of it, after amusing old Frankfurt for a while, been left to drop into the gutters forever! To Voltaire and various others (me and my poor readers included), that was the desirable thing.

Had there but been, among one's resources, a little patience and practical candour, instead of all that vituperative eloquence and power of tragicomic description! Nay, in that case, this wretched street-riot hubbub need not have been at all. Truly M. de Voltaire had a talent for speech, but lamentably wanted that of silence!—We have now only the sad duty of pointing-out the principal mendacities contained in M. de Voltaire's world-famous Account (for the other side has been heard since that); and so of quitting a painful

[1] Collini, pp. 81, 86.

business. The principal mendacities,—deducting all that about '*Poëshie*' and the like, which we will define as poetic fiction,—are:

1°. That, of the considerable files of soldiers (almost a Company of Musketeers, one would think) stuck-up round M. de Voltaire and Party, in *The Billy-Goat*; Madame Denis's bed-curtains being a screen of bayonets, and the like. The exact number of soldiers I cannot learn: 'a *Schildwache* of the Townguard' (means one; surely does not mean Four?) 'for each prisoner,' reports the arithmetical Freytag; which, in the extreme case, would have been twelve in whole (as Collini gives it); and 'next day we reduced them to two,' says Freytag.

2°. That of the otherwise frightful night Madame Denis had; 'the fellow Dorn' (Freytag's Clerk, poor, hard-worked frugal creature, with frugal wife and family not far off) 'insisting to sit in the Lady's bedroom; there emptying bottle after bottle; nay, at last' (as Voltaire bethinks him, after a few days) 'threatening to'—Plainly to *excel* all belief! A thing not to be spoken of publicly: indeed, what Lady could speak of it at all, except in hints to an Uncle of advanced years?—Proved fact being, that Madame Denis, all in a flutter, that first night at *The Billy-Goat*, had engaged Dorn, 'for a louis-d'or,' to sit in her bedroom; and did actually pay him a louis-d'or for doing so! This is a very bad mendacity; clearly conscious on M. de Voltaire's part, and even constructed by degrees.

3°. Very bad also is that of the moneys stolen from him by those Official people. M. de Voltaire knows well enough how he failed to get his moneys, and quitted Frankfurt in a hurry! Here, inexorably certain from the Documents, and testimonies on both parts, is that final Passage of the long Firework; last crackle of the rocket before it dropped perpendicular:

*July 6th*, complete *Open-Sesame* having come, Freytag and Schmidt duly invited Voltaire to be present at the opening of seals (his and theirs), and to have his moneys and effects returned from that 'old trunk' he speaks of. But Voltaire had by this time taken a higher flight. July 6th, Voltaire was protesting before Notaries, about the unheard-of violence done him, the signal reparations due; and disdained, for the moment, to concern himself with moneys or opening of seals: 'Seals, moneys? Ye atrocious Highwaymen!'

Upon which, they sent poor Dorn with the sealed trunk *in corpore*, to have it opened by Voltaire himself. Collini, in *The Billy-Goat*, next morning (July 7th), says, he (Collini) had just loaded two journey-pistols, part of the usual carriage-furniture, and they lay on the table. At sight of poor Dorn darkening his chamber-door, Voltaire, the prey

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of various flurries and highflown vehemences, snatched one of the pistols ('pistol without powder, without flint, without lock,' says Voltaire; 'efficient pistol just loaded,' testifies Collini);—snatched said pistol; and clicking it to the cock, plunged Dorn-ward, with furious exclamations: not quite unlikely to have shot Dorn (in the fleshy parts),—had not Collini hurriedly struck-up his hand, '*Mon Dieu, Monsieur!*' and Dorn, with trunk, instantly vanished. Dorn, naturally, ran to a Lawyer. Voltaire, dreading Trial for intended Homicide, instantly gathered himself; and shot away, self and *Pucelle* with Collini, clear off;—leaving Niece Denis, leaving moneys and other things, to wait till tomorrow, and settle as they could.

After due lapse of days, in the due legal manner, the Trunk was opened; 'the 19*l.* of expenses' (19*l.* and odd shillings, not 100*l.* or more, as Voltaire variously gives it) was accurately taken from it by Schmidt and Freytag, to be paid where due.—(in exact liquidation, 'Landlord of *The Billy-Goat*' so much, 'Hackney-Coachmen, Riding Constables sent in chase,' so much, as per bill);—and the rest, 76*l.* 10*s.* was punctually locked-up again, till Voltaire should apply for it. 'Send it after him,' Friedrich answered, when inquired of; 'Send it after him; but not' (reflects he) 'unless there is somebody to take his Receipt for it,'—our gentleman being the man he is. Which case, or any application from Voltaire, never turned-up. 'Robbed by those highwaymen of Prussian Agents!' exclaimed Voltaire everywhere, instead of applying. Never applied; nor ever forgot. Would fain have engaged Collini to apply,—especially when the French Armies had got into Frankfurt,—but Collini did not see his way.[1]

So that, except as consolatory scolding-stock for the rest of his life, Voltaire got nothing of his 76*l.* 10*s.*, 'with jewels and snuffbox,' always lying ready in the Trunk for him. And it had, I suppose, at the long last, to go by *Right of Windfall* to somebody or other:—unless, perhaps, it still lie, overwhelmed under dust and lumber, in the garrets of the old Rathhaus yonder, waiting for a legal owner? What became of it, no man knows; but that no doit of it ever went Freytag's or King Friedrich's way, is abundantly evident. On the whole, what an entertaining Narrative is that of Voltaire's; but what a pity he had ever written it!

[1] Three Letters to Collini on the subject (January—May 1759), *Collini*, pp. 208-211.

This was the finishing Catastrophe, tragical exceedingly; which went loud-sounding through the world, and still goes, —the more is the pity. Catastrophe due throughout to three causes: *First*, That Fredersdorf, not Eichel, wrote the Order; and introduced the indefinite phrase *Skripturen*, instead of sticking by the *Œuvre de Poésies*, the one essential point. *Second*, That Freytag was of heavy pipeclay nature. *Third*, That Voltaire was of impatient explosive nature; and, in calamities, was wont, not to be silent and consider, but to lift-up his voice (having such a voice), and with passionate melody appeal to the Universe, and do worse, by way of helping himself!—

'The poor Voltaire, after all!' ejaculates Smelfungus. 'Lean, of no health, but melodious extremely (in a shallow sense); and truly very lonely, old and weak, in this world. What an end to Visit Fifth; began in Olympus, terminates in the Lock-up! His conduct, except in the Jew Case, has nothing of bad, at least of unprovokedly bad. "Lost my teeth," said he, when things were at zenith. "Thought I should never weep again,"—now when they are at nadir. A sore blow to one's Vanity, in presence of assembled mankind; and made still more poignant by noises of one's own adding. France forbidden to him' (by expressive signalings); 'miraculous Goshen of Prussia shut: "these old eyes, which I thought would continue dry till they closed forever, were streaming in tears;"'[1]—but soon brightened-up again: Courage!

How Voltaire now wanders about for several years, doing his *Annales*, and other Works; now visiting Lyon City (which is all in *gaudeamus* round him, though Cardinal Tencin does decline him as dinner-guest); now lodging with Dom Calmet in the Abbey of Senones (ultimately in one's own first-floor, in Colmar near by), digging, in Calmet's Benedictine Libraries, stuff for his *Annales*;—wandering about (chiefly in Elsass, latterly on the Swiss Border), till he find rest for the sole of his foot:[2] all this may be known to readers; and we must

[1] Letter from 'Mainz, 9th July,' third day of rout or flight; To Niece Denis, left behind (*Œuvres*, lxxv. 220).

[2] Purchased *Les Délices* (The Delights), as he named it, a glorious Summer Residence, on the Lake, near Geneva (supplemented by a Winter ditto, *Monrion*,

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say nothing of it. Except only that, next year, in his tent, or hired lodgings at Colmar, the Angels visited him (Abraham-like, after a sort). Namely, that one evening (late in October 1754), a knock came to his door, 'Her Serene Highness of Baireuth wishes to see you, at the Inn over there!' 'Inn, Baireuth, say you? Heavens, what?'—Or, to take it in the prose form:

'January 26th, 1753, about eight P.M.' (while Voltaire sat desolate in Francheville's, far away), 'the Palace at Baireuth,—Margraf with candle at an open window, and gauze curtains near,—had caught fire; inexorably flamed-up, and burnt itself to ashes, it and other fine edifices adjoining.[1] Wilhelmina is always very ill in health; they are now rebuilding their Palace: Margraf has suggested, "Why not try Montpellier; let us have a winter there!" On that errand they are (end of October 1754) got the length of Colmar; and do the Voltaire miracle in passing. Very charming to the poor man, in his rustication here.

'"Eight hours in a piece, with the Sister of the King of Prussia," writes he: think of that, my friends! "She loaded me with bounties; made me a most beautiful present. Insisted to see my Niece; would have me go with them to Montpellier."[2] Other interviews and meetings they had, there and farther on: Voltaire tried for the Montpellier; but could not.[3] Wilhelmina wintered at Montpellier, without Voltaire ("Thank your stars!" writes Friedrich to her. The Friedrich-Wilhelmina *Letters* are at their best during this Journey; here unfortunately very few).[4] Winter done, Wilhelmina went still South, to Italy, to Naples, back by Venice:—at Naples, undergoing the Grotto del Cane and neighbourhood, Wilhelmina plucked a Sprig of Laurel from Virgil's Grave, and sent it to her Brother in the prettiest manner;—is home at Baireuth, new Palace ready, August 1755.'

These points, hurriedly put down, careful readers will mark,

near Lausanne), 'in February 1755' (*Œuvres*, xvii. 243 *n.*);—then purchased *Ferney*, not far off, 'in October 1758'; and continued there, still more glorious, for almost twenty years thenceforth (*ibid.* lxxvii. 398, xxxix. 307: thank the exact 'Clog.' for both these Notes).

[1] Holle, *Stadt Bayreuth* (Bayreuth, 1833), p. 178.

[2] Letters (in *Œuvres*, lxxv. 450, 452), 'Colmar, 23d October, etc. 1754.'

[3] Wrote to Friedrich about it (one of his first Letters after the Explosion), applying to Friedrich 'for a Passport' or Letter of Protection; which Friedrich answers by De Prades, openly laughing at it (*Œuvres*, xxiii. 6).

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. III. 248-273 (September 1754, and onwards).

and perhaps try to keep in mind. Wilhelmina's Tourings are not without interest to her friends. Of her Voltaire acquaintanceship, especially, we shall hear again. With Voltaire, Friedrich himself had no farther Correspondence, or as good as none, for four years and more. What Voltaire writes to him (with Gifts of Books and the like, in the tenderest regretful pathetically *cooing* tone, enough to mollify rocks), Friedrich usually answers by De Prades, if at all,—in a quite discouraging manner. In the end of 1757, on what hint we shall see, the Correspondence recommenced, and did not cease again so long as they both lived.

Voltaire at Potsdam is a failure, then. Nothing to be made of that. Law is reformed; Embden has its Shipping Companies; Industry flourishes: but as to the Trismegistus of the Muses coming to our Hearth—! Some Eight of Friedrich's years were filled by these Three grand Heads of Effort; perfect Peace in all his borders: and in 1753 we see how the celestial one of them has gone to wreck. 'Understand at last, your Majesty, that there is no Muses'-Heaven possible on Telluric terms; and cast that notion out of your head!'

Friedrich does cast it out, more and more, henceforth,—'*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, what *was* your knowledge, then, of that damned race?' Casts it out, we perceive,—and in a handsome silently stoical way. Cherishing no wrath in his heart against any poor devil; still, in some sort, loving this and the other of them; Chasot, Algarotti, Voltaire even, who have gone from him, too weak for the place: 'Too weak, alas, yes; and I, was I wise to try them, then?' With a fine humanity, new hope inextinguishably welling-up; really with a loyalty, a modesty, a cheery brother manhood unexpected by readers.

Eight of the Eleven Peace Years are gone in these courses. The next three, still silent and smooth to the outward eye, were defaced by subterranean mutterings, electric heralds of coming storm. 'Meaning battle and wrestle again?'

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thinks Friedrich, listening intent. A far other than welcome message to Friedrich. A message ominous; thrice unwelcome, not to say terrible. Requires to be scanned with all one's faculty; to be interpreted; to be obeyed, in spite of one's reluctances and lazinesses. To plunge again into the Mahlstrom, into the clash of Chaos, and dive for one's Silesia, the third time;—horrible to lazy human nature: but if the facts are so, it must be done!—

## CHAPTER XIII

### ROMISH-KING QUESTION; ENGLISH-PRIVATEER QUESTION

THE Public Events so-called, which have been occupying mankind during this Voltaire Visit, require now mainly to be forgotten;—and may, for our purposes, be conveniently riddled-down to Three. *First*, King-of-the-Romans Question; *Second*, English-Privateer Question; and then, hanging curiously related to these Two, a *Third*, or 'English-French Canada Question.' Of some importance all of them; extremely important to Friedrich, especially that Third and least-expected of them.

Witty Hanbury Williams, the English Excellency at Berlin, busy intriguing little creature, became distasteful there, long since; and they had to take him away: 'recalled,' say the Documents, '22d January 1751.' Upon which, no doubt, he made a noise in Downing Street; and got, it appears, 'recredentials to Berlin, 4th March 1751';[1] but I think did not much reside, nor intend to reside; having all manner of wandering Continental duties to do; and a world of petty businesses and wide-spread intrigues, Russian, German and other, on hand. Robinson, too, is now home; returned, 1748

[1] Manuscript *List* in State-Paper Office.

(Treaty of Aix in his pocket); and an Excellency Keith, more and more famous henceforth, has succeeded him in that Austrian post. Busy people, these and others; now legationing in Foreign parts: able in their way; but whose work proved to be that of spinning ropes from sand, and must not detain us at this time.

The errand of all these Britannic Excellencies is upon a notable scheme, which Royal George and his Newcastle have devised, Of getting all made tight, and the Peace of Aix double-riveted, so to speak, and rendered secure against every contingency,—by having Archduke Joseph at once elected 'King of the Romans.' King of the Romans straightway; whereby he follows at once as Kaiser, should his Father die; and is liable to no French or other intriguing; and we have taken a bond of Fate that the Balance cannot be canted again. Excellent scheme, think both these heads; and are stirring Germany with all their might, purse in hand, to coöperate, and do it. Inconceivable what trouble these prescient minds are at, on this uncertain matter. It was Britannic Majesty's and Newcastle's main problem in this world, for perhaps four years (1749-1753):—'My own child,' as a fond Noodle of Newcastle used to call it; though I rather think it was the other that begot the wretched object, but had tired sooner of nursing it under difficulties.

Unhappily there needs unanimity of all the Nine Electors. The poorer you can buy; 'Bavarian Subsidy,' or annual pension, is only 45,000*l.*, for this invaluable object; Köln is only—a mere trifle:[1] trifles all, in comparison of the sacred Balance, and dear Hanover kept scathless. But unfortunately Friedrich, whom we must not think of buying, is not enthusiastic in the cause! Far from it. The now Kaiser has never yet got him, according to bargain, a Reichs-Guarantee for

[1] Debate on 'Bavarian Subsidy' (in Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 49): endless Correspondence between Newcastle and his Brother (curious to read, though of the most long-eared description on the Duke's part), in Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 338-465 ('31st May 1750—3d November 1752'): precise Account (if anybody now wanted it), in *Adelung*, vii. 146, 149, 154, *et seq.*

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the Peace of Dresden; and needs endless flagitating to do it.[1] The chase of security and aggrandisement to the House of Austria is by no means Friedrich's chief aim! This of King of the Romans never could be managed by Britannic Majesty and his Newcastle.

It was very triumphant, and I think at its hopefulest, in 1750, soon after starting,—when Excellency Hanbury first appeared at Berlin on behalf of it. That was Excellency Hanbury's first journey on this errand; and he made a great many more, no man readier; a stirring, intriguing creature (and always with such moneys to distribute); had victorious hopes now and then,—which one and all proved fatuous.[2] In 1751 and 1752, the darling Project met cross tides, foul winds, political whirlpools ('Such a set are those German Princes!')—and swam, indomitable, though near desperate, as Project seldom did; till happily, in 1753, it sank drowned:—and left his Grace of Newcastle asking, 'Well-a-day! And is not England drowned too?' We hope not.

'Owing mainly to Friedrich's opposition!' exclaimed Noodle and the Political Circles. Which,—(though it was not the fact; Friedrich's opposition, once that Reichs-Guarantee of his own was got, being mostly passive, 'Push it through the stolid element, then, *you* stolid fellows, if you can!')—awoke considerable outcry in England. Lively suspicion there, of treasonous intentions to the Cause of Liberty, on his Prussian Majesty's part; and,—coupled with other causes that had risen,—a great deal of ill-nature, in very dark condition, against his Prussian Majesty. And it was not Friedrich's blame, chiefly or at all. If indeed Friedrich would have forwarded the Enterprise:—but he merely did not; and the element was viscous, stolid. Austria itself

[1] Does it, at length, by way of furtherance to this Romish-King Business, '23d January—14th May 1751' (*Adelung*, vii. 217).

[2] 'June 1750,' Hanbury for Berlin (Britannic Majesty much anxious Hanbury were there): Hanbury to Warsaw next (hiring Polish Majesty there); at Dresden, does make victorious Treaty, September 1751; at Vienna, 1753 (still on the same quest). Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 339, 196, 469.

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had wished the thing; but with nothing like such enthusiasm as King George;—to whom the refusal, by Friedrich and Fate, was a bitter disappointment. Poor Britannic Majesty: Archduke Joseph came to be King of the Romans, in due course, right enough. And long before that event (almost before George had ended his vain effort to hasten it), Austria turned on its pivot; and had clasped, not England to its bosom, but France (thanks to that exquisite Kaunitz); and was in arms *against* England, dear Hanover, and the Cause of Liberty! Vain to look too far ahead,—especially with those fish-eyes. Smelfungus has a Note on Kaunitz; readable, though far too irreverent of that superlative Diplomatist, and unjust to the real human merits he had.

'The struggles of Britannic George to get a King of the Romans elected were many. Friedrich never would bite at this salutary scheme for strengthening the House of Austria: "A bad man, is not he?" And all the while, the Court of Austria seemed indifferent, in comparison; —and Graf von Kaunitz-Rietberg, Ambassador at Paris, was secretly busy, wheeling Austria round on its axis, France round on its; and bringing them to embrace in political wedlock! Feat accomplished by his Excellency Kaunitz (Paris, 1752-3);—accomplished, not consummated; left ready for consummating when he, Kaunitz, now home as Prime Minister, or helmsman on the new tack, should give signal. Thought to be one of the cleverest feats ever done by Diplomatic art.

'Admirable feat, for the Diplomatic art which it needed; not, that I can see, for any other property it had. Feat which brought, as it was intended to do, a Third Silesian War; death of about a million fighting men, and endless woes to France and Austria in particular. An exquisite Diplomatist, this Kaunitz; came to be Prince, almost to be God-Brahma in Austria, and to rule the Heavens and Earth (having skill with his Sovereign Lady, too), in an exquisite and truly surprising manner. Sits there sublime, like a gilt crockery Idol, supreme over the populations, for near forty years.

'One reads all Biographies and Histories of Kaunitz:[1] one catches evidence of his well knowing his Diplomatic element, and how to rule it and impose on it. Traits there are of human cunning, shrewdness of eye;—of the loftiest silent human pride, stoicism, perseverance of determination,—but not, to my remembrance, of any conspicuous

[1] Hormayr's (in *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. 3tes, 231-283); etc. etc.

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human wisdom whatever. One asks, Where is his wisdom? Enumerate, then, do me the pleasure of enumerating, what he contrived that the Heavens answered Yes to, and not No to? All silent! A man to give one thoughts. Sits like a God-Brahma, human idol of gilt crockery, with nothing in the belly of it (but a portion of boiled chicken daily, very ill-digested); and such a prostrate worship, from those around him, as was hardly seen elsewhere. Grave, inwardly unhappy-looking; but impenetrable, uncomplaining. Seems to have passed privately an Act of Parliament: "Kaunitz Rietberg here, as you see him, is the greatest now alive; he, I privately assure you!"—and, by continued private determination, to have got all men about him to ratify the same, and accept it as valid. Much can be done in that way with stupidish populations; nor is Beau Brummel the only instance of it, among ourselves, in the later epochs.

'Kaunitz is a man of long hollow face, nose naturally rather turned into the air, till artificially it got altogether turned thither. Rode beautifully; but always under cover; day by day, under glass roof in the riding-school, so many hours or minutes, watch in hand. Hated, or dreaded, fresh-air above everything: so that the Kaiserinn, a noble lover of it, would always good-humouredly hasten to shut her windows when he made her a visit. Sumptuous suppers, soirées, he had; the pink of Nature assembling in his house; galaxy, domestic and foreign, of all the Vienna Stars. Through which he would walk one turn; glancing stoically, over his nose, at the circumambient whirlpool of nothings,—happy the nothing to whom he would deign a word, and make him something. Oh my friends!—In short, it was he who turned Austria on its axis, and France on its, and brought them to the kissing pitch. Pompadour and Maria Theresa kissing mutually, like Righteousness and—not *Peace*, at any rate! "*Ma chère Cousine*," could I have believed it, at one time?'

A *Second* Prussian-English cause of offence had arisen, years ago, and was not yet settled; nay, is now (Spring 1753) at its height or crisis: Offence in regard to English Privateering.

Friedrich, ever since Ost-Friesland was his, has a considerable Foreign Trade,—not as formerly from Stettin alone, into the Baltic Russian ports; but from Embden now, which looks-out into the Atlantic and the general waters of Europe and the World. About which he is abundantly careful, as we have seen. Anxious to go on good grounds in this matter, and be accurately neutral, and observant of the Maritime

Laws, he had, in 1744, directly after coming to possession of Ost-Friesland, instructed Excellency Andrié, his Minister in London, to apply at the fountain-head, and expressly ask of my Lord Carteret: 'Are hemp, flax, timber contraband?' 'No,' answered Carteret; Andrié reported, No. And on this basis they acted, satisfactorily, for above a year. But, in October 1745, the English began violently to take *planks* for contraband; and went on so, and ever worse, till the end of the War.[1] Excellency Andrié has gone home; and a Secretary of Legation, Herr Michel, is now here in his stead:—a good few dreary old Pamphlets of Michel's publishing (official Declaration, official Arguments, Documents, in French and English, 4to and 8vo, on this extinct subject), if you go deep into the dust-bins, can be disinterred here to this day. Tread lightly, touching only the chief summits. The Haggle stretches through five years, 1748-1753,—and then at last ceases *haggling*:

'*January* 8*th*, 1748' (War still on foot, but near ending), 'Michel applies about injuries, about various troubles and unjust seizures of ships; Secretary Chesterfield answers, "We have an Admiralty Court; beyond question, right shall be done." "Would it were soon, then!" hints Michel. Chesterfield, who is otherwise politeness itself, confidently hopes so; but cannot push Judicial people.

'*February* 1748. Admiralty being still silent, Michel applies by Memorial, in a specific case: "Two Stettin Ships, laden with wine from Bordeaux, and a third vessel," of some other Prussian port, laden with corn; taken in Ramsgate Roads, whither they had been driven by storm: "Give me these Ships back!" Memorial to his Grace of Newcastle, this. Upon which the Admiralty sits; with deliberation, decides (June 1748), "Yes!" And "there is hope that a Treaty of Commerce will follow;"[2] which was far from being the issue just yet!

'On the contrary, his Prussian Majesty's Merchants, perhaps encouraged by this piece of British justice, came forward with more and ever more complaints and instances. To winnow the strictly true out of which, from the half-true or not provable, his Prussian Majesty has appointed a "Commission," ' fit people, and under strict charges, I can believe. 'Commission takes (to Friedrich's own knowledge) a great deal

[1] Adelung, vii. 334.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xviii. (for 1748), pp. 64, 141.

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of pains;—and it does not want for clean corn, after all its winnowing. Plenty of facts, which can be insisted on as indisputable. "Such and such Merchant Ships" (Schedules of them given in, with every particular, time, name, cargo, value) "have been laid hold of on the Ocean Highway, and carried into English Ports;—*out* of which his Prussian Majesty has, in all friendliness, to beg that they be now re-delivered, and justice done." "Contraband of War," answer the English; "sorry to have given your Majesty the least uneasiness; but they were carrying"—"No, pardon me; nothing contraband discoverable in them;" and hands-in his verified Schedules, with perfectly polite, but more and more serious request, That the said Ships be restored, and damages accounted for. "Our Prize Courts have sat on every ship of them," eagerly shrieks Newcastle all along: "what can we do!" "Nay, a Special Commission shall now" (1751, date not worth seeking farther)—"Special Commission shall now sit, till his Prussian Majesty get every satisfaction in the world!"

'English Special Commission, counterpart of that Prussian one (which is in vacation by this time), sits accordingly: but is very slow; reports for a long while nothing, except, "Oh, give us time!" and reports, in the end, nothing in the least satisfactory.[1] "Prize Courts? Special Commission?" thinks Friedrich: "I must have my ships back!" And, after a great many months, and a great many haggles, Friedrich, weary of giving time, instructs Michel to signify, in proper form ("23d November 1752"), "That the Law's delay seemed to be considerable in England; that till the fulness of time did come, and right were done his poor people, he, Friedrich himself, would hopefully wait; but now at last must, provisionally, pay his poor people their damages;—would accordingly, from the 23d day of April next, cease the usual payment to English Bondholders on their Silesian Bonds; and would henceforth pay no portion farther of that Debt, principal or interest' (about 250,000*l.* now owing), 'but proceed to indemnify his own people from it, to the just length,—and deposit the remainder in Bank, till Britannic Majesty and Prussian could *unite* in ordering payment of it; which one trusts may be soon!"'[2]

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[1] 'Have entirely omitted the essential points on which the matter turns; and given such confused account, in consequence, that it is not well possible to gather from their report any clear and just idea of it at all.' (Verdict of the *Prussian* Commission; which had been re-assembled by Friedrich, on this Report from the English one, and adjured to speak only 'what they could answer to God, to the King and to the whole world,' concerning it: *Seyfarth*, ii. 183).

[2] Walpole, i. 295; Seyfarth, ii. 183, 157; Adelung, vii. 331-338; *Gentleman's Magazine*; etc.

'November 23d, 1752, resolved on by Friedrich;' 'consummated April 23d, 1753:' these are the dates of this decisive passage (Michel's biggest Pamphlet, French and English, issuing on the occasion). February 8th, 1753, no redress obtainable, poor Newcastle shrieks, 'Can't, mustn't; astonishing!' and 'the people are in great wrath about it. April 12th, Friedrich replies, in the kindest terms; but sticking to his point.'[1] And punctually continued so, and did as he had said. With what rumour in the City, commentaries in the Newspapers and flutter to his Grace of Newcastle, may be imagined. 'What a Nephew have I!' thinks Britannic Majesty: 'Hah, and Embden, Ost-Friesland is not his. Embden itself is mine!' A great deal of ill-nature was generated, in England, by this one affair of the Privateers, had there been no other: and in dark cellars of men's minds (empty and dark on this matter), there arose strange caricature Portraitures of Friedrich: and very mad notions,—of Friedrich's perversity, astucity, injustice, malign and dangerous intentions,—are more or less vocal in the Old Newspapers and Distinguished Correspondences of those days. Of which, this one sample:

To what height the humour of the English ran against Friedrich is still curiously noticeable, in a small Transaction of tragic Ex-Jacobite nature, which then happened, and in the commentaries it awoke in their imagination. Cameron of Lochiel, who forced his way through the Nether-Bow in Edinburgh, had been a notable rebel; but got away to France, and was safe in some military post there. Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's Brother, a studious contemplative gentleman, bred to Physic, but not practising except for charity, had quitted his books, and attended the Rebel March in a medical capacity,—'not from choice,' as he alleged, 'but from compulsion of kindred';—and had been of help to various Loyalists as well; a foe of Human Pain, and not of anything else whatever: in fact, as appears, a very mild form of Jacobite Rebel. He too got to France; but had left his Wife, Children and frugal Patrimonies behind him,—and had to return in proper concealment, more than once, to look after them. Two Visits, I think two, had been

[1] Adelung, vii. 336-338.

1753]

successfully transacted, at intervals; but the third, in 1753, proved otherwise.

March 12th, 1753, wind of him being had, and the slot-hounds uncoupled and put on his trail, poor Cameron was unearthed 'at the Laird of Glenbucket's,' and there laid hold of; locked in Edinburgh Castle,—thence to the Tower, and to Trial for High Treason. Which went against him; in spite of his fine pleadings, and manful conciliatory appearances and manners. Executed 7th June 1753. His poor Wife had twice squeezed her way into the Royal Levee at Kensington, with Petition for mercy;—fainted, the first time, owing to the press and the agitation; but did, the second time, fall on her knees before Royal George, and supplicate,—who had to turn a deaf ear, royal gentleman; I hope, not without pain.

The truth is, poor Cameron,—though, I believe, he had some vague Jacobite errands withal,—never would have harmed anybody in the rebel way; and might with all safety have been let live. But his Grace of Newcastle, and the English generally, had got the strangest notion into their head. Those appointments of Earl Marischal to Paris, of Tyrconnel to Berlin; Friedrich's nefarious spoiling of that salutary Romish-King Project; and now simultaneous with that, his nefarious conduct in our Privateer Business: all this, does it not prove him,—as the Hanburys, Demon Newswriters and well-informed persons have taught us,—to be one of the worst men living, and a King bent upon our ruin? What is certain, though now wellnigh inconceivable, it was then, in the Upper Classes and Political Circles, universally believed, That this Dr. Cameron was properly an "Emissary of the King of Prussia's"; that Cameron's errand here was to rally the Jacobite embers into new flame;—and that, at the first clear sputter, Friedrich had 15,000 men, of his best Prussian-Spartan troops, ready to ferry over, and help Jacobitism to *do* the matter this time![1]

About as likely as that the Cham of Tartary had interfered in the 'Bangorian Controversy' (raging, I believe, some time since,—in Cremorne Gardens first of all, which was Bishop Hoadly's Place,—to the terror of mitres and wigs); or that the Emperor of China was concerned in Meux's Porter-Brewery, with an eye to sale of *nux vomica*. Among all the Kings that then were, or that ever were, King Friedrich

[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 333-353; and *Letters to Horace Mann* (Summer 1753), for the belief held. Adelung, vii. 338-341, for the poor Cameron tragedy itself.

distinguished himself by the grand human virtue (one of the [1753 most important for Kings and for men) of keeping well at home,—of always minding his own affairs. These were, in fact, the one thing he minded; and he did that well. He was vigilant, observant all round, for weather-symptoms; thoroughly well informed of what his neighbours had on hand; ready to interfere, generally in some judicious soft way, at any moment, if his own Countries or their interests came to be concerned; certain, till then, to continue a speculative observer merely. He had knowledge, to an extent of accuracy which often surprised his neighbours: but there is no instance in which he meddled where he had no business;—and few, I believe, in which he did not meddle, and to the purpose, when he had.

Later in his Reign, in the time of the American War (1777), there is, on the English part, in regard to Friedrich, an equally distracted notion of the same kind brought to light. Again, a conviction, namely, or moral-certainty, that Friedrich is about assisting the American Insurgents against us;—and a very strange and *in*dubitable step is ordered to be taken in consequence![1] As shall be noticed, if we have time. No enlightened Public, gazing for forty or fifty years into an important Neighbour Gentleman, with intent for practical knowledge of him, could well, though assisted by the cleverest Hanburys, and Demon and Angel Newswriters, have achieved less!—

Question *Third* is—But Question Third, so extremely important was it in the sequel, will deserve a Chapter to itself.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 394 (Friedrich to Prince Henri, 29th June 1777).

# CHAPTER XIV

## THERE IS LIKE TO BE ANOTHER WAR AHEAD

QUESTION Third, French-English Canada Question, is no other than, under a new form, our old friend the inexorable *Jenkins's-Ear Question*; soul of all these Controversies, and,—except Silesia and Friedrich's Question,—the one meaning they have! Huddled together it had been, at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and left for closed under 'New Spanish Assiento Treaty,' or I know not what:—you thought to close it by Diplomatic putty and varnish in that manner: and here, by law of Nature, it comes welling-up on you anew. For *it* springs from the Centre, as we often say, and is the fountain and determining element of very large Sections of Human History, still hidden in the unseen Time.

'Ocean Highway to be free; for the English and others who have business on it?' The English have a real and weighty errand there. 'English to trade and navigate, as the Law of Nature orders, on those Seas; and to ponderate or preponderate there, according to the real amount of weight they and their errand have? *Or*, English to have their ears torn-off; and imperious French-Spanish Bourbons, grounding on extinct Pope's-meridians, *gloire* and other imaginary bases, to take command?' The incalculable Yankee Nations, shall they be in effect *Yangkee* ('English' with a difference), or *Frangcee* ('French' with a difference)? A Question not to be closed by Diplomatic putty, try as you will!

By Treaty of Utrecht (1713), 'all Nova Scotia' (*Acadie* as then called), 'with Newfoundland and the adjacent Islands,' was ceded to the English, and has ever since been possessed by them accordingly. Unluckily that Treaty omitted to settle a Line of Boundary to landward, or westward, for their '*Nova Scotia*'; or generally, a Boundary from *North to South* between the British Colonies and the French in those parts.

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, eager to conclude itself, stipulated, with great distinctness, that Cape Breton, all its guns and furnishings

entire, should be restored at once (France extremely anxious on that point); but for the rest had, being in such haste, flung itself altogether into the principle of *Status-quo-ante*, as the short way for getting through. The Boundary in America was vaguely defined, as 'now to be what it had been before the War.' It had, for many years before the War, been a subject of constant altercation. *Acadie*, for instance, the *Nova Scotia* of the English since Utrecht time, the French maintained to mean only 'the Peninsula,' or Nook included between the Ocean Waters and the Bay of Fundy. And, more emphatic still, on the 'Isthmus' (or narrow space, at north-west, between said Bay and the Ocean or the Gulf of St. Lawrence) they had built 'Forts': 'Stockades,' or I know not what, 'on the Missaquish' (*hodie* Missiquash), a winding difficult river, northmost of the Bay of Fundy's rivers, which the French affirm to be the real limit in that quarter. The sparse French Colonists of the interior, subjects of England, are not to be conciliated by perfect toleration of religion and the like; but have an invincible proclivity to join their Countrymen outside, and wish well to those Stockades on the Missiquash. It must be owned, too, the French Official People are far from scrupulous or squeamish; show energy of management; and are very skilful with the Indians, who are an important item. Canada is all French; has its Quebecs, Montreals, a St.-Lawrence River occupied at all the good military points, and serving at once as bulwark and highway.

Southward and westward, France, in its exuberant humour, claims for itself The whole Basin of the St. Lawrence, and the whole Basin of the Mississippi as well: 'Have not we Stockades, Castles, at the military points; Fortified Places in Louisiana itself?' Yes;—and how many Ploughed Fields bearing Crop have you? It is to the good Plougher, not ultimately to the good Cannonier, that those portions of Creation will belong! The exuberant intention of the French is, after getting back Cape Breton, 'To restrict those aspiring English Colonies,' mere Ploughers and Traders, hardly numbering above one million, 'to the Space eastward of the Alleghany Mountains,' over which they are beginning to climb, 'and southward of that Missiquash, or, at farthest, of the Penobscot and Kennebunk' (rivers *hodie* in the State of Maine).[1] That will be a very pretty Parallelogram for them and their ploughs and trade-packs: we, who are 50,000 odd, expert with the rifle far beyond them, will occupy the rest of the world. Such is the French exuberant

[1] La Gallisonnière, Governor of Canada's *Despatch*, 'Quebec, 15th January 1749' (cited in Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Boston, 1839 et seq.). 'The English Inhabitants are computed at 1,051,000; French (in Canada 45,000, in Louisiana 7,000), in all 52,000:' *History of British Dominions in North America* (London, 1773), p. 13. Bancroft (i. 154) counts the English Colonists in '1754 about 1,200,000.'

notion: and, October 1748, before signature at Aix-la-Chapelle, much more before Delivery of Cape Breton, the Commandant at Detroit (west end of Lake Erie) had received orders, 'To oppose peremptorily every English Establishment not only thereabouts, but on the Ohio or its tributaries; by monition first; and then by force, if monition do not serve.'

Establishments of any solidity or regularity the English have not in those parts; beyond the Alleghanies all is desert: 'from the Canada Lakes to the Carolinas, mere hunting-ground of the Six Nations; dotted with here and there an English trading-house, or adventurous Squatter's farm:'—to whom now the French are to say: 'Home you, instantly; and leave the Desert alone!' The French have distinct Orders from Court, and energetically obey the same; the English have indistinct Orders from Nature, and do not want energy, or mind to obey these: confusions and collisions are manifold, ubiquitous, continual. Of which the history would be tiresome to everybody; and need only be indicated here by a mark or two of the main passages.

In 1749, three things had occurred worth mention. *First*, Captain Coram, a public-spirited half-pay gentleman in London, originator of the Foundling Hospital there, had turned his attention to the fine capabilities and questionable condition of *Nova Scotia*, with few inhabitants, and those mostly disaffected; and, by many efforts now forgotten, had got the Government persuaded to despatch (June 1749) a kind of Half-pay or Military Colony to those parts: 'more than 1,400 persons, disbanded officers, soldiers and marines, under Colonel Edward Cornwallis,' Brother of the since famous Lord Cornwallis.[1] Who landed, accordingly, on that rough shore; stockaded themselves in, hardily endeavouring and enduring; and next year, built a Town for themselves; Town of *Halifax* (so named from the then Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Trade); which stands there, in more and more conspicuous manner, at this day. Thanks to you, Captain Coram; though the ungrateful generations (except dimly in *Coram* Street, near your Hospital) have lost all memory of you, as their wont is. Blockheads; never mind them.

The *Second* thing is, an 'Ohio Company' has got together in Virginia; Governor there encouraging; Britannic Majesty giving Charter (March 1749), and what is still easier, '500,000 Acres of Land' in those Ohio regions, since you are minded to colonise there in a fixed manner. Britannic Majesty thinks the Country 'between the Monongahela and the Kanahawy' (southern feeders of Ohio) will do best; but is not particular. Ohio Company, we shall find, chose at last, as the eligible spot, the topmost fork or very Head of the *Ohio*,—where Monongahela River from south and Alleghany River from north unite to form 'The

[1] Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 113.

Ohio'; where stands, in our day, the big sooty Town of Pittsburg and its industries. Ohio Company was laudably eager on this matter; Land-Surveyor in it (nay, at length, 'Colonel of a Regiment of 150 men raised by the Ohio Company') was Mr. George Washington, whose Family had much promoted the Enterprise; and who was indeed a steady-going, considerate, close-mouthed Young Gentleman; who came to great distinction in the end.

French Governor (La Gallisonnière still the man), getting wind of this Ohio Company still in embryo, anticipates the birth; sends a vigilant Commandant thitherward, 'with 300 men, To trace and occupy the Valleys of the Ohio and of the St. Lawrence, as far as Detroit.' That officer 'buries plates of lead,' up and down the Country, with inscriptions signifying that 'from the farthest ridge, whence water trickled towards the Ohio, the Country belonged to France; and nails the Bourbon Lilies to the forest-trees; forbidding the Indians all trade with the English; expels the English traders from the towns of the Miamis; and writes to the Governor of Pennsylvania, requesting him to prevent all farther intrusion.' Vigilant Governors, these French, and well supported from home. Duquesne, the vigilant successor of La Gallisonnière (who is now wanted at home, for still more important purposes, as will appear), finding 'the lead plates' little regarded, sends, by and by, 500 new soldiers from Detroit into those Ohio parts (march of 100 miles or so);—'the French Government having, in this year 1750, shipped no fewer than 8,000 men for their American Garrisons;'—and where the Ohio Company venture on planting a Stockade, tears it tragically out, as will be seen!

The *Third* thing worth notice, in 1749, and still more in the following year and years, had reference to Nova Scotia again. One La Corne, 'a recklessly sanguinary partisan' (military gentleman of the Trenck, *Indigo*-Trenck, species), nestles himself (winter 1749-50) on that Missiquash River, head of the Bay of Fundy; in the Village of Chignecto, which is admittedly English ground, though inhabited by French. La Corne compels, or admits, the Inhabitants to swear allegiance to France again; and to make themselves useful in fortifying, not to say in drilling,—with an eye to military work. Hearing of which, Colonel Cornwallis and incipient Halifax are much at a loss. They in vain seek aid from the Governor of Massachusetts ('Assembly to be consulted first, to be convinced; Constitutional rights:—Nothing possible just at once'); —and can only send a party of 400 men, to try and recover Chignecto at any rate. April 20th, 1750, the 400 arrive there; order La Corne instantly to go. Bourbon Flag is waving on his dikes, *this* side the Missiquash: high time that he and it were gone. 'Village Priest' (flamingly orthodox, as all these Priests are, all picked for the business), 'with his

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own hands, sets fire to the Church in Chignecto'; inhabitants burn their houses, and escape across the river,—La Corne as rearguard. La Corne, across the Missiquash, declares, That, to a certainty, he is now on French ground; that he will, at all hazards, defend the Territory here; and maintain every inch of it,—'till regular Commissioners' (due ever since the Treaty of Aix, had not that *Romish-King* Business been so pressing) 'have settled what the Boundary between the two Countries is.'—Chignecto being ashes, and the neighbouring population gone, Cornwallis and his Four Hundred had to return to Halifax.

It was not till Autumn following, that Chignecto could be solidly got hold of by the Halifax people; nor till a long time after, that La Corne could be dislodged from his stockades, and sent packing.[1] September 1750, a new Expedition on Chignecto found the place populous again, Indians, French 'Peasants' (seemingly Soldiers of a sort); who stood very fiercely behind their defences, and needed a determined onrush, and 'volley close into their noses,' before disappearing. This was reckoned the first military bloodshed (if this were really military on the French side). And in November following, some small British Cruiser on those Coasts, falling-in with a French Brigantine, from Quebec, evidently carrying military stores and solacements for La Corne, seized the same; by force of battle, since not otherwise,—three men lost to the British, five to the French,—and brought it to Halifax. 'Lawful and necessary!' says the Admiralty Court; 'Sheer Piracy!' shriek the French;—matters breaking-out into actual flashes of flame, in this manner.

British Commissions, two in number, names not worth mention, have, at last, in this Year 1750, gone to Paris; and are holding manifold conferences with French ditto,—to no purpose, any of them. One reads the dreary tattle of the Duke of Newcastle upon it, in the Years onward: 'Just going to agree,' the Duke hopes; 'some difficulties, but everybody, French and English, wanting mere justice; and our and their Commissioners being in such a generous spirit, surely they will soon settle it.'[2] They never did or could; and steadily it went on worsening.

That notable private assertion of the French, That Canada and Louisiana mean all America West of the Alleghanies, had not yet oozed-out to the English; but it is gradually oozing-out, and that England will have to content itself with the moderate Country lying east of that Blue range. 'Not much above a million of you,' say the French; 'and surely there is

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 539, 295.

[2] His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 407 ('September 1751'), etc.

room enough East of the Alleghanies? We, with our couple of Colonies, are the real America;—counting, it is true, few settlers as yet; but there shall be innumerable; and, in the mean while, there are Army-Detachments, Blockhouses, fortified Posts, command of the Rivers, of the Indian Nations, of the water-highways and military keys (to you unintelligible); and we will make it good!'

The exact cipher of the French (guessed to be 50,000), and their precise relative-value as tillers and subduers of the soil, in these Two Colonies of theirs, as against the English Thirteen, would be interesting to know: curious also their little bill, of trouble taken in creating the Continent of America, in discovering it, visiting, surveying, planting, taming, making habitable for man:—and what Rhadamanthus would have said of those Two Documents! Enough, the French have taken some trouble, more or less,—especially in sending soldiers out, of late. The French, to certain thousands, languidly tilling, hunting and adventuring, and very skilful in wheedling the Indian Nations, are actually there; and they, in the silence of Rhadamanthus, decide that merit shall not miss its wages for want of asking. 'Ours is America West of the Alleghanies,' say the French, openly before long.

'Yours? Yours, of all peoples?' answer the English; and begin, with lethargic effort, to awake a little to that stupid Foreign Question; important, though stupid and foreign, or lying far off. Who really owned all America, probably few Englishmen had ever asked themselves, in their dreamiest humours, nor could they now answer; but, that North America does not belong to the French, can be doubtful to no English creature. Pitt, Chatham as we now call him, is perhaps the Englishman to whom, of all others, it is least doubtful. Pitt is in Office at last,—in some subaltern capacity, 'Paymaster of the Forces' for some years past, in spite of Majesty's dislike of the outspoken man;—and has his eyes bent on America;—which is perhaps (little as you

would guess it such) the main fact in that confused Controversy just now !—

In 1753 (28th August of that Year), goes message from the Home Government, 'Stand on your defence, over there! Repel by force any Foreign encroachments on British Dominions.'[1] And directly on the heel of this, November 1753, the Virginia Governor,—urged, I can believe, by the Ohio Company, who are lying wind-bound so long,—despatches Mr. George Washington to inquire officially of the French Commandant in those parts, 'What he means, then, by invading the British Territories, while a solid Peace subsists?' Mr. George had a long ride up those desert ranges, and down again on the other side; waters all out, ground in a swash with December rains, no help or direction but from wampums and wigwams: Mr. George got to Ohio Head (two big Rivers, Monongahela from South, Alleghany from North, coalescing to form a double-big Ohio for the Far West); and thought to himself, 'What an admirable three-legged place: might be Chief Post of those regions,—nest-egg of a diligent Ohio Company!' Mr. George, some way down the Ohio River, found a strongish French Fort, log-barracks, '200 river-boats, with more building,' and a French Commandant, who cannot enter into questions of a diplomatic nature about Peace and War: 'My orders are, To keep this Fort and Territory against all comers; one must do one's orders, Monsieur: Adieu!' And the steadfast Washington had to return; without result,—except that of the admirable Three-legged Place for dropping your Nest-egg, in a commanding and defenceful way!

Ohio Company, painfully restrained so long in that operation, took the hint at once. Despatched, early in 1754, a Party of some Forty or Thirty-three stout fellows, with arms about them, as well as tools, 'Go build us, straightway, a Stockade in the place indicated; you are warranted to smite-down, by shot or otherwise, any gainsayer!' And furthermore, directly got on foot, and on the road thither, a 'regiment of 150 men,' Washington as Colonel to it, For perfecting said Stockade, and maintaining it against all comers.

Washington and his Hundred-and-fifty,—wagonage, provender and a piece or two of cannon, all well attended to,—vigorously climbed the Mountains; got to the top 27th May 1754; and there *met* the Thirty-three in retreat homewards! Stockade had been torn-out, six weeks ago (17th April last); by overwhelming French Force, from the Gentleman who said *Adieu*, and had the river-boats, last Fall. And, instead of our Stockade, they are now building a regular French Fort,—*Fort Duquesne*, they call it, in honour of their Governor Duquesne:—against which, Washington and his regiment, what are they? Washington,

[1] Holderness, *or* Robinson our old friend.

strictly surveying, girds himself up for the retreat; descends diligently homewards again, French and Indians rather harassing his rear. Entrenches himself, 1st July, at what he calls 'Fort Necessity,' some way down; and the second day after, 3d July 1754, is attacked in vigorous military manner. Defends himself, what he can, through nine hours of heavy rain; has lost thirty, the French only three;—and is obliged to capitulate: 'Free Withdrawal' the terms given. This is the last I heard of the Ohio Company; not the last of Washington, by any means. Ohio Company,—its judicious Nest-egg squelched in this manner, nay, become a fiery Cockatrice or '*Fort Duquesne*':—need not be mentioned farther.

By this time, surely high time now, serious military preparations were on foot; especially in the various Colonies most exposed. But, as usual, it is a thing of most admired disorder; every Governor his own King or Vice-King, horses are pulling different ways: small hope there, unless the Home Government (where too I have known the horses a little discrepant, unskilful in harness!) will seriously take it in hand. The Home Government is taking it in hand; horses willing, if a thought unskilful. Royal Highness of Cumberland has selected General Braddock, and Two Regiments of the Line (the two that ran away at Prestonpans,—*absit omen*). Royal Highness consults, concocts, industriously prepares, completes; modestly certain that here now is the effectual remedy.

About Newyear's-day 1755, Braddock, with his Two Regiments and completed apparatus, got to sea. Arrived, 20th February, at Williamburg in Virginia ('at Hampden, near there,' if anybody is particular); found now that this was not the place to arrive at; that he would lose six weeks of marching, by not having landed in Pennsylvania instead. Found that his Stores had been mispacked at Cork,—that this had happened, and also that;—and, in short, that Chaos had been very considerably prevalent in this Adventure of his; and did still, in all that now lay round it, much prevail. Poor man: very brave, they say; but without knowledge, except of field-drill; a heart of iron, but brain mostly of pipeclay quality. A man severe and rigorous in regimental points; contemptuous of the Colonial Militias, that gathered to help him; thrice-contemptuous of the Indians, who were a vital point in the Enterprise ahead. Chaos is very strong,—especially if within oneself as well! Poor Braddock took the Colonial Militia Regiments, Colonel Washington as Aide-de-Camp; took the Indians and Appendages, Colonial Chaos much presiding: and after infinite delays and confused hagglings, got on march;—2,000 regular, and of all sorts say 4,000 strong.

Got on march; sprawled and haggled up the Alleghanies,—such a

9th July 1755] Commissariat, such a wagon-service, as was seldom seen before. Poor General and Army, he was like to be starved outright, at one time; had not a certain Mr. Franklin come to him, with charitable oxen, with 500*l.*-worth provisions live and dead, subscribed for at Philadelphia,—Mr. Benjamin Franklin, since celebrated over all the world; who did not much admire this iron-tempered General with the pipeclay brain.[1] Thereupon, however, Braddock took the road again; sprawled and staggered, at the long last, to the top; 'at the top of the Alleghanies, 15th June;'—and forward down upon *Fort Duquesne*, 'roads nearly perpendicular in some places,' at the rate of 'four miles' and even of 'one mile per day.' Much wood all about,—and the 400 Indians to rear, in a despised and disgusted condition, instead of being vanward keeping their brightest outlook.

July 8th, Braddock crossed the Monongahela without hindrance. July 9th, was within ten miles of *Fort Duquesne*; plodding along; marching through a wood, when,—Ambuscade of French and Indians burst-out on him, French with defences in front and store of squatted Indians on each flank,—who at once blew him to destruction, him and his Enterprise both. His men behaved very ill; sensible perhaps that they were not led very well. Wednesday 9th July 1755, about three in the afternoon. His two regiments gave one volley and no more; utterly terror-struck by the novelty, by the misguidance, as at Prestonpans before; shot, it was whispered, several of their own Officers, who were furiously rallying them with word and sword: of the sixty Officers, only five were not killed or wounded. Brave men clad in soldier's uniform, victims of military Chaos, and miraculous Nescience, in themselves and in others: can there be a more distressing spectacle? Imaginary workers are all tragical, in this world; and come to a bad end, sooner or later, they or their representatives here: but the Imaginary Soldier—he is paid his wages (he and his poor Nation are) on the very nail!

Braddock, refusing to fall-back as advised, had five horses shot under him; was himself shot, in the arm, in the breast; was carried off the field in a death-stupor,—forward all that night, next day and next (to Fort Cumberland, seventy miles to rear);—and on the fourth day died. The Colonial Militias had stood their ground, Colonel Washington now of some use again;—who were ranked well to rearward; and able to receive the ambuscade as an open fight. Stood striving, for about three hours. And would have saved the retreat; had there been a retreat, instead of a panic rout, to save. The poor General,—ebbing homewards, he and his Enterprise, hour after hour,—roused himself twice only, for a moment, from his death-stupor: once, the first night,

[1] Franklin's *Autobiography*; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxv. 378.

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to ejaculate mournfully, 'Who would have thought it!' And again once, he was heard to say, days after, in a tone of hope, 'Another time we will do better!' which were his last words, 'death following in a few minutes.' Weary, heavy-laden soul; deep Sleep now descending on it, —soft sweet cataracts of Sleep and Rest; suggesting hope, and triumph over sorrow, after all:—'Another time we will do better;' and in few minutes was dead![1]

The Colonial Populations, who had been thinking of Triumphal Arches for Braddock's return, are struck to the nadir by this news. French and Indians break over the Mountains, harrying, burning, scalping; the Back Settlers fly inward, with horror and despair: 'And the Home Government, too, can prove a broken reed? What is to become of us; whose is America to be?'—And in fact, under such guidance from Home Governments and Colonial, there is no saying how the matter might have gone. To men of good judgment, and watching on the spot, it was, for years coming, an ominous dubiety,—the chances rather for the French, 'who understand war, and are all under one head.'[2] But there happens to be in England a Mr. Pitt, with royal eyes more and more indignantly set on this Business; and in the womb of Time there lie combinations and conjunctures. If the Heavens have so decreed!—

The English had, before this, despatched their Admiral Boscawen, to watch certain War-ships, which they had heard the French were fitting-out for America; and to intercept the same, by capture if not otherwise. Boscawen is on the outlook, accordingly; descries a French fleet, Coast of Newfoundland, first days of June; loses it again in the fogs of

[1] Manuscript *Journal of General Braddock's Expedition in* 1755 (British Museum: King's Library, 271 *e*, King's MSS. 212): raw-material, this, of the Official Account (*London Gazette*, August 26th, 1755), where it is faithfully enough abridged. Will perhaps be printed by some inquiring *Pittsburgher*, one day, after good study on the ground itself? It was not till 1758 that the bones of the slain were got buried, and the infant Pittsburg (now so busy and smoky) rose from the ashes of *Fort Duquesne*.

[2] Governor Pownal's Memorial (of which *infrà*), in Thackeray's *Life of Chatham*.

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the Gulf-Stream; but has, June 9th (a month before that of Braddock), come up with Two Frigates of it, and, after short broadsiding, made prizes of them. And now, on this Braddock Disaster, orders went, 'To seize and detain all French Ships whatsoever, till satisfaction were had.' And, before the end of this Year, about '800 French ships (value, say, 700,000*l.*') were seized accordingly, where seizable on their watery ways. Which the French ('our own conduct in America being so undeniably proper') characterised as utter piracy and robbery;—and getting no redress upon it, by demand in that style, had to take it as no better than meaning Open War Declared.[1]

## CHAPTER XV

### ANTI-PRUSSIAN WAR-SYMPTOMS: FRIEDRICH VISIBLE FOR A MOMENT

THE Burning of *Akakia*, and those foolish Maupertuis-Voltaire Duellings (by syringe and pistol) had by no means been Friedrich's one concern, at the time Voltaire went off. Precisely in those same months, Carnival 1752-1753, King Friedrich had, in a profoundly private manner, come upon certain extensive Anti-Prussian Symptoms, Austrian, Russian, Saxon, of a most dangerous, abstruse, but at length indubitable sort; and is, ever since, prosecuting his investigation of them, as a thing of life and death to him! Symptoms that there may well be a *Third* Silesian War ripening forward, inevitable, and of weightier and fiercer quality than ever. So the Symptoms indicate to Friedrich, with a fatally increasing clearness. And, of late, he has to reflect withal:

[1] Paris, December 21st, 1755, Minister Rouillé's Remonstrance, with menace '*unless*—': London, January 13th, 1756, Secretary Fox's reply, '*Well then, No!*' Due official 'Declaration of War' followed: on the English part, '17th May 1756'; '9th June,' on the French part.

'If these French-English troubles bring War, our Symptoms will be ripe!' As, in fact, they proved to be.

King Friedrich's investigations and decisions on this matter will be touched upon, farther on: but readers can take, in the mean time, the following small Documentary Piece as Note of Preparation. The Facts shadowed forth are of these Years now current (1752-1755), though this judicial Deposition to the Facts is of ulterior date (1757).

In the course of 1756, as will well appear farther on, it became manifest to the Saxon Court and to all the world that somebody had been playing traitor in the Dresden Archives. Somebody, especially in the Foreign Department; copying furtively, and imparting to Prussia, Despatches of the most secret, thrice-secret and thrice-dangerous nature, which lie reposited there! Who can have done it? Guesses, researches, were many: at length suspicion fell on one Menzel, a *Kanzellist* (Government Clerk), of good social repute, and superior official ability; who is not himself in the Foreign Department at all; but whose way of living, or the like sign, had perhaps seemed questionable. In 1757, Menzel, and the Saxon Court and its businesses, were all at Warsaw; Menzel dreaming of no disturbance, but prosecuting his affairs as formerly, when, one day, September 24th (the slot-hounds, long scenting and tracking, being now at the mark), Menzel and an Associate of his were suddenly arrested. Confronted with their crimes, with the proofs in readiness; and next day,—made a clear Confession, finding the matter desperate otherwise. Copy of which, in Notarial form, exact and indisputable, the reader shall now see. As this story, of Friedrich and the Saxon Archives, was very famous in the world, and mythic circumstances are prevalent, let us glance into it with our own eyes, since there is opportunity in brief compass.

'*Extractus Protocollorum in Inquisitions-Sachen*,'—that is to say, *Extract of Protocols in Inquest* '*contrà* FRIEDRICH WILHELM MENZEL *and* JOHANN BENJAMIN ERFURTH

'*At Warsaw, 25th September* 1757: This day, in the King's Name, in presence of Legationsrath von Saul, Hofrath Ferbers and Kriegsrath von Götze the Undersigned: Examination of the Kabinets-Kanzellist Menzel, arrested yesterday, and now brought from his place of arrest to the Royal Palace;—who, *admonitus de dicenda veritate*, made answers, to the effect following:

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'His name is Friedrich Wilhelm Menzel; age thirty-eight; is a son of the late Hofrath and Privy-referendary Menzel, who formerly was in the King's service, and died a few years back. Has been seventeen years Kanzellist at the *Geheime Cabinetscanzlei* (Secret Archive); had taken the oath when he entered on his office.

'Acknowledges some Slips of Paper (*Zettel*), now shown to him, to be his handwriting: they contained news intended to be communicated to the Prussian Secretary Benoit, now residing here,' at Dresden formerly.

'Confesses that he has employed, here as well as previously in Dresden, his Brother-in-law, the journeyman goldsmith Erfurth (who was likewise arrested yesterday), to convey to the Prussian Secretaries, Plessmann and Benoit, such pieces and despatches from the Secret Cabinet, especially the Foreign department, as he, Menzel, wanted to communicate to said Prussian Secretaries.

'Confesses having received, by degrees, since the year 1752, from the Prussian Minister (*Envoyé*) von Mahlzahn, and the Secretaries Plessmann and Benoit, for such communications, the sum of 3000 thalers (450*l.*) in all.

'Was led into these treasonable practices by the following circumstance: He owed at that time 100 thalers on a Promissory Note, to a certain Rhenitz, who then lived (*hielt sich auf*) at Dresden, and who pressed him much for payment. As he pleaded inability to pay, Rhenitz hinted that he could put him into the way of getting money; and accordingly, at last, took him to the then Prussian Secretary Hecht, at Dresden; by whom he was at once carried to the Prussian Minister von Mahlzahn; who gave him 100 thalers (15*l.*), with the request to communicate to him, now and then, news from the Archive of the Cabinet. For a length of time Prisoner could not accomplish this; as the said Von Mahlzahn wanted Pieces from the Foreign Office, and especially the Correspondence with the two Imperial Courts of Austria and Russia. These papers were locked in presses, which Prisoner could not get at; moreover, the Court had, in the mean time, gone to Warsaw, Prisoner remaining at Dresden. In that way, many months passed without his being able to communicate anything; till, at last, about December 1752, the Secretary Plessmann gave him a whole bunch of keys, which were said to be sent by Privy-counsellor Eichel of Potsdam' (whom we know), 'to try whether any of them would unlock the presses of the Foreign Department. But none of them would; and Prisoner returned the keys; pointing out, however, what alterations were required to fit the keyhole.

'And, about three weeks after this, Plessmann provided Prisoner with another set of keys; among which one did unlock said presses. With this key Prisoner now repeatedly opened the presses; and pro-

vided Plessmann, whenever required, — oftenest, with Petersburg Despatches. Had also, three years ago (1754), here in Warsaw, communicated Vienna Despatches, three or four times, to Benoit; especially on Sundays and Thursdays, which were slack days, nobody in the Office about noon.

'The actual first of these Communications did not take place till after Easter-Fair, 1753; Prisoner not having, till said Fair, received the second bunch of keys from Plessmann. Now and then he had to communicate French Despatches. Whenever he gave original Despatches, he received them back shortly after, and replaced them in the presses. During this present stay of the Court at Warsaw, has communicated little to Benoit except from the *Circulars*' (Legation *News-Letters*), 'when he found anything noteworthy in them; also, now and then, the Ponikau Despatches' (Ponikau being at the Reich's Diet, in circumstances interesting to us). 'Has received, one time and another, several 100 thalers from Benoit, since the Court came hither last.'—(And so *exit* Menzel.)

'Hereupon the Second Prisoner was brought in;—who deposed as follows:

'He is named Johann Benjamin Erfurth; a goldsmith by trade; age thirty-two; the Prisoner Menzel's Brother-in-law.

'Confesses that Menzel had made use of him, at Dresden, during one year, to deliver, several times, sealed papers to the Prussian Secretary Plessmann, or rather mostly to Plessmann's servant. Also that, here in Warsaw, he has had to carry Despatches to Benoit, and to deliver them into his own hands. Latterly he has delivered the Despatches to certain Prussian peasants, who stopped at Benoit's, and who always relieved each other; and every time, the one who went away directed Prisoner, in turn, to him that arrived.

'He received from Menzel, yesterday towards noon, a small sealed packet, which he was to convey to the Prussian peasant who had made an appointment with him at the Prussian Office (*Hof*) here. But as he was going to take it, and had just got outside of the Palace Court, a corporal took hold of him and arrested him. Confesses having concealed the parcel in his trousers-pocket, and to have denied that he had anything upon him.' * * '*Actum ut supra.*'

Signed 'Görtz' (with titles).

'Next day, September 26th, Menzel recxamined; answers in effect following:

'Plessmann never himself came into the Archive Office at Dresden; except the one time' (a time that will be notable to us!) 'when the

Prussians were there to take away the Papers by force; then Plessmann was with them,'—and we will remember the circumstance.

'Before leaving Dresden for Poland, last Year (1756), he, Menzel, had returned the said key to Plessmann; who gave him others for use here. After his arrival here, he returned these keys to Benoit, in the presence of Erfurth; saying, they were of no use to him, and that he could not get at the Despatches here. Prisoner further declares, that it was the Minister von Mahlzahn who, of his own accord, and quite at the beginning, made the proposal concerning the keys; and when Plessmann brought the keys, he said expressly they were for the Minister, along with fifty thalers, which he, Menzel, received at the same time. *Actum ut supra.*' Signed as before.[1]

We could give some of the stolen Pieces, too; but they are of abstruse tenor, and would be mere enigmas to readers here. Enough that Friedrich understands them. To Friedrich's intense and long-continued scrutiny, they indicate, what is next to incredible, but is at length fatally undeniable, That the old *Treaty*, which we called *of Warsaw*, 'Treaty for Partitioning Prussia,' is still (in spite of all subsequent and superincumbent Treaties to the contrary) vigorously alive underground; that Saxon Brühl and her Hungarian Majesty, to whom is now added Czarish Majesty, are fixed as ever on cutting-down this afflictive, too aspiring King of Prussia to the size of a Brandenburg Elector; busy (in these Menzel Documents) considering how it may be done, especially how the bear-skin may be *shared*;—and that, in short, there lies ahead, inevitable seemingly, and not far off, a Third Silesian War.

Which punctually came true. The *Third Silesian War*,—since called *Seven-Years War*, that proving to be the length of it,—is now near. Breaks out, has to break out, August 1756. The heaviest and direst Struggle Friedrich ever had; the greatest of all his Prowesses, Achievements and Endurances in this world. And, on the whole, the last that was very great, or that is likely to be memorable with Posterity.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 677 (as *Beylage* or Appendix to the Kur-Sachsen '*Pro-Memoria* to the Reich's Diet'; of date, Regensburg, 31st January 1758).

Upon which, accordingly, we must try our utmost to leave some not untrue notion in this place: and that once *done*—Courage, reader!

### *Friedrich is visible, in Holland, to the naked Eye, for some Minutes* (June 23d, 1755)

In 1755 it was that Voltaire wrote, not the first Letter, but the first very notable one, to his Royal Friend, after their great quarrel:[1] seductively repentant, and oh, so true, so tender;—Royal Friend still obstinate, who answers nothing, or answers only through De Prades: 'Yes, yes, we are aware!' And it was in the same Year that Friedrich first saw D'Alembert,—Voltaire's successor, in a sense. And farther on (1st November 1755), that the Earthquake of Lisbon went, horribly crashing, through the thoughts of all mortals,—thoughts of King Friedrich, among others; whose reflections on it, I apprehend, are stingy, snarlingly contemptuous, rather than valiant and pious, and need not detain us here. One thing only we will mention, for an accidental reason: That Friedrich, this Year, made a short run to Holland,—and that actual momentary sight of him happens thereby to be still possible.

In Summer 1755, after the West-Country Reviews, and a short Journey into Ost-Friesland, whence to Wesel on the Rhine,—whither Friedrich had invited D'Alembert to meet him, whom he finds '*un très-aimable garçon*,' likely for the task in hand,—Friedrich decided on a run into Holland: strictly *incognito*, accompanied only by Balbi (Engineer, a Genoese) and one page. Bade his D'Alembert adieu; and left Wesel thitherward June 19th.[2] At Amsterdam he viewed the Bramkamp Picture-Gallery, the illustrious Countryhouse of Jew Pinto at *Tulpenburg* (Tulip-Borough!) * * 'I saw nothing but whim-whams (*colifichets*),'

[1] Dated 'The *Délices*, near Geneva, 4th August 1755' (in Rödenbeck, i. 287; in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 7; not given by any of the French Editors).

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 287.

23d June 1755]

says he: 'I gave myself out for a Musician of the King of Poland;' wore a black wig moreover, 'and was nowhere known':[1]—and, for finis, got into the common Passage-Boat (*Trekschuit*, no doubt) for Utrecht, that he might see the other fine Countryhouses along the Vechte. Fine enough Countryhouses,—not mud and sedges the main thing, as idle readers think. To Arnheim up the Vechte in this manner; Wesel and his own Country just at hand again.

Now it happened that a young Swiss,—poor enough in purse, but not without talent and eyesight, assistant Teacher in some Boarding-school thereabouts; name of him De Catt, age twenty-seven, 'born at Morges near Geneva, 1728,—had got holiday, or had got errand, poor good soul; had decided, on this same day (23d June 1755), to go to Utrecht, and so stept into the very boat where Friedrich was. He himself (in a Letter written long after to Editor *Laveaux*) shall tell us the rest:

'As I couldn't get into the *Roef* (cabin) because it was all engaged, I stayed with the other passengers in the Steerage (*dans la barque même*), and the weather being fine, came up on deck. After some time, there stept out of the Cabin a man in cinnamon-coloured coat with gold button-*holes*; in black wig; face and coat considerably dusted with Spanish snuff. He looked fixedly at me, for a while; and then said, without farther preface, "Who are you, Monsieur?" This cavalier tone from an unknown person, whose exterior indicated nothing very important, did not please me; and I declined satisfying his curiosity. He was silent. But, some time after, he took a more courteous tone, and said: "Come in here to me, Monsieur! You will be better here than in the Steerage, amid the tobacco-smoke." This polite address put an end to all anger; and as the singular manner of the man excited my curiosity, I took advantage of his invitation. We sat down, and began to speak confidentially with one another.

'"Do you see the man in the garden yonder, sitting smoking his pipe?" said he to me: "That man, you may depend upon it, is not happy."—"I know not," answered I: "but it seems to me, until one knows a man, and is completely acquainted with his situation and his way of thought, one cannot possibly determine whether he is happy or unhappy."

'My gentleman admitted this' (very good-natured!); 'and led the conversation on the Dutch Government. He criticised it,—probably to bring me to speak. I did speak; and gave him frankly to know that he was not perfectly instructed in the thing he was criticising.—"You are

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[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 268 ('Potsdam, 28th June 1755,' and *ib.* p. 270), to Wilhelmina, who is now on the return from her Italian Journey. *Uncertain* Anecdotes of adventures among the whim-whams, in Rödenbeck, etc.

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right," answered he; "one can only criticise what one is thoroughly acquainted with."—He now began to speak of Religion; and with eloquent tongue to recount what mischief Scholastic Philosophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove "That Creation was impossible." At this last point I stood out in opposition. "But how can one create Something out of Nothing?" said he. "That is not the question," answered I; "the question is, Whether such a Being as God can or cannot give existence to what has yet none." He seemed embarrassed, and added, "But the Universe is eternal."—"You are in a circle," said I; "how will you get out of it?"—"I skip over it," said he, laughing; and then began to speak of other things.

'"What form of Government do you reckon the best?" inquired he, among other things. "The monarchic, if the King is just and enlightened."—"Very well," answered he; "but where will you find Kings of that sort?" And thereupon went into such a sally upon Kings, as could not in the least lead me to the supposition that he was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not know the sweets of friendship; and cited on the occasion these verses (his own, I suppose):

"*Amitié, plaisir des grandes âmes;*
*Amitié, que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats,*
*Sont assez malheureux de ne connaître pas!*"

"I have not the honour to be acquainted with Kings," said I; "but to judge by what one has read in History of several of them, I should believe, Monsieur, that you, on the whole, are right."—"*Ah, oui, oui,* I am right; I know the gentlemen!"

'We now got to speak of Literature. The stranger expressed himself with enthusiastic admiration of Racine. A droll incident happened during our dialogue. My gentleman wanted to let-down a little sash-window, and couldn't manage it. "You don't understand that," said I; "let me do that." I tried to get it down; but succeeded no better than he. "Monsieur," said he, "allow me to remark, on my side, that you, upon my honour, understand as little of it as I!"—"That is true; and I beg your pardon; I was too rash in accusing you of want of expertness."—"Were you ever in Germany?" he now asked me. "No; but I should like to make that journey: I am very curious to see the Prussian States, and their King, of whom one hears so much." And now I began to launch-out on Friedrich's actions; but he interrupted me rapidly with the words: "Nothing more of Kings, Monsieur! What have we to do with them? We will spend the rest of our voyage on more agreeable and cheering objects." And now he spoke of the best of all possible worlds; and maintained that, in our Planet Earth, there was more Evil

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than Good. I maintained the contrary; and this dispute brought us to the end of our voyage.

'On quitting me, he said, "I hope, Monsieur, you will leave me your name: I am very glad to have made your acquaintance; perhaps we shall see one another again." I replied, as was fitting, to the compliment; and begged him to excuse me for contradicting him a little. "Ascribe this," I concluded, "to the ill-humour which various little journeys I had to make in these days have given me." I then told him my name, and we parted.'[1] Parted to meet again; and live together for about twenty years.

Of this honest Henri de Catt, whom the King liked on this Interview, and sent for soon after, and at length got as '*Lecteur du Roi*,' we shall hear again.[2] He did, from 1757 onwards, what De Prades now does with more of noise, the old D'Argot functions; faithfully and well, for above twenty years;—left a Note-Book (not very Boswellian) about the King, which is latterly in the Royal Archives at Berlin; and which might without harm, or even with advantage, be printed, but has never yet been. A very harmless De Catt. And we are surely obliged to him for this view of the Travelling Gentleman 'with the cinnamon-coloured coat, snuffy nose and black wig,' and his manner of talking on light external subjects, while the inner man of him has weights enough pressing on it. Age still under five-and-forty, but looks old for his years.

'June 23d, 1755': it is in the very days while poor Braddock is staggering down the Alleghanies; Braddock fairly over the top;—and the Fates waiting him, at a Fortnight's distance. Far away, on the other side of the World. But it is notable enough how Pitt is watching the thing; and will at length get hand laid on it, and get the kingship over it for

[1] Laveaux, *Histoire de Frédéric* (2d edition, Strasbourg, 1789, and blown now into *six* voll. instead of four; dead all, except this fraction), vi. 365. Seyfarth, ii. 234, is right; *ib.* 170, wrong, and has led others wrong.

[2] 'September 1755,' sent for (but De Catt was ill and couldn't); 'December 1757' got (Rödenbeck, i. 285).

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above four years. Whereby the *Jenkins's-Ear Question* will again, this time on better terms, coalesce with the *Silesian*, or *Partition-of-Prussia Question*; and both these long Controversies get definitely closed, as the Eternal Decrees had seen good.

END OF VOL. V.

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